VOL. XXII. MARCH, 1900. No. 6.

THE MUNSEY



FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publisher's permission.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1900.

"The Pearl of the Flock" — From the painting by Édouard Bisson.	FRONTISPIECE	
In the Public Eye — Brief portrayals of people and things talked about in the present day of the world's history—illustrated.		771
In the Fighting Top, A Poem—illustrated	EDWIN L. SABIN	783
Sights of the Paris Fair — Some of the myriad wonderful things that will be exhibited this year at the great French exposition—illustrated.	CAPTAIN A. H. MATTOX	784
The War Against Consumption — What is being done to stamp out tuberculosis in this and other countries.	JOHN H. GIRDNER, A. B., M. D.	792
The Creating of Corporal Quigley, A Short Story	ANNE O'HAGAN	796
Americans in South Africa — The great and growing importance of American interests in the region where Briton and Boer are struggling for supremacy.	ALLEN SANGREE	802
His Hour of Freedom, A Short Story	JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS	806
The Soldiers of the Queen — Interesting characteristics of the British army, and current ideas, true and false, of its composition and traditions—illustrated.	FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN	809
The Fashionable Lent — Curious rites and customs that a student of society found prevailing during the forty penitential days—illustrated.	KATHERINE HOFFMAN	825
The World's Greatest Canal — The water gateway of the Northwest, and its huge volume of commerce—illustrated.	WALDON FAWCETT	834
The Isle of Unrest, A Serial Story, Chapters XIII-XVIII	HENRY SETON MERRIMAN	840
Storiettes— Illustrated by Granville Smith, Wright, Marchand, and others.		
The Power of Suggestion	MARY F. LEONARD	856
The Folly of It	INA BREVOORT	859
A Substitute for Eloping	EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.	863
With a Second to Spare	TOM HALL	866
Mulligan's Treachery	DAVID H. TALMADGE	870
Railroading as a Profession — How to become a railroad man, and the different avenues by which one may achieve promotion.	H. G. PROUT	874
Sophia, A Serial Story, Chapters XXIII-XXV	STANLEY J. WEYMAN	879
The Stage — With portraits of theatrical favorites of the day.		889
Musseer's Experiment. Part I — How a city clerk and a French teacher undertook to remedy a lack in American country life.	JAMES L. FORD	901
Dream River, A Poem	CLARENCE URMY	904
Literary Chat		905

IMPORTANT

Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S through agents unknown to you personally. If you do, you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people who have subscribed to MUNSEY'S through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, $1.00 in advance. Single copies, ten cents.

ISSUED MONTHLY by FRANK A. MUNSEY, - 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.



"This only is the witchcraft
I have us'd"

All rights secured.

Leads the World

with

$222,000,000

New Insurance

The Prudential

wrote more insurance in 1899 than any other Life Insurance company in the world.

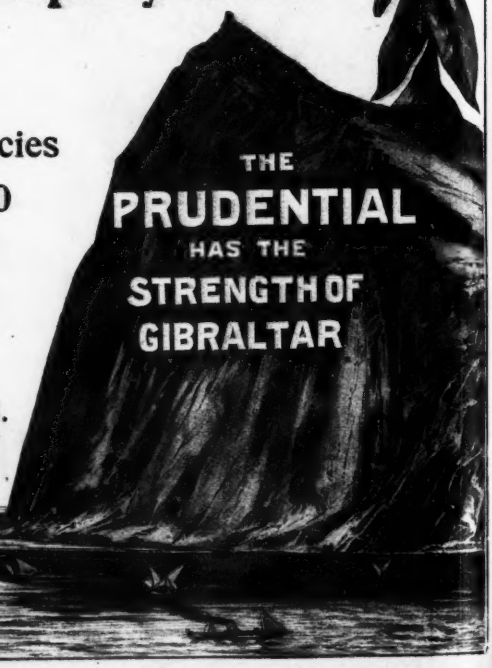
Profit-Sharing Policies

$15 to $100,000

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres't.





LOWNEY'S

Chocolate Bonbons

["NAME ON EVERY PIECE."]

have achieved a world wide celebrity for purity, delicious quality, and delightful flavors.

FOUR MILLION PACKAGES SOLD IN 1899.

A small trial package for 10 cts. in stamps.

When not to be had of dealers, we will send on receipt of price: 1-lb. box, 60 cts.; 2-lb. box, $1.20; 3-lb. box, $1.80; 5-lb. box, $3. Delivered free in United States.

Address all correspondence to

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., DEPT. C, BOSTON, MASS.

New York Retail Store, 1123 Broadway.
Boston Retail Store, 416 Washington St.

MAKERS of HISTORY

These ***thirty-two important and interesting volumes*** provide the way for all to become acquainted with the ***makers of the world's history.*** They are not ***dull-hard-to-read*** books, but, on the contrary, ***most instructive,*** and written in an ***exceptionally entertaining manner.***

Alfred the Great
Margaret of Anjou
Richard I.
Richard II.
William the Conqueror
Alexander the Great
Cyrus the Great
Darius the Great
Genghis Khan
Peter the Great
Xerxes
Hannibal
Julius Caesar
Nero
Pyrrhus
Romulus

That these are books of real merit—books whose ownership is appreciated—is best evidenced by their unequalled sale of over

650,000 VOLUMES.

This publication, ***Abbott's Biographical Histories,*** has been adopted by Boards of Education in many states, and certainly no library can be termed complete without this work.

The complete set, thirty-two volumes, well printed upon extra quality of book paper, profusely illustrated by engravings, durably and artistically bound in buckram, with appropriate design in two colors on cover, will be forwarded for inspection upon request. If, upon examination, you decide to retain the work, remit us one dollar a month for sixteen months. The ***Special Library Binding*** leather back and cloth covers will be supplied for an additional fifty cents a month for the sixteen months. If not satisfactory you return at our expense.

Charles I.
Hortense
Josephine
Madame Roland
Marie Antoinette
Henry IV.
Hernando Cortez
Joseph Bonaparte
King Philip
Louis XIV.
Louis Philippe
Charles II.
Mary Queen of Scots
Queen Elizabeth
Richard III.
Cleopatra

HARPER'S HISTORY CLUB, 142 Fifth Ave., New York.

Complete Set Delivered at Once. 32 volumes, only 50 cents each, payable $1.00 a month for 16 months.

PRESENT TERMS NOT GUARANTEED AFTER APRIL FIRST.

OUT : MARCH : 10th

VOL. 1 NO. 1 1900 PRICE 25 CTS

THE SMART SET

$3.00 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION

A NEW STANDARD MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

Among its contributors will be such well-known writers as

Julien Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger), Mrs. Burton Harrison, Julian Hawthorne, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edgar Saltus, Eliot Gregory, Edgar Fawcett, Elbert Hubbard, Arthur Grissom, Hallie Erminie Rives, Theodosia Pickering Garrison, Bliss Carman, Clinton Scollard, Carolyn Wells, R. K. Munkittrick, Charles Battell Loomis, Albert Bigelow Paine and Oliver Herford.

The first number of "The Smart Set" will be published March 10th. It will contain a satire on New York Society by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor and Reginald de Koven.

The assistant-title, "A Magazine of Cleverness," suggests the aims of "The Smart Set." It will appeal to every one who is willing to be interested and entertained.

Each number of "The Smart Set" will contain a novel of considerable length, several shorter stories and story-articles, poems and other entertaining matter.

There will be 160 pages of reading matter in each issue. "The Smart Set" will be handsomely printed on the best paper.

The object of "The Smart Set" will be, not to publish the work of well-known writers, but to publish work that will make the writers well known; at the same time work by well-known writers will appear in "The Smart Set."

"The Smart Set" will be a decided departure from the practically stereotyped character of current magazines. Get the first number and you will understand what this means.

Unlike other magazines "The Smart Set" will contain no editorial comment.

A list of prizes for contributions, to the extent of **$5,000.00 cash,** will be announced in the **first number** of "The Smart Set."

ESS ESS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1135 Broadway, New York

30 Day Extension

AN OFFER TO MUNSEY READERS THAT CANNOT BE MADE AGAIN.

Owing to the greatly increased cost of manufacture, we shall be compelled to make another advance in price after the present small edition is exhausted.

THE MILLION DOLLAR LIBRARY

(Trade Mark)

Encyclopædia Britannica

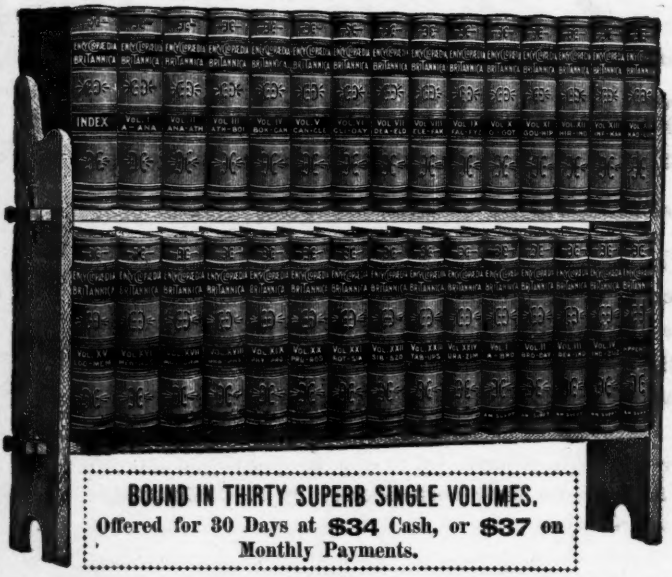
A LIBRARY that **cost over $1,500,000** to prepare.
A LIBRARY so complete that it covers the entire range of human knowledge.
A LIBRARY so reliable that it has become the standard of all English-speaking countries of the world.
A LIBRARY so compact that it places readily before you complete knowledge of every subject.

THE BEST EDITION FOR AMERICAN READERS.

ENTIRE SET SENT ON PAYMENT OF

ONLY $1.00

Balance payable in Eighteen Monthly Payments of $2.00 only.



BOUND IN THIRTY SUPERB SINGLE VOLUMES.
Offered for 30 Days at $34 Cash, or $37 on Monthly Payments.

Remember

THIS IS THE ONLY REPRINT published in the world that is not altered, mutilated or abridged in some way.

THAT IT IS ABSOLUTELY COMPLETE, containing every one of the **8,000 illustrations, 700 maps, 25,000 articles** and **250,000 index references** found in the original, and at less than one-half the price.

WE EMPLOY NO AGENTS.

We give to our subscribers all the discount that other publishers give to their agents. This makes a large saving to our customers.

BINDINGS.

The volumes are *handsomely* and *durably* bound in genuine silk-cloth binding, double-hinged, with flexible back, on good quality book paper.

NOTE.—A large discount will also be given on the more expensive binding.

FAR MORE VALUABLE TO AMERICANS THAN THE ENGLISH EDITION.

The English edition contains no information later than 1890. It contains no biographies of living individuals, no biographies of such men as Bismarck, Gladstone, Grant, Blaine; they all being alive when the Britannica was published.

All these and thousands of articles on Science, Art, Literature, etc., of special interest to Americans, are supplied by our American Supplement, the work of 500 experts.

It brings the entire work down to date, having articles on the **Boers, South African Republic, Spanish-American War,** none of which are found in the English edition.

OUR NEW APPENDIX VOLUME, with our exhaustive American Supplement, takes every important title in the work and gives all that is recent concerning it, bringing information **down to date. It contains also 32 New Maps,** including the new Government Map of Klondike, Hawaii, Cuba. Thus, with our supplemental volumes, the Britannica becomes the *latest* as well as the *greatest.*

NO RISK.—The set may be returned to us any time within ten days, if not satisfactory, and the money will be returned.

ORDER NOW and take advantage of this splendid chance to secure this unrivaled fund of universal knowledge, before the raise in price, in 30 days.

TO CANADIAN READERS.—This edition can be legally sent into Canada.

Sign this application or write for fuller particulars.

HENRY G. ALLEN & CO., 150 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

Gentlemen: I desire to take advantage of your special offer on the Encyclopædia Britannica to THE MUNSEY *readers, and inclose* $1.00 *as initial payment. Send full particulars, and if found satisfactory I will order the set, paying for it in monthly payments of* $2.00; *otherwise the money to be returned to me.*

.....

HENRY G. ALLEN & CO., Publishers, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Only for prompt folks now!

The CENTURY DICTIONARY & CYCLOPEDIA & ATLAS

½ PRICE

in little payments

Delivered complete

$1

By the time this magazine is published there will be but a few sets left—the famous "million-dollar sale" of "The Century" at the Wanamaker store is almost over, and the immense edition being distributed at Half-Price is nearly exhausted!!!

Have you bought YOUR set yet?

You will own the volumes sooner or later, of course. The work is the single one that nobody who reads, writes or thinks can afford to be without. The buying is easiest now before the half-price is over.

The edition for 1900 consists of ten massive volumes containing 8,500 pages, 150,000 encyclopedic articles, 500,000 encyclopedic definitions, 300,000 quotations, 200,000 indexed geographical entries, 8,000 superb illustrations, 310 maps in colors.

Over one and a half millions of dollars were spent to produce the first set of ten volumes. Over five million dollars' worth have been sold already in this country. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the volumes were sold in England during the first thirty days they were offered.

The Wanamaker Century Club, which we would like you to join, is distributing a million dollars' worth of these volumes at half-price.

SEND $1 to us for membership fee, which will secure for you the half-price and the easy payment privilege. Then by return mail we will forward to your address specimen pages of the work, showing text, illustrations, sample map, description of the various bindings, etc.

But there is very little time left.

IN WRITING MENTION "MUNSEY'S," PLEASE.

NEW YORK JOHN WANAMAKER

STAMMERING

and all nervous affections of speech quickly and permanently cured by a physician—a speech specialist for over eighteen years.



DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

Pupils may live in the institution and receive the doctor's constant, personal treatment and care. Our new location, adjoining Central Park and Hudson River, is one of the most interesting sections in New York

President A. Andrews, Wallingford, Conn., in answer to an inquiry says: * * * I should not look upon your going to Dr. Bryant as an experiment at all. I personally believe he could cure you in a few weeks. I know of several who have been to him and they have all been cured. One was my own daughter. I certainly would advise you to go.

Applicants may rely upon having **the best treatment known.** The celebrated German and French methods utilized and improved by the suggestions of a progressive American physician. When a cure is to be had so easily **it is a pity** to go on stammering. Send for pamphlet, "How We Treat Stammering To-day."

F. A. BRYANT, M.D., 105 West 72nd St., New York.
(For Nearly Twenty Years at 9 West 14th St.)

JOURNALISM

offers a brilliant career to intelligent, trained young men and women. All branches of journalism, reporting, editing, story writing, editorial and political writing, are thoroughly and practically



TAUGHT BY MAIL

Under the direction of **Mr. Henry Litchfield West**, formerly managing editor of the *Washington Post*. Course in short story writing and magazine literature under special, experienced instructors.

Write for booklet.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE (Inc.),
20-48 Second Nat'l Bank Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

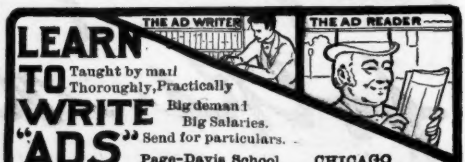


HOME STUDY FOR BUSINESS

We teach Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Com'l Law, Letter Writing, Arithmetic, Shorthand, English and Civil Service branches thoroughly by MAIL at your own HOME. Success guaranteed. We give a useful, **Money-Making Education. Salaried Situations obtained by our students.** National reputation, established **40 years.** It will pay you. Try it. Catalogue free. Trial lesson 10 cents.



BRYANT & STRATTON'S COLLEGE,
278 College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.



LEARN TO WRITE "ADS"

Taught by mail
Thoroughly, Practically
Big demand
Big Salaries.
Send for particulars.

Page-Davis School CHICAGO



School of JOURNALISM

INSTRUCTION BY MAIL ONLY.

A THOROUGH and SCIENTIFIC course adapted to the individual needs of writers. Long established. Responsible. Successful. Instructors experienced and competent. Students successful and pleased. Best of references. Write for descriptive catalogue. It is sent free. Address,

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, No. 91 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

LEARN THE ART SCIENCE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Taught according to the most approved methods, in the shortest possible time and at smallest expense. For full particulars and finely illustrated catalogue

ADDRESS DEPT. "B" **ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY**
EFFINGHAM, ILLINOIS.

HIGH GRADE PHOTOGRAPHY TAUGHT. GOOD POSITIONS SECURED FOR GRADUATES



ILLUSTRATING

TAUGHT BY MAIL

Newspaper Sketching and Magazine Illustrating successfully taught. Adapted to all. Personal instruction and criticism same as in our resident school. Prepares quickly for profitable work. Students enthusiastic over their success. Write for Booklet I. **34 N. Penn St., National Correspondence School, Indianapolis, Ind.**



WASHINGTON COLLEGE for young ladies,
Washington, D. C., 3d and T Sts., N. E.

Within the National Capital; charming park of ten acres; enlarged buildings; newly and elegantly furnished rooms; college physician. Preparatory, certificate, college courses; music, art, elocution. Property valued at $250,000.00. Catalogue and application blank for next Fall mailed on request.

F. MENEFEE, President.

STUDY AT HOME.

LAW

Course by mail prepares for admission to the bar and for a degree in our resident school, Indianapolis College of Law. Elective courses. Individual instruction by scholarly men. Write for Law Catalog.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW,
34 N. PENN STREET, - INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

NEW YORK, New York, 1440 Broadway.

Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic

SCHOOL. Thorough practical stage training. Elocution and acting class or private lessons. Graduates now playing with the best companies. Prospectus by mail.

ADELINE STANHOPE WHEATCROFT, Director.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS.

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT, President.

A practical training school, in conjunction with Mr. Chas. Frohman's Empire Theatre and traveling companies.

Apply to E. P. STEPHENSON, Carnegie Hall, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, Oak Lane.

Marshall Seminary.

College Preparatory, Musical Departments, and Special Courses. For prospectus address

The MISSES MARSHALL, Principals.

NEW YORK, Pelham Manor.

Mrs. Hazen's Suburban School for Girls.

Half an hour from New York.

HENRY F. MILLER

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. **Pianofortes** **BOSTON, MASS.**

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

It Cost Fifty Thousand Dollars



($50,000) and took **12** years to make Bachelder's famous steel engraving "Battle of Gettysburg." It is **112** times as large as this miniature reproduction, which shows but a small portion of the picture. The whole battlefield, **five** miles long and **five** miles wide, is shown in the original steel which we offer so low. It is the grandest work of art ever cut in steel, and will increase in value each year in any home, college, or school. Gens. Meade, Hancock, and Longstreet said: "It is correct in landscape and position of troops." Capt. Long and Luther Minnigh, the official guides of the battlefield, say: "It is historically correct in all its features, and is the most interesting and beautiful war picture in the world." With each engraving we send key giving 200 references, showing locations and movements of Generals, Regiments, Companies, Cavalry, Infantry, and Artillery at time of Pickett's charge. **Original selling price, $100; present price, sent on approval, $2.50; or cash with order, $2.00, express paid by us.**

HISTORICAL ART COMPANY,
36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

HOME STUDY of BOOK-KEEPING, BUSINESS FORMS, PENMANSHIP, SHORTHAND, etc.



and **Private Lessons BY MAIL** open up to Young Men and Women **good paying positions,** affording chances for promotion. Gives just the training needed for **success in business.** Only spare time required. No interference with daily occupation. The **cheapest** and **best method** of study; Highly endorsed. Established 40 years. National reputation. We also teach all **English** and **Civil Service** branches **BY MAIL.** Trial lesson only 10cts. showing how thorough our system is. Interesting Catalogue **free.** Write to

BRYANT & STRATTON'S COLLEGE, 178 College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Study Engineering

TAUGHT ENTIRELY BY MAIL

One step at a time, with trained instructors and specially prepared texts you can become a railroad, electrical, structural, mechanical, or steam engineer.



Write for free illustrated book describing these courses. It will point out one surely profitable way to employ your spare time. Fees moderate. Monthly payments if you desire.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE,
20-47 Second National Bank Building, • Washington, D. C.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

Instruction by mail, adapted to everyone. Original. Approved. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses; Preparatory and College Law Course; also Business Law Course. Improve your condition and prospects. Graduates everywhere. Nine years of success. Full particulars free.
Sprague Correspondence School of Law, 53 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



STICK TO IT AND WIN.

We do not advise you to change your business to succeed. Increase your knowledge rather than become "a rolling stone," and rise quickly to a high salaried position. We have sent thousands of young men and women to prosperity through



EDUCATION BY MAIL

in Electrical, Mechanical, Steam, Mining and Civil Engineering, Metallurgy, Art, Architecture, Practical Newspaper Work, English Branches, Stenography, Machine Design and Mechanical Drawing. Low price, easy terms. Mention subjects interested in when writing to

The United Correspondence Schools,
154 5th Ave., N. Y., for catalogue 8.

TYPEWRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL.



A short time each day at home will make you a good operator and

GREGG SHORTHAND

the easiest, simplest and altogether the best system of fast writing, is the only method that can be satisfactorily learned by mail.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

THE MILLER SCHOOL, • 1133 Broadway, New York.

STAMMERING

PERMANENTLY CURED.

Our new Institute provides superior Accommodations for one hundred students. Surroundings homelike, moral and wholesome. Facilities for training unequaled elsewhere.

Refer by permission to Hon. H. S. Pingree, Governor of Mich., Hon. Wm. C. Maybury, Mayor of Detroit, Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, D. D., LL. D., Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, Prof. Thos. C. Trueblood, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Additional references furnished on request. Our 200 page book, "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," the largest and most instructive book of its kind ever published, sent FREE to any address for 6 cts. in stamps to cover postage. Ask also for a FREE sample copy of "The Phono-Meter," a monthly paper exclusively for persons who stammer. Address

THE LEWIS SCHOOL, 10 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.



DR. ANDREW LEWIS, who stammered for more than twenty years.

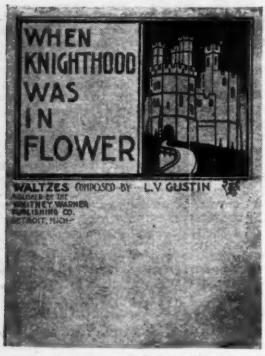
A Telling Testimonial. THOS. A. EDISON says:

CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?

I consider the Electrical Engineer Institute to be conducted by Messrs. Wehrfen and Morton to be of great benefit to those who desire an Electrical education.
Thomas A. Edison

Yes, you can. We teach **Electrical Engineering,** at your home **by mail,** at a cost within the reach of any one. **No matter where you live,** if you can read and write, we guarantee to teach you thoroughly. Our Institute is **endorsed** by **Thomas A. Edison** and other prominent men of the country. We teach also **Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Short Popular Electrical Course, Telegraphy, Telephony, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways, X-Rays, Electro-Therapeutics, Electric Mining, Elementary Mathematics,** etc., by mail. Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for **Free Catalogue.**

THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE OF CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION, Dept. E, 120 Liberty St., New York.



Specimen title-page of the waltz hit of 1900, "When Knighthood Was In Flower."

Enjoy Good Music

Everybody can if they have the Whitney-Warner Publishing Company's elegantly gotten up publications. Beautiful title-pages.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS, Two-Step.
A new one; as good as any; perhaps better.

THE BOS'N RAG, Two-Step.
Put down as one of the hits of 1900.

THE DANCE OF THE BROWNIES.
Over 200,000 already sold.

SHE LOVED HIM JUST THE SAME.
A touching heart story ballad.

BELL O'DELL.
A charming waltz song.

When Knighthood Was In Flower Waltzes.
You can't help but like them.

TOPSY TURVY, Two-Step.
A bright and easy one.

MA RAG TIME BABY, March, Two-Step.
The greatest of rag time.

A LADY OF QUALITY WALTZES.
Beautiful for ballroom or parlor.

I'LL MAKE THAT BLACK GAL LOVE ME.
A new and refined coon song.

If not procurable of your dealer, send **twenty-five cents** for single copies. Any five sent postpaid upon receipt of **one dollar.** Kindly write your address plainly. Money refunded if music is not satisfactory. Stamps accepted.

WHITNEY-WARNER PUBLISHING CO., DETROIT, MICH.



WM. C SPRAGUE, Editor.

$1000 FOR BOYS

Send ten cents for three months trial subscription to

THE AMERICAN BOY

a practical magazine for boys. Departments Short Stories, Successful Boys, What Boys are doing, Talks on Business—(Insurance, Savings Banks, Book Keeping, etc.) Boys as money-makers, The Boy in the office, store, factory, home, church and school, Games and Sport, The Boys' Library, The Boy Journalist, Printer, Collector,— (Stamps, coins, curios, etc.,) Photographer, Mechanic, Scientist, Orator and Debater, Boys and Animals, Prizes and Puzzles. Interesting, instructive, pure, elevating, inspiring. Also organ of Agassiz Association of Young Naturalists.

$1000 in Cash Prizes and a choice from 300 elegant premiums given for subscribers. The magazine canvasses for itself. You need but show it. The best paper ever issued for boys. References in every city. $1.00 a year Trial 3 months subscription for 10c.

SPRAGUE PUB'G CO. 122 Majestic Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

MUSIC TAUGHT BY MAIL.

Piano and organ, thorough and practical, nothing tedious nor tiresome. Fascinating to old and young alike. Beginners play Song, Waltz, and March music at sight after a few lessons. Expense small. Send for illustrated catalogue and testimonials.

U. S. CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
154-158 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



HOME STUDY COURSE

perfects students in **Book keeping, Commercial Law, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Shorthand, Business Forms, etc.,** without leaving present employment and at trifling expense. Our methods are modern, our system the best. Established 26 years. Write for information.

Mail Lesson Course, Metropolitan Business College, 6 Monroe St., Chicago.



Find Your True Level

Are you wasting time in a lowly position when you should occupy a higher one? Increased salary and opportunity always follow a course in the theory of your trade or profession. If you are tied to an uncongenial occupation you can change to a better one. Select the study which interests you and we will guarantee your success in mastering it by our method of education by mail without loss of present salary. Study in your odd hours.

Others Have Raised Themselves

Write for interesting details of the advancement of our students in salary and position while studying. Thorough courses in **Mechanical or Architectural Draughting, Electrical, Mechanical, Steam, or Civil Engineering; Architecture, Surveying, Telephony, Refrigeration, Mining, Plumbing, Heating and Ventilation, Chemistry, Bookkeeping and Stenography BY MAIL.**

Established 1891. Capital, $1,500,000. 130,000 students and graduates. *We can refer to a student in your neighborhood.* Write and tell us what profession you wish to enter.

The International Correspondence Schools,
Box 840, Scranton, Pa.

12% Per Annum

Payable Quarterly.

Interest Guaranteed for Five Years

by a responsible corporation, making it attractive and safe for small or large investors. Subscriptions from twenty-five dollars up.

Full amount of investment returned any time within one year if desired by investor.

Bank references.

Full information by mail or personal interview.

BAKER-JEWETT INVESTMENT CO.,
411-412 Singer Building,
Broadway and Liberty St., - NEW YORK CITY.



It's Comfortable

THE M.S.C. TRADE MARK Fit for a Queen ULTRA

$3.50 ULTRA SHOE for women.

IT is surprising how a slight change in the lines of a shoe will improve its comfort and durability. Sew the seams wrong, and it binds, pinches, and quickly wears out—strained to pieces.

In ULTRA SHOES these details have received studied attention, greatly increasing their ease and wearing qualities. Made of the best material, correct in shape, of course. Many styles—one price—are shown by our dealers. Our catalogue is sent free. It has opened doors of comfort and economy to thousands of women.

See what kitty does next—in April.

MOORE-SHAFER SHOE MFG. CO.

BROCKPORT, N. Y.

The above style is No. 614.

OUR 25 CENT CLOTH BOOKS.

"A BORN ARISTOCRAT." By Matthew White, Jr.
This is a story of theatrical life, a subject that always has a fascination for the reader. Mr. White invariably writes entertainingly, and it is perhaps not too much to say that "A Born Aristocrat" is the most entertaining of all his books.
Ornamental Cloth. Price 25 cents. When ordered by mail, 10 cents should be added for postage and packing.

"HER LADYSHIP." By Robert McDonald.
This is the newest story by the author of "A Princess and a Woman" and "In the Reign of Boris." It is altogether different in theme, treating of the experiences of an American girl who marries an English lord. She is a captivating creature, and has a heart capable of boundless affection; but fate plays her a cruel trick, and it is the purpose of this story to tell how she bears up under "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."
Cloth and gold. Price 25 cents. When ordered by mail, 10 cents should be added for postage and packing.

"DERRINGFORTH" (in two volumes). By Frank A. Munsey.
In a new edition of "Derringforth," just issued, Mr. Munsey, in a prefatory note, says:
"When should a girl marry?" is the theme of this story. It has to do with a single phase of the question, not the question as a whole. The argument is directed against the theory that a girl should get everything out of life before marrying—should have and see and do and know it all. Marriage in such a case furnishes a girl an escape from dropping back into the second tier, but it does not bring back to her the freshness, the sweetness, the innocence, the faith and enthusiasm that stand for the highest possibilities of happiness.
Cloth and gold. Price 50 cents for the two volumes. When ordered by mail, 20 cents should be added for postage and packing.

"THE FIRST FAMILIES." By Richard Mace.
This is a capital story of contemporary American life, graphic, humorous, and interesting, full of both character and action. Its scenes, all of them dramatic, pass from a semi Bohemian set in New York to the quiet and dignified surroundings of an old country family in Virginia.
Cloth and gold. Price 25 cents. When ordered by mail, 10 cents should be added for postage and packing.

"A PRINCESS AND A WOMAN." By Robert McDonald.
A stirring story of adventure in the eastern countries of Europe. The princess is a Russian and the hero a young American, an attache of the legation in St. Petersburg, thus presenting a reversal of the usual order of things in international love affairs.
Cloth and gold. Price 25 cents. When ordered by mail, 10 cents should be added for postage and packing.

"THE AFFAIR AT ISLINGTON." By Matthew White, Jr.
A strong story whose leading characters are a man, his wife, and his old love, an actress—a situation which develops tragedy, terrible and relentless. It also takes up the question of circumstantial evidence, and presents a startling arraignment of the danger it involves. The narrative is strong in cumulative force, and shows in vivid colors the perils of the first step in a downward path.
Cloth and gold. Price 25 cents. When ordered by mail, 10 cents should be added for postage and packing.

"UNDER FIRE." By Frank A. Munsey.
This was Mr. Munsey's first long story. It was published in THE ARGOSY in 1885, at a time when there was little cash in the treasury with which to buy stories—and *stories we had to have*. It was written at night, after the long day's work in the business office and editorial rooms. The story took the place of one for which we would have had to pay $500, a sum that went a long way in keeping THE ARGOSY afloat.
Cloth and gold. Price 25 cents. When ordered by mail, 10 cents should be added for postage and packing.

"AFLOAT IN A GREAT CITY." By Frank A. Munsey.
This was Mr. Munsey's second long story. It was published in THE ARGOSY serially in 1886, and marked the turning point in THE ARGOSY'S fortunes. THE ARGOSY was then a little more than three years old, and had not yet reached a paying basis, closely as it had been managed. But with the publication of "Afloat in a Great City" the first substantial ray of sunshine broke upon the publisher's vision.
Cloth and gold. Price 25 cents. When ordered by mail, 10 cents should be added for postage and packing.

"THE BOY BROKER." By Frank A. Munsey.
This was Mr. Munsey's third long story. It was published in THE ARGOSY serially in the spring of 1887, quickly following "Afloat in a Great City." It was "Afloat in a Great City" that lifted THE ARGOSY to the paying point; it was "The Boy Broker" that lifted it to an important position among publications of its class.
Cloth and gold. Price 25 cents. When ordered by mail, 10 cents should be added for postage and packing.

"IN THE REIGN OF BORIS." By Robert McDonald.
This story is a sequel to "A Princess and a Woman," and is a striking narrative of the romantic school, bristling with action. When printed in serial form it called forth many expressions of interest. It is the sort of story that will furnish one a delightful evening's entertainment and the author has been beset with requests for the dramatic rights.
Cloth and gold. Price 25 cents. When ordered by mail, 10 cents, should be added for postage and packing.

These books can be had through your bookseller or from the publisher. If your bookseller hasn't them in stock, he can get them for you.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, - 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Established 26 years. Write for information.
Mail Lesson Course, Metropolitan Business College, 6 Monroe St., Chicago.

Broadway and Liberty St., - NEW YORK CITY.

ADORN YOUR HOME AND OFFICE

With everlasting Flowers and naturally prepared Palms, Arecas, Fern Dishes, etc. They last forever, need no care, are not affected by heat or cold and all that kills plant life.



No. 200. Palm, $1.50 ea. 36 in. high—6 leaves.



No. 143. Rosebush, any color, each $2.00.



No. 150. Fern Dish, $2.00. 7 inches diameter.



If your dealer's goods do not have my trade mark insist upon getting them, as it will assure you of first class quality and excellent imitation of nature.

FRANK NETSCHERT 187 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. 7 Barclay St., New York, N. Y.

1900 PARIS 1900

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



Useful at all times, but never more so than when in Steamer chair, on Parlor car, or in Camp.

Indispensable to Travelers

Ask your dealer or send for catalogue.

Exhibited in American Section, International Exposition, Paris.

L. E. Waterman Co.

Largest manufacturers of Fountain Pens in the world.

155-157 Broadway, New York

MUNSEY 3. '00.

The Argosy in Bound Form.

ALL volumes of THE ARGOSY previous to the beginning of the monthly form, April, 1894, are out of print. The remaining volumes, all neatly bound in cloth, are veritable treasure houses of entertaining fiction, among the writers represented by novels being Max Pemberton, Arthur W. Marchmont, William Murray Graydon, R. D. Chetwode, and other leaders in tales of action and adventure. 75 cents apiece, plus 25 cents postage.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 111 Fifth Ave., New York.

YOUR HUSBAND will appreciate a present of a

B-B CHAIR

And so will you, in which to read, write, rest, study, work, or snooze. **Solid Comfort** in its different positions, automatic, self adjusting, no ratchets, delightfully simple, simply delightful. Send for booklet illustrating its many uses and price.

C. S. BEEBE, Manf'r, 730 Lake Ave., Racine, Wis.

FREE SILK DRESS



Here is an honest advertisement. No beating around the bush. You can get full **10** to **15** yards of beautiful silk, black, brown, blue, green or pink, in light or dark shades, and a beautiful mercury diamond breast pin for selling our remedies. We talk plain English and guarantee to do exactly as we say. We don't ask a cent. If you agree to sell *only* **6** boxes of our Positive Corn Cure at **25 cts.** a box, we send you the Salve by mail. When sold you send us the **$1.50** and we send you the solid gold laid mercury diamond breast pin, together with our offer of a handsome silk dress, same day money is received. We make this extraordinary inducement to secure honest people and prove our Corn Cure the best on earth. There is no chance about it if you comply with the offer we shall send you; the silk dress (**full 10 to 15 yards**, any color you desire) will be given **absolutely free.** Don't pay out money for a handsome dress while you can get one **free** for selling our remedies. Address at once,

Manufacturers' Supply Dept. T, No. 65 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

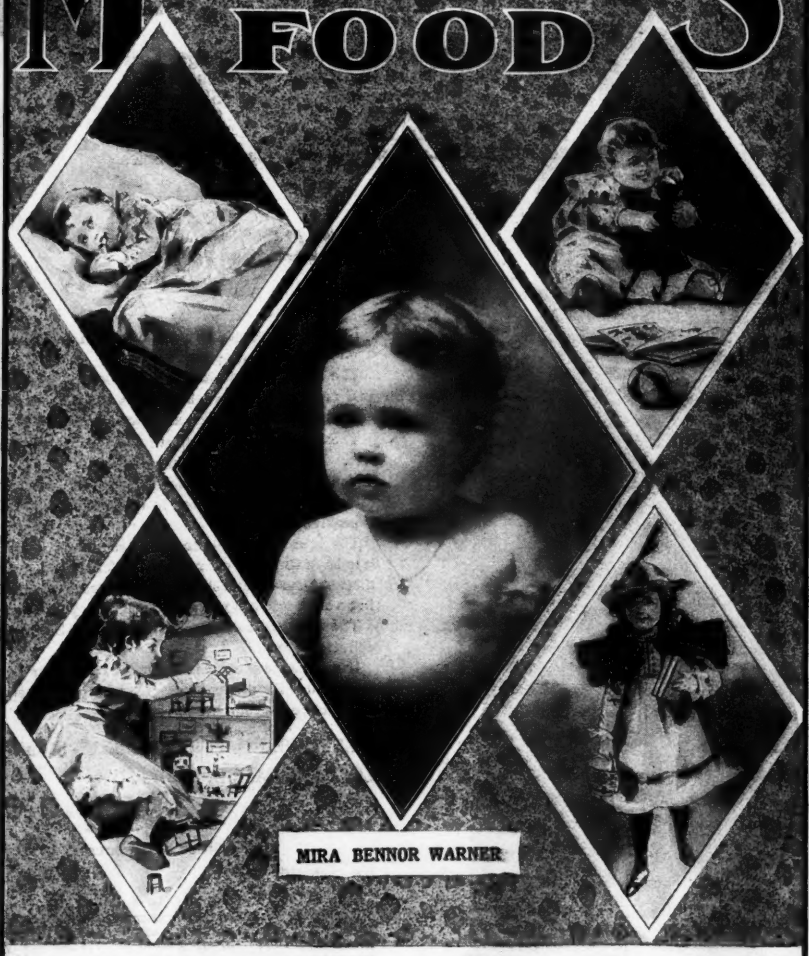


SEND ONE DOLLAR

Cut this ad. out and send to us, state whether you wish GENTS' OR LADIES' BICYCLE, also color and gear wanted, and we will send you this **HIGH GRADE 1900 MODEL ACME JEWEL BICYCLE,** by express C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, the **MOST WONDERFUL VALUE you ever saw or heard of,** equal to bicycles that retail as high as $40.00, if you think you can sell it at $10.00 profit any day, pay the express agent **OUR SPECIAL PRICE, $16.50,** less the $1.00 sent with order, or $15.50 and express charges. **While our Special Bicycle Catalogue,** mailed free for the asking, shows all bicycles **below all other houses,** stripped bicycles at $5.00, $6.00, $7.50, $8.00 and $9.00, the new 1900 Cincinnatus complete at $11.75, yet **OUR ACME JEWEL AT $16.50 is by far the greatest bargain ever offered** at the price. It is covered by a BINDING GUARANTEE, strictly high grade, latest of everything. Famous Belden Hanger, fine equipment Guaranteed Pneumatic Tires, high grade Saddle, Pedals, Handle Bar, Tools and Toolbag. Enameled black, green or maroon. IF YOU WANT ANY OTHER BICYCLE advertised in this paper or in any catalogue, write us and we will save you at least $2.00 to $10.00 on it. YOU CAN MAKE $500.00 THIS YEAR selling this bicycle at $25.00. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) CHICAGO.

MELLIN'S FOOD



MIRA BENNOR WARNER

From one of "Our Loving Friends:"

I enclose you a picture of my baby, and you can see what a plump child she is. I tried different foods and sterilized milk, and nothing agreed with her but Mellin's Food. Baby is over a year old and has never been sick even when cutting her eight teeth. I feel so grateful for having the food to use that I wanted to send you one of baby's pictures. I always call her a Mellin's Food baby and highly recommend it to every one.

MRS. CHAS. A. WARNER, Putnam, Conn.

Send for our "Portraits of Mellin's Food Babies."

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.



THE Regal Shoe



SOMERSET.

A light shoe made on a straight last, close trimmed sole giving a narrow appearance to foot. Our latest style. Very dressy in Patent Calf.

Russet King Calf, lace	**Single Soles**
Russet King Calf, Oxford	**Single Soles**
Black King Kid, lace	**Single Soles**
Patent Calf, lace	**Single Soles**
Patent Calf, Oxford	**Single Soles**
Patent Calf, congress (cloth tops)	**Single Soles**

Price $3.50 per pair.

Delivered, prepaid, to any address in the United States upon receipt of $3.75 per pair.

The Regal Stores and our Mail Order Department offer you 147 styles and 121 sizes of the most stylish, shapely, comfortable, dependable shoes money can buy.

There is no other assortment of shoes in the world like this. You know you will get a perfect fit.

You know we have but one price—not an advertised price to bring you into the store in order to induce you to buy expensive shoes.

The best and most economical way to buy Regal Shoes is to buy two pairs, wear them on alternate days and keep them on your exact last of Regal boot trees when not in use. In no other way can you get so much for your money.

The boot trees cost 75 cents in Regal Stores, or $1.00 delivered, prepaid.

If you cannot conveniently reach one of our stores, our Mail Order Department can give you perfect service and satisfaction, or your money refunded.

SEND POSTAL FOR CATALOGUE L. and BOOKLET "THE CARE OF SHOES."

L. C. BLISS & CO.,

Mail Order Department,

109 Summer St., BOSTON, MASS.

STORES.—Boston, 109 Summer St.; Providence, 220 Westminster St.; New York, 115 Nassau St., 1347 Broadway, 291 Broadway; Brooklyn, 357 Fulton St., 111 Broadway; Baltimore, 219 East Baltimore St.; Philadelphia, 1218 Market St., 8th & Chestnut Sts.; Washington, D. C., 1003 Penn Ave.; Pittsburg, 309 Fifth Ave.; Buffalo, 362 Main St.; Cincinnati, 13–15 Fountain Sq.; St. Louis, 618 Olive St.; Chicago, 103 Dearborn St., 215 Dearborn St.; Detroit, 122 Woodward Ave.; Cleveland, 17 Euclid Ave.; Denver, 423 Sixteenth St.; Albany, N. Y., 34 Maiden Lane; Atlanta, Ga., 6 Whitehall St.; Milwaukee, Wis., 212 Grand Ave. Factory, Whitman, Mass.

Regal Dressing is the finest leather preservative and beautifier that it is possible to make. Of course it is to our interest to furnish only a dressing of the highest possible character and to make Regal Shoes last longer and look better than other shoes. Regal Dressing is made of pure, refined oils which will give you better satisfaction than any other dressing you can find. Our Traveler's Package will be sent by mail, postpaid, or with Regal Shoes, upon receipt of 15 cents. Large size, 30 cents.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE BEST FOOD FOR BABIES



THE BEST FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS



THE BEST FOOD FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS



THE BEST FOOD FOR INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS

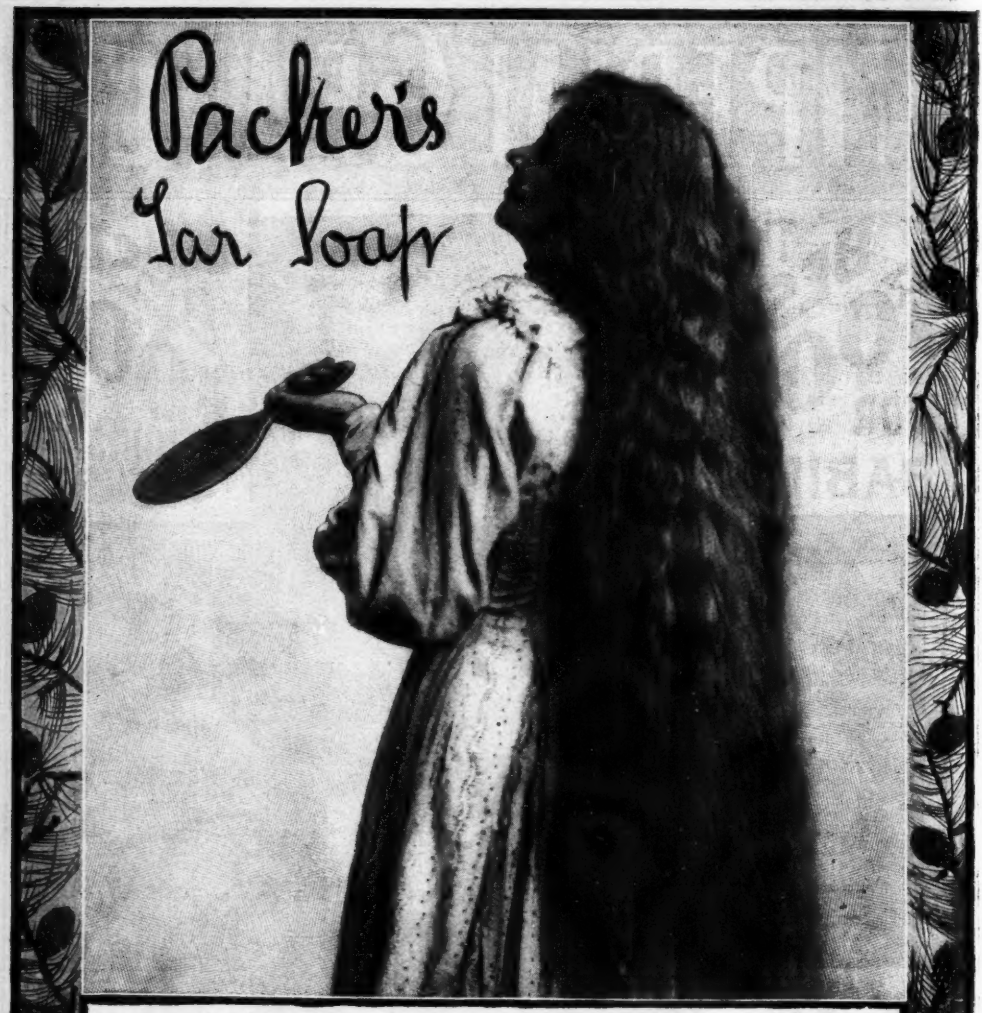
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

HEARTY, HEALTHY, HAPPY, HANDSOME CHILD

SEND POSTAL CARD FOR BOOKLET

THE IMPERIAL GRANUM CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN., U.S.A.

SHIPPING DEPOT: JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.



FIVE YEARS' GROWTH.

"I send my picture, which represents a growth of hair of but five years, that you may see what Packer's Tar Soap has done for me." MRS. M. D. CURTIS, Nurse, Chicago.

Send for our Leaflet, "The Value of Systematic Shampooing," mailed free on application to The Packer Manufacturing Co., P. O. Box 2985, 83 Fulton St., New York.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"THE PEARL OF THE FLOCK."

From the painting by Édouard Bisson—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. MARCH, 1900. No. 6.

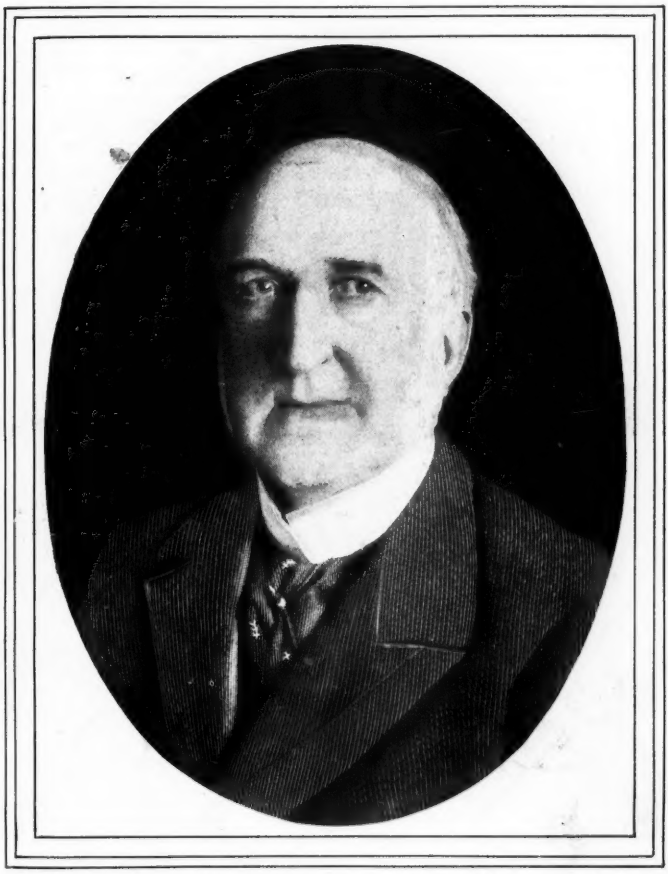
IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

SOME BRIEF PORTRAYALS OF PEOPLE AND THINGS THAT ARE BEING TALKED ABOUT IN THE PRESENT DAY OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

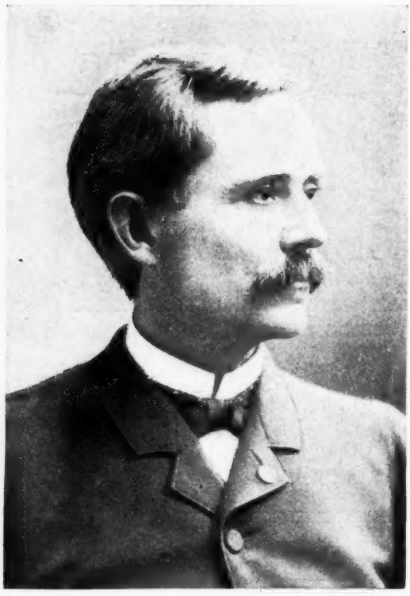
CHANGES AT WASHINGTON.

The present session of Congress sees many changes at the national Capitol. At every turn of the political kaleidoscope old leaders pass away, and the public eye focuses itself upon new figures.

Chief among the recent changes, of course, is Thomas B. Reed's sudden and complete disappearance from public life. Of Colonel Henderson, who has succeeded to the post in which Mr. Reed won his unique reputation, a sketch appeared in the December issue of MUNSEY'S. The House, too, has lost its presiding officer, by the death of Vice President Hobart, whose duties have fallen to Senator Frye, of Maine, one of the veterans of the "upper house." Both Mr. Frye and his colleague, Senator Hale, have held their present positions for nineteen years. Very seldom has any State maintained its representation in the Senate unchanged for so long a time; but Maine's steadfast support of her political spokesmen has been the due reward of good service, and has, in turn, greatly increased the State's



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW YORK.
From his latest photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.



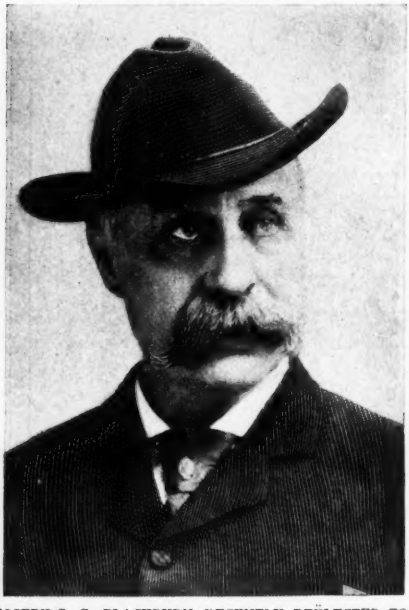
JOSEPH W. FIFER, OF ILLINOIS, FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF HIS STATE, AND RECENTLY APPOINTED A MEMBER OF THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

From a photograph by Funk & Klauer, Bloomington.



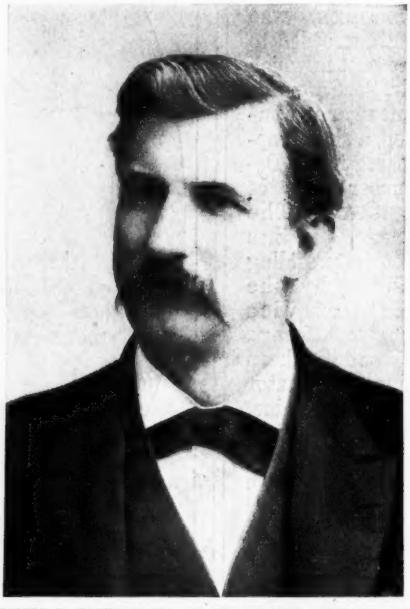
ALFRED C. HARMER, OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHO HAS SERVED IN TWELVE SUCCESSIVE CONGRESSES, AND IS NOW "FATHER OF THE HOUSE."

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN, RECENTLY REËLECTED TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE FROM KENTUCKY AFTER FOUR YEARS OF RETIREMENT.

From a photograph by Wybrant, Louisville.



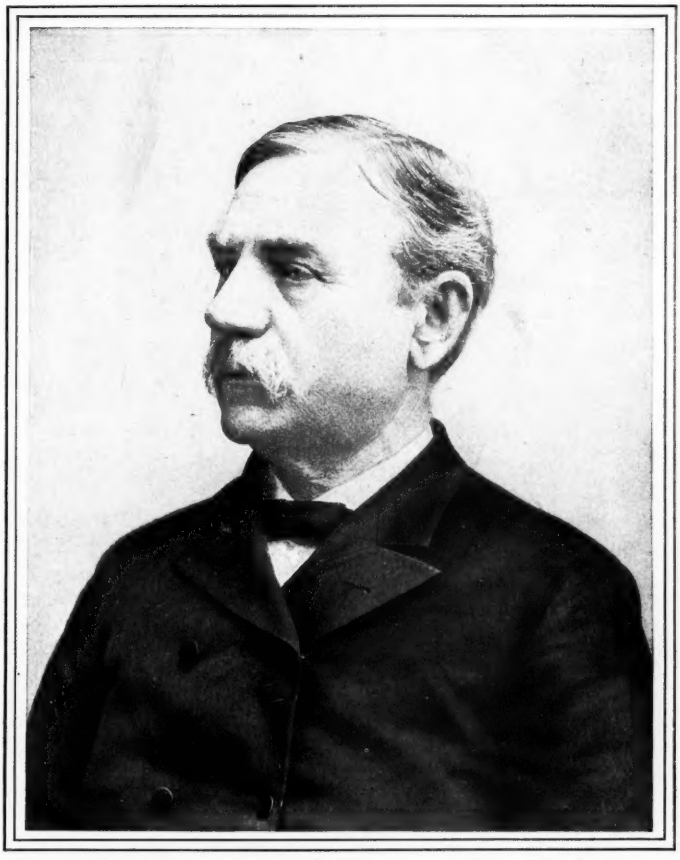
JAMES D. RICHARDSON, OF TENNESSEE, ELECTED TO SUCCEED MR. BAILEY, OF TEXAS, AS DEMOCRATIC LEADER IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

prestige and influence in the national legislature, where so much goes by seniority.

Pennsylvania has shown a similar loyalty to some of the men she sends to Washington. The honorary title of "father of the House," earned by the longest continuous record of service as a Representative, has been held by three Pennsylvanians in succession—by William D. Kelley of "pig iron" fame, by Charles O'Neill, and now by Alfred C. Harmer, who has been elected from one of the Philadelphia districts twelve times without a break. When Congress organized, in December, Mr. Harmer enjoyed the traditional privileges of selecting his seat before the drawing for places began, and of administering the oath to the new Speaker.

Another important change in the House is the appearance of Congressman Richardson of Tennessee as leader of the Democratic minority, in succession to Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas. Mr. Richardson is a man whose record and abilities command general respect, and his substitution for the talented but somewhat eccentric Texas statesman will be regretted by few.



WILLIAM P. FRYE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MAINE, AND PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE OF THE SENATE. THE DEATH OF VICE PRESIDENT HOBART HAS MADE MR. FRYE THE SENATE'S REGULAR PRESIDING OFFICER.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

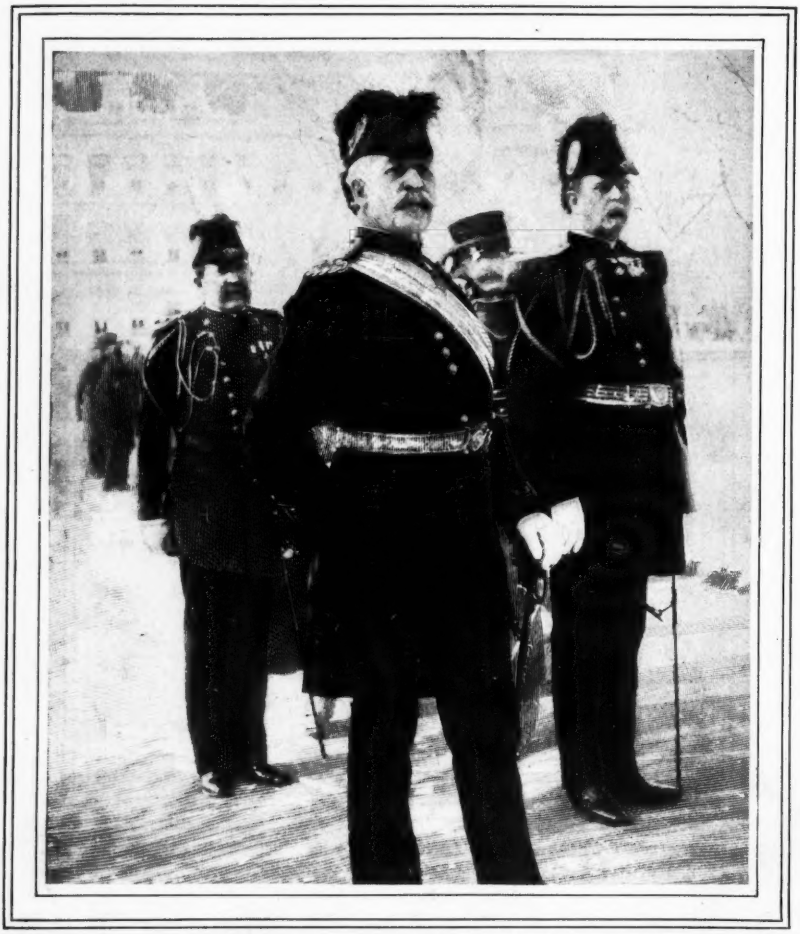
Together with Mr. Richardson's portrait on page 772 is that of Senator Blackburn, whom the Kentucky Legislature has chosen to succeed Senator Lindsay—a

change that is less welcome, for Mr. Blackburn's political capital consists rather in his personal popularity than in any real equipment for statesmanship.

THE SENIOR SENATOR FROM NEBRASKA.

John M. Thurston, who is nearing the close of his first term as United States Senator from Nebraska, is one of the men whose speeches on any public question are sure of an audience. His career has been typically that of the self made American. Born in New England, brought up on a Western farm, working his way through college and to success in the law, he was general solicitor to the Union Pacific Railway when a place in the Senate was offered him, and he accepted it although he had been earning several times a Senator's salary.

The voice of the orator has been supplanted, as the chief means of moving public opinion, by the printed message of the press; yet eloquence still has its powerful appeal, and many a career besides Mr. Bryan's has been made possible by a striking speech. Mr. Thurston's opportunity came when, as a delegate from Nebraska, he was appointed temporary

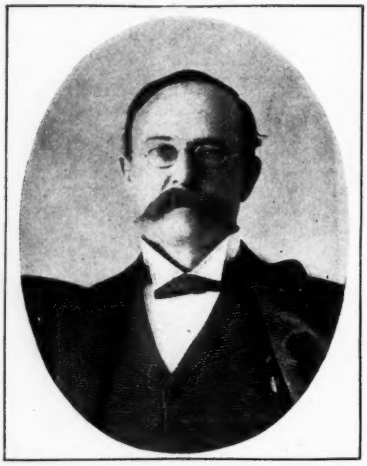


UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICERS AT THE PRESIDENT'S NEW YEAR'S DAY RECEPTION—MAJOR GENERAL MILES AND ADJUTANT GENERAL CORBIN AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1900, by George Grantham Bain.



A PICTURESQUE MILITARY CEREMONY—QUEEN VICTORIA PRESENTING NEW COLORS TO THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS, BEFORE ITS DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.



JOHN M. THURSTON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEBRASKA.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

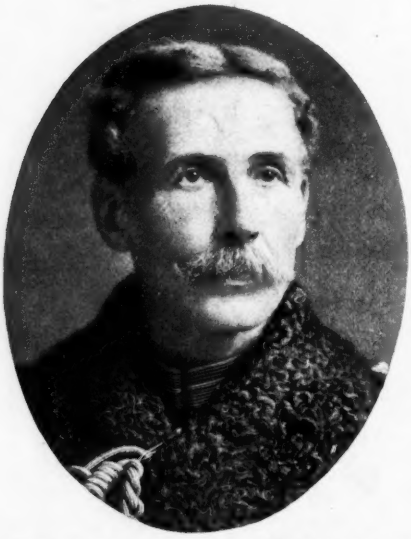


MRS. JOHN M. THURSTON, FORMERLY MISS LOLA PURMAN, OF WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by Purdy, Boston.

chairman of the Republican convention of 1888; and he used it to deliver an address that won him a national reputation. That reputation he has maintained at Washington and has proved himself a careful and conscientious legislator as well as a clever speaker.

He has had the courage—none too



LIEUTENANT COLONEL W. D. OTTER, COMMANDING THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From a photograph by Kennedy, Toronto.

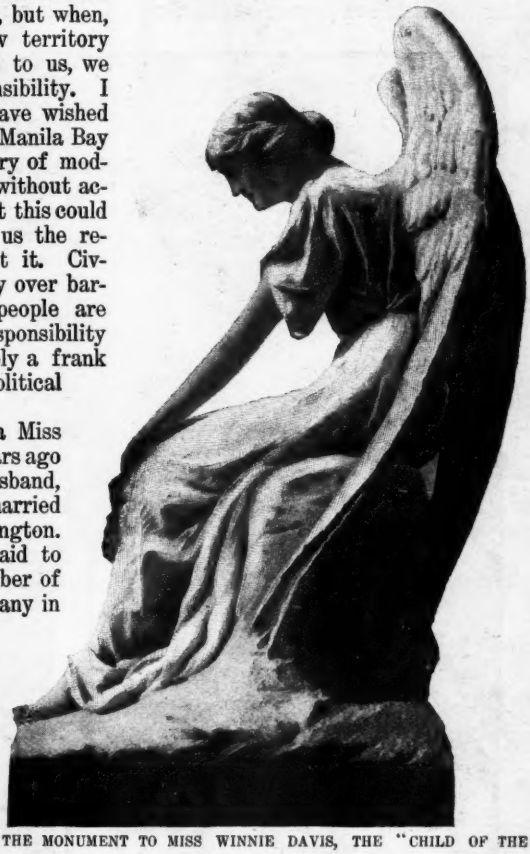


MAJOR LORD EDWARD CECIL, LORD SALISBURY'S SON, REPORTED WOUNDED AT MAFEKING, ON DECEMBER 26.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

common a quality in public life—to admit that in the changed political conditions of today he has changed some of his opinions. "I voted against the annexation of Hawaii," he said in a recent speech, "because of a conservatism which I could not overcome; therefore you will understand that I am not a mere partisan, but when, in the providence of God, new territory and new responsibilities come to us, we are bound to share the responsibility. I am one of those who would have wished that after Dewey sailed into Manila Bay and gained the grandest victory of modern times he could have left without accepting the responsibility. But this could not be done. God has given us the responsibility and we must accept it. Civilization has the right of way over barbarism, and the American people are equal to this or any other responsibility that may arise." This is surely a frank and manly confession of political faith.

Mr. Thurston's first wife, a Miss Poland of Omaha, died two years ago while visiting Cuba with her husband, and the Senator was recently married to Miss Lola Purman of Washington. The second Mrs. Thurston is said to have been at one time a member of the late Augustin Daly's company in London, and has since been successful as an elocutionist. She was teaching at a Washington kindergarten when she met Mr. Thurston, very shortly before their marriage. It was an every day romance that attracted an unusual degree of interest and sympathy.



THE MONUMENT TO MISS WINNIE DAVIS, THE "CHILD OF THE CONFEDERACY"—MODELED BY GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY, AND UNVEILED ON THE 9TH OF NOVEMBER LAST IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
From a photograph by Cook, Richmond.

WAR TIME WORK OF MERCY.

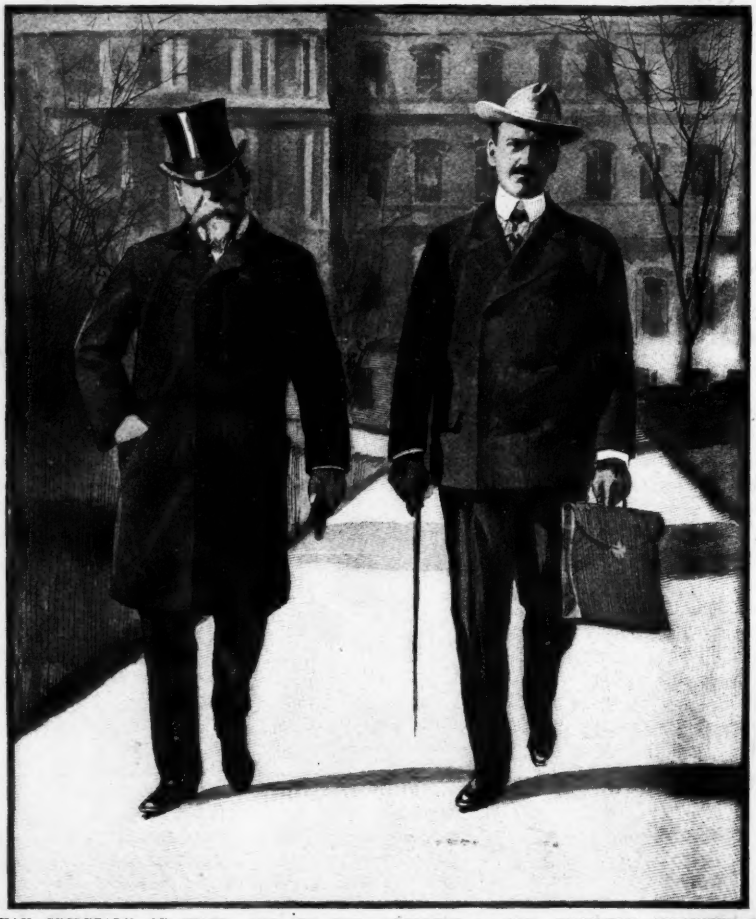
From whatever viewpoint the reader may regard war in general, and the Transvaal war in particular, there can be nothing but admiration of the work of the American women in London who have sent a hospital ship to South Africa. The vessel, appropriately named the Maine, was generously loaned by the same Anglo American steamship company that furnished a sister ship, the Missouri, to the United States government during the war with Spain. Her medical staff is entirely American, including Dr. Eugene Dodge and Dr. Harry Heth Hodman, of New York, and Dr. Charles Henry Weber, of Philadelphia. Lady Randolph Churchill, who was a leading spirit of the committee that raised funds for the Maine's equipment and maintenance, has gone out with her. The cruel fortunes of war may possibly call upon Lady Randolph to nurse her own sons, both of whom are with the British forces—the elder, Winston Churchill, who made such a romantic escape from imprisonment at Pretoria, as correspondent for a London newspaper; the younger, John Churchill, as captain in a colonial regiment of irregular cavalry.

Three other hospital ships have been sent to South Africa—the Trojan and Spartan, which are to ply between Durban

and Cape Town, carrying sick and wounded men from Natal to the main British base; and the Princess of Wales, which, together with the Maine, will carry the more serious cases back to England, where they will be received at the great military hospital at Netley, near Southampton, and in other hospitals and private houses that have been offered for their use. One of the wards of the Princess is shown in the engraving on page 780.

There are also at least three well equipped hospital trains running on the colonial railways, bringing patients in from the front. One of the trains, named after the Princess Christian, is the result of a fund which that lady—whose eldest son is with Buller—helped to raise. It is also worth mentioning that an American, Mr. Van Alen, of New York, has contributed a field hospital of twenty five beds, and has himself gone with it to the Cape.

While modern engines of warfare are constantly increasing in their powers of destruction, it is satisfactory to reflect that much has been done for their victims.

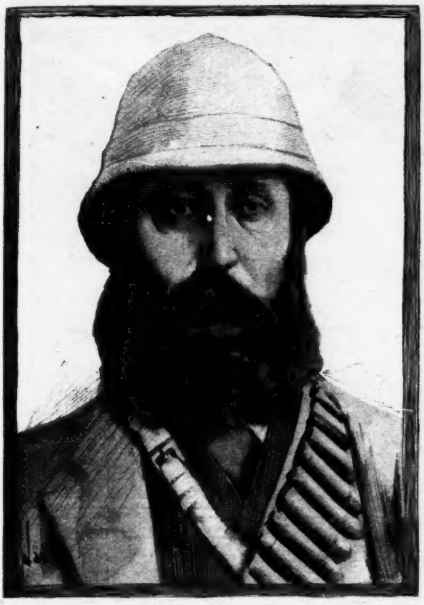


JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE, AND HIS SON, ADELBERT S. HAY, RECENTLY APPOINTED UNITED STATES CONSUL AT PRETORIA.

Drawn by E. V. Nadherny from a copyrighted photograph by George Grantham Bain.

A CONTROVERSY SETTLED.

One of the many problems that had to be settled in regard to our interesting



COMMANDANT SCHOEMANN, COMMANDING THE BOER FORCES AT COLESBERG.

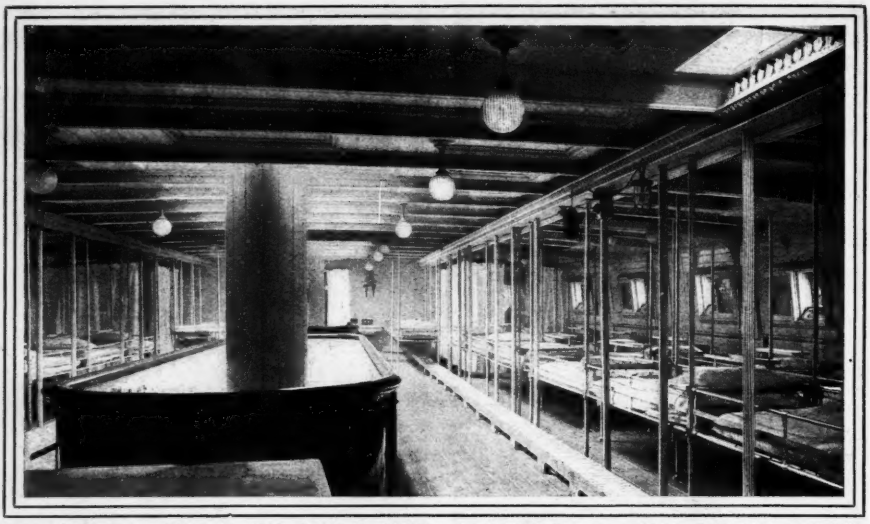


GENERAL PIET A. CRONJE, COMMANDING THE BOER FORCES ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER.

dependency in the West Indies was the question of its rightful name. For a year after we took possession there was a sharp controversy between "Porto Rico" and "Puerto Rico." The latter title was, beyond question, historically correct, and the only one used by the people of the island itself; yet the other—a Portuguese form, originally nothing better than an interloper—had had three centuries of



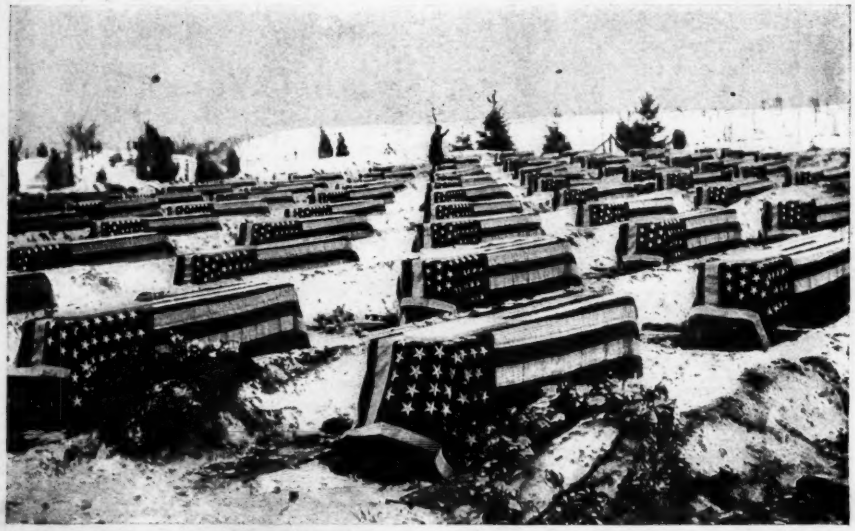
THE RAADZAAL, OR GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT PRETORIA.



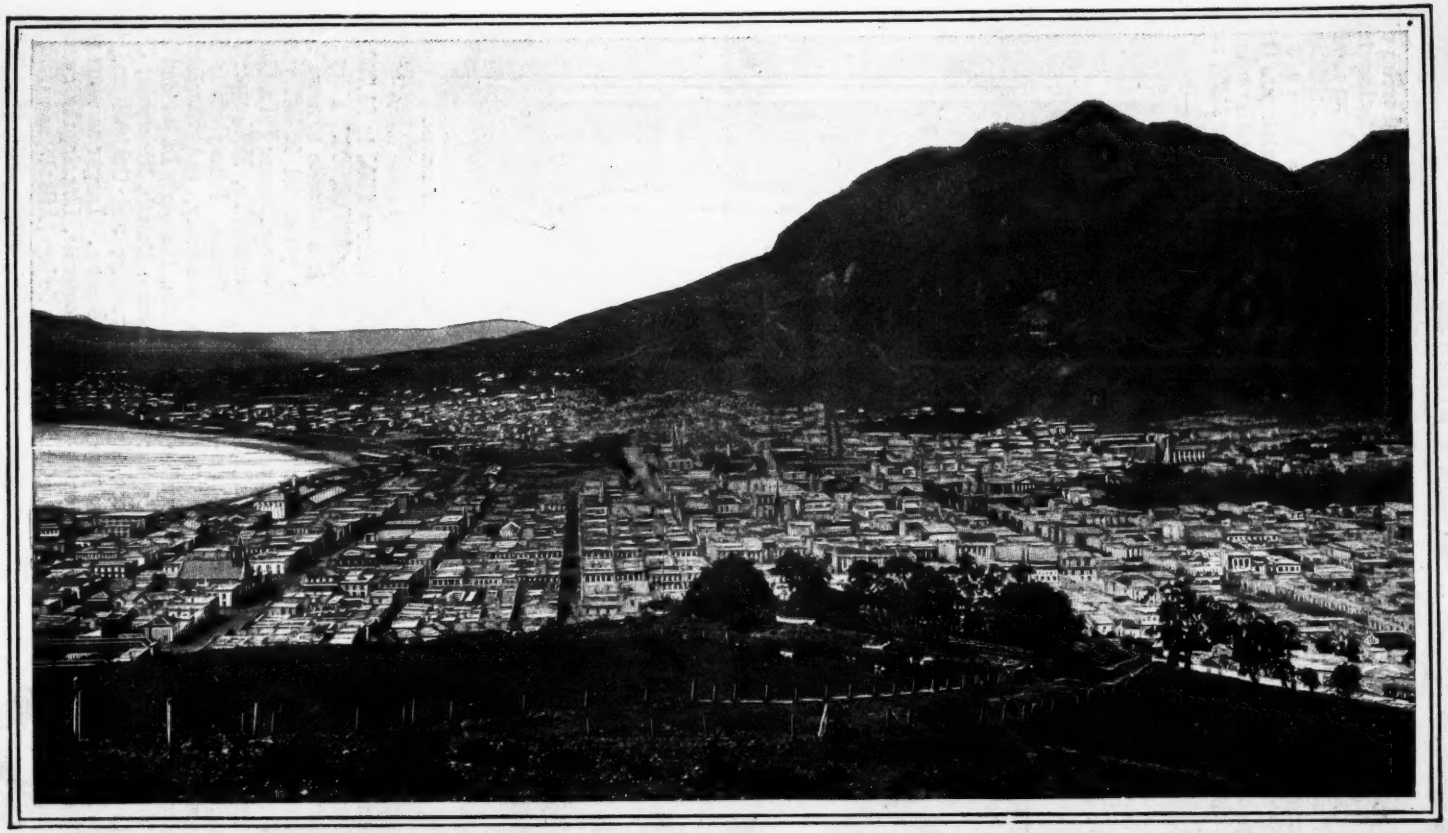
THE ALEXANDRA WARD IN THE BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP PRINCESS OF WALES, CARRYING WOUNDED MEN FROM CAPE TOWN TO ENGLAND.

general usage throughout the world. It appeared in our official copy of the treaty of peace with Spain, in the President's messages, and in almost all other official documents, including those of the Post Office Department. The newspapers were practically unanimous for "Porto Rico," and the Spanish form was so seldom seen that even those who admitted its better claim—MUNSEY'S, for instance—avoided its use as being pedantic.

The question came before the United States Board on Geographic Names some years ago, and was decided in favor of "Puerto Rico," but the ruling was overlooked and neglected. Recently, however, the board reaffirmed it, the President officially approved it, and the press and



THE MAINE DEAD IN THEIR LAST RESTING PLACE—THE BURIAL OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ONE VICTIMS OF THE HISTORICAL DISASTER IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, ON THE 28TH OF DECEMBER LAST.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF CAPE TOWN, THE CAPITAL OF CAPE COLONY, AND THE MAIN BASE OF THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

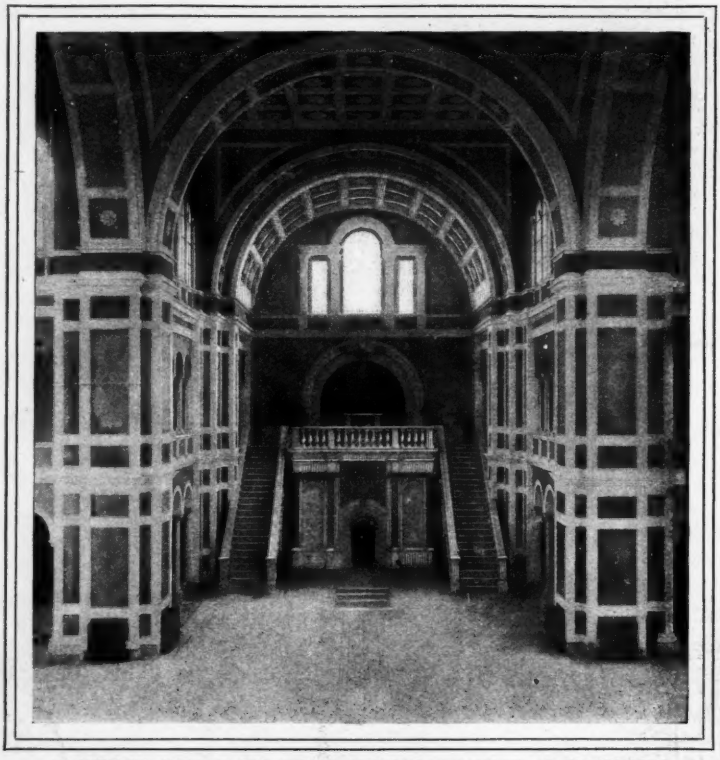
the public should accept it. "Puerto Rico" it must be henceforth.

While war rages at one end of Africa, in another part of the continent white winged peace has settled down over a vast region where she has long been a stranger. Nearly fifteen years after the fall of Khartum and the death of Gordon—years of an Arab despotism which Colonel Prout, who probably knows more of the Sudan than any other living American, has called "cruel and deadly beyond our information or belief"—vengeance, in the shape of British guns, has finally overtaken the Khalifa.

Pacification has come, and regeneration of the devastated provinces has begun; and it is interesting to note that one of the civilizing agencies that are to figure in the process is that ubiquitous and enterprising individual, the modern tourist. In his businesslike way Lord Kitchener recently declared the Sudan "open"—just as if it were a new park; and trains with special accommodations for holiday travelers are to run once a week up the Nile railway to Khartum.

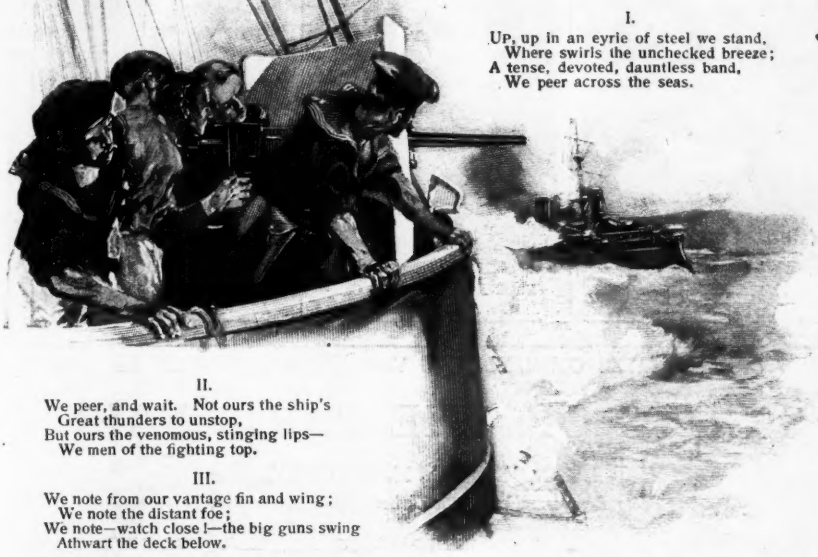
* * * *

The *Library Journal* catalogues thirty five gifts to American libraries made by Andrew Carnegie in the year 1899, ranging in amount from $500 to $1,750,000, and aggregating $3,503,500. Fifty thousand dollars is a favorite sum with Mr. Carnegie; he presented it last year to libraries at Beaver, Beaver Falls, Clarion, Conneaut, Connellsville, McKeesport, Oil City, and Tyrone, Pennsylvania; East Liverpool, Sandusky, and Steubenville, Ohio; Sedalia, Missouri; Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas; Duluth, Minnesota; Cheyenne, Wyoming; and Oakland and San Diego, California. Larger amounts were given to Louisville, Lincoln, the Pennsylvania State College, Atlanta, and Washington; while the capital prize of a million and three quarters went to Pittsburg.



AN INTERIOR VIEW IN THE NEW FRANCISCAN MONASTERY AT WASHINGTON.
From a photograph by Lowell, Washington.

In The Fighting Top



I.

Up, up in an eyrie of steel we stand,
Where swirls the unchecked breeze;
A tense, devoted, dauntless band,
We peer across the seas.

II.

We peer, and wait. Not ours the ship's
Great thunders to unstop,
But ours the venomous, stinging lips—
We men of the fighting top.

III.

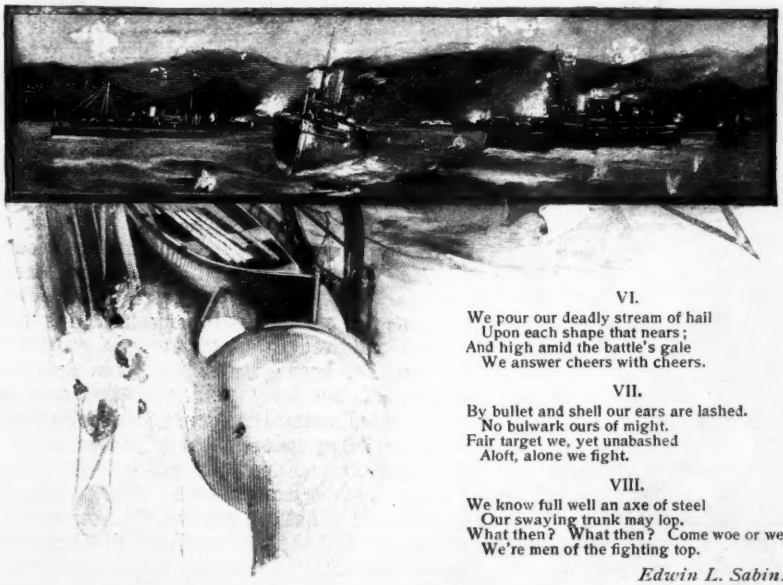
We note from our vantage fin and wing;
We note the distant foe;
We note—watch close!—the big guns swing
Athwart the deck below.

IV.

We grip—and peer—crash! crash!—hurray!
The smoke wreaths fill our eyes,
But quick we see, long miles away,
A mighty fountain rise.

V.

God grant we're given a chance—just one!
God grant the foe comes nigher!
Now! Now! From rapid, searching gun
We rim our nest with fire.



VI.

We pour our deadly stream of hail
Upon each shape that nears;
And high amid the battle's gale
We answer cheers with cheers.

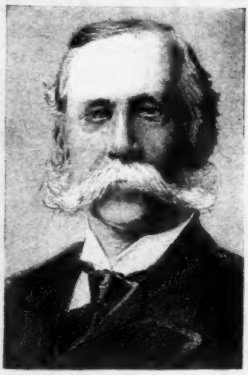
VII.

By bullet and shell our ears are lashed.
No bulwark ours of might.
Fair target we, yet unabashed
Aloft, alone we fight.

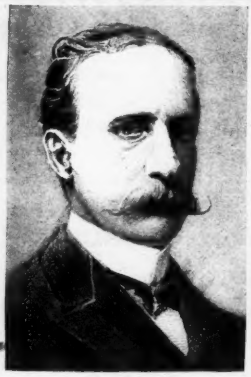
VIII.

We know full well an axe of steel
Our swaying trunk may lop.
What then? What then? Come woe or weal,
We're men of the fighting top.

Edwin L. Sabin.



MAJOR FREDERICK BRACKETT, SECRETARY.



FERDINAND W. PECK, COMMISSIONER GENERAL.



BENJAMIN D. WOODWARD, ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER.

THE UNITED STATES COMMISSION TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900.

SIGHTS OF THE PARIS FAIR.

BY CAPTAIN A. H. MATTOX,

Press Representative of the United States Commission.

SOME OF THE MYRIAD THINGS THAT THE UNITED STATES AND FIFTY FIVE OTHER NATIONS WILL SEND TO MAKE THE FRENCH EXPOSITION A SUMMARY OF HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT AT THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

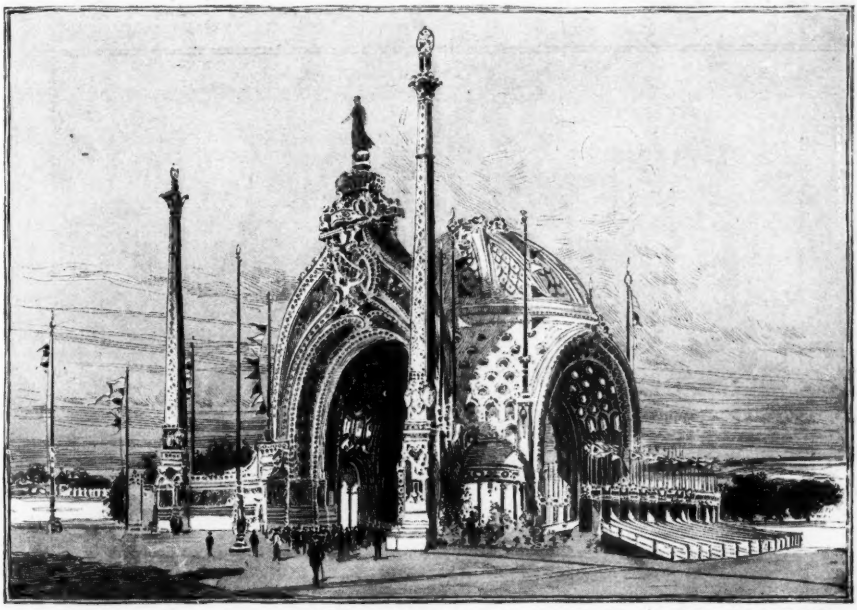


PARIS calls the roll of the nations on the 15th of April of this year; and fifty six will answer "Here!" in varying tones, ranging from the deep bassoon of mighty England to the modest pipe of little Switzerland. The voice of America will not be unheard in the tumult; indeed, it will be a little louder than anything else on the grounds, if the present plans are lived up to. For, when offered one hundred and fifty thousand square feet of Paris soil for the United States' share in the Exposition, Commissioner Peck suggested three hundred thousand instead, and has contrived to secure it—a larger amount than has been granted to any other nation. And of the forty million visitors who are expected, several million will report first at the building under the American eagle.

The Paris Exposition will be not unlike a great public examination. "What have you learned? What can you make? How have you improved?" the world will ask of each nation in turn. That the answers may be properly set forth, a wonderful city is being built of stone and plaster and staff on both sides of the Seine,

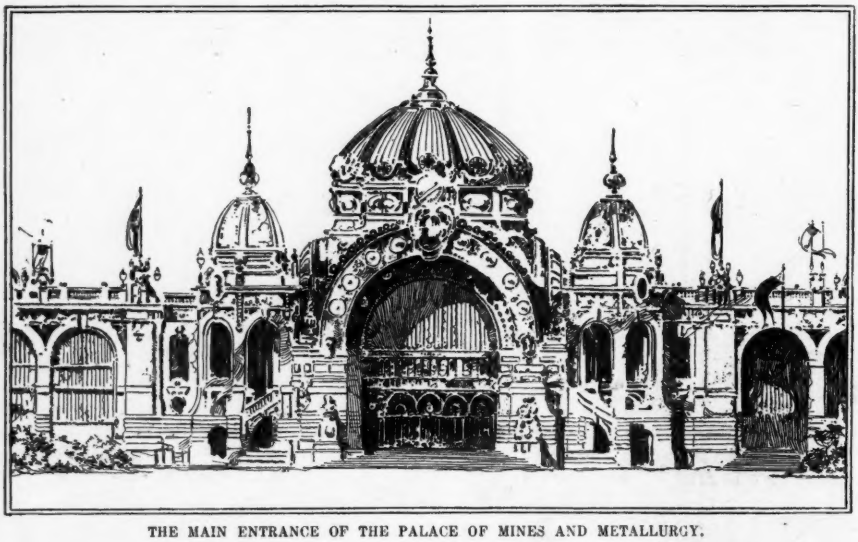
from the Pont de la Concorde to the Pont d'Iéna. He who travels through this with his mind open will see wide vistas of what the world has been and a panorama of what it is, with glimpses of startling prophesy into what it will be. The old *diligence* of a hundred years ago, lumbering along beside the different wonders of latter day locomotion, will be a lesson in comparative history as well as an interesting sight. Germany's study in army organization, showing the equipment of 1800 against that of 1900, will be a valuable commentary on modern methods as well as a passing amusement for the tourist. The world's artistic life may be traced in the paintings of different eras that will be brought together. Indeed, he who loves pictures will have perhaps the most wonderful chance ever offered for seeing them at their best, without long pilgrimages to the different corners of the earth from which they have been gathered. Every pipe and reed that has ever made music will be shown there, and though it is, alas, impossible to give us the voices of other days, the marvelous notes of Jenny Lind and the young glory of Patti, some of today's best music will be summoned; notably the Schubertbund, Vienna's great choral association, which will make the month of July a festival for those who know what music should be.

The leading motive of a world's fair is very different now to what it was in 1851 when Prince Albert persuaded the nations to join England in the first universal exposition. Then it was an affair of high purport, almost a crusade, entered into with earnestness and prayer. The powers were all more or less at odds then; the world was at a political crisis. The fair was conceived with the generous idea of bringing the members of the human race to a better understanding; to give an impetus towards peace and good will. It was thought that England's prestige might be lessened by this display of her commercial secrets, that other peoples might carry away from the fair ideas that would make them dangerous competitors in the world's markets. The horde of foreigners, with its possibilities of revolutionists and desperadoes, was looked on as a possible source of danger. Yet the promoters of the exposition with serious courage faced the risks for the sake of the good that was to come.



THE GRAND GATEWAY OF THE EXPOSITION, ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE—DESIGNED BY M. BINET.

It is doubtful if the French government has given much thought as to whether the fair of 1900 is to make the world better and happier. That it is to make France richer has undoubtedly crossed the minds of its managers; that is as near altruism as modern powers often come. The festivals of today, from international expositions to village flower fêtes, nearly all owe their existence to the money and the advertisement they secure. They are no less interesting to visit on that account; but it is a wide departure from the spirit in which the prince consort summoned the world to the new Crystal Palace nearly fifty years ago.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY.

The true Paris exposition for the person of sporting desires will be the annex at the park of Vincennes, which lies about eight miles from the main part of the fair, connected with it by every known means of getting people over the ground. Here the automobile exhibits and races will take place, and the traveler from remote corners will see the strangest showing of vehicles the world has ever produced, elephantine, spidery, or batlike, mysteriously silent or alarmingly sibilant, more like uncouth imps than human made machines. What can be done with a bicycle will also be shown, and to good purpose, for the wheel that takes the grand prize in the September contest wins six thousand dollars, while lesser prizes to the amount of fourteen thousand dollars will be awarded. Here will be collected the railway exhibits, including some fifteen American engines, and a section will be set aside for the international athletic sports, where the bodily prowess of the young man of 1900 will be tested and recorded, for future generations to wonder or scoff at. The horse, too, will have a chance to show up his beauty and speed against the powers of his automatic rivals.

But the serious business for which three hundred acres have been borrowed from Paris, and twenty five million dollars are to be expended, lies in the great exhibition buildings that are beautifying the Champ de Mars, the Esplanade des Invalides, and both banks of the Seine from the southwest angle of the Place de la Concorde to the Avenue de Suffren, nearly a mile and a half away. Here we have represented art, science, manufacture, invention, agriculture, all the great arteries through which the world draws its life. Individual nations are not set apart by themselves, but to each is allowed space for appropriate exhibits in the eighteen groups into which the exposition is divided. The United States claims also four special annexes, adjoining the general buildings.

One of these, connected with the Liberal Arts and Chemical Industries Building in

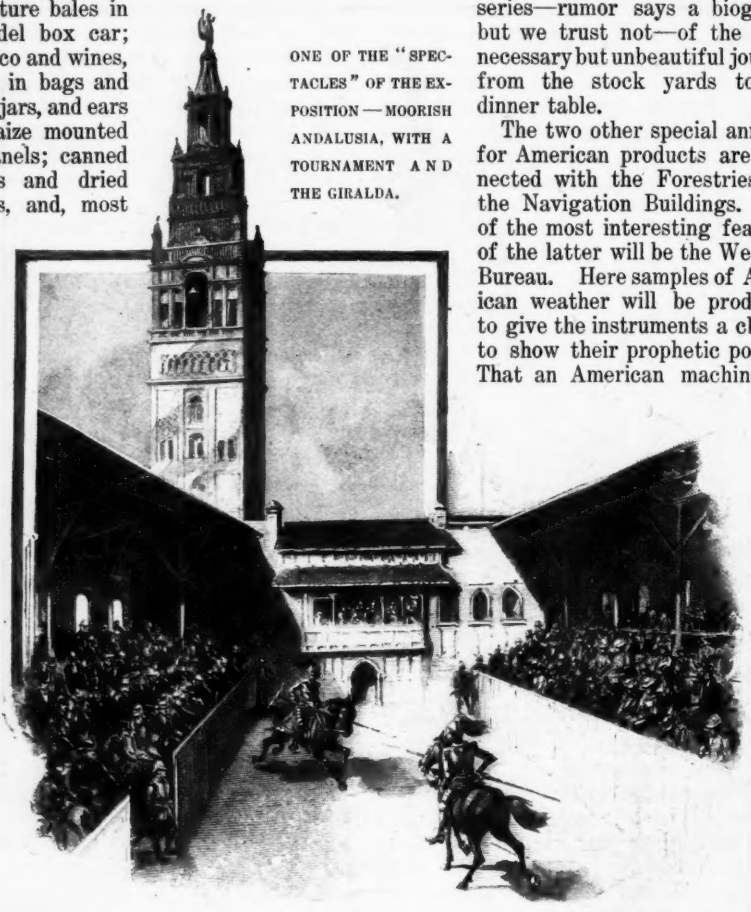
the Esplanade des Invalides, is a Publishers' Building, which will serve for the display of American printing house machinery, as well as for the headquarters of the United States publishers who take their wares or their families to the fair. The printing house exhibition will include all the newest and most efficient machinery and processes now used in our papers and publications. Europeans understand little about American journalism, and almost nothing of its mechanical marvels. There is not a paper in Paris, for instance, which can print more than ten thousand four page copies in an hour on any one of its printing presses. In America there are presses which will deliver—cut, folded, pasted, and counted—forty eight thousand sixteen page newspapers, printed in five colors, every sixty minutes. This would be equal to one hundred and fifty two thousand of the French four page papers every hour.



THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL PAVILION AT THE PARK EXPOSITION—ARCHITECTS, MESSRS. C. A. COOLIDGE AND MORIN GOUSTIAUX.

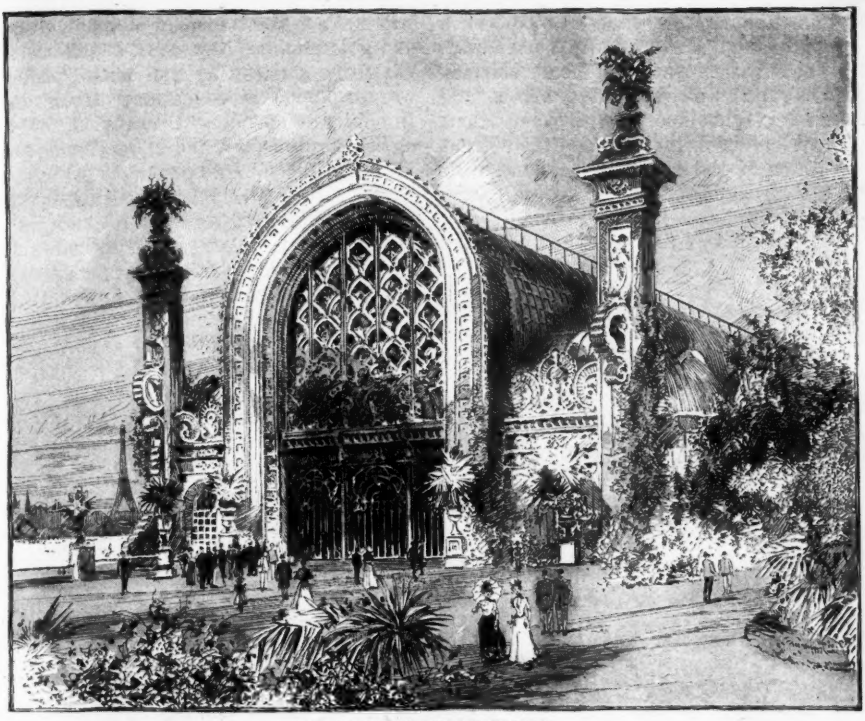
In the Agricultural Department, also, the United States will have its own annex, for our showing of the kindly fruits of

the earth is too varied and luxuriant to be slipped in between the coffee beans of Java and the onions of Spain. Here we will show our cotton in all its stages, to the shipment of miniature bales in a model box car; tobacco and wines, grain in bags and glass jars, and ears of maize mounted on panels; canned things and dried things, and, most difficult of all, fresh, home grown fruit. This will be accomplished by cold storage. California, six thousand miles away, has arranged to send over every week apricots, peaches, figs, and grapes, each after its season; and though these may not carry all their first exquisite flavor with them, they will be an object lesson in size and beauty. In connection with this department will be shown hundreds of photographs contributed by the fifty four agricultural experiment stations of the United States, making a wonderful study of the science and practice of American agriculture. In this way, aided by models, the irrigation methods of the rainless West will be shown. The meat packing exhibit has also taken to photography. One concern has furnished a photographic series—rumor says a biograph, but we trust not—of the hog's necessary but unbeautiful journey from the stock yards to the dinner table.



ONE OF THE "SPECTACLES" OF THE EXPOSITION — MOORISH ANDALUSIA, WITH A TOURNAMENT AND THE GIRALDA.

The two other special annexes for American products are connected with the Forestries and the Navigation Buildings. One of the most interesting features of the latter will be the Weather Bureau. Here samples of American weather will be produced, to give the instruments a chance to show their prophetic powers. That an American machine for recording rainfall may perform its functions without interfering with any one's pleasure, a strictly local rain in one spot will be produced by artificial means. A Kansas cyclone and a Nebraska drought will delight the homesick tourist from the interior, while a section of spring weather from the region of the great lakes will make a welcome change in the heat of a July day. Another feature of this annex will be the miniature navy, a fleet of models reproducing down to the least rope's end our greatest battleships and cruisers, at a comparative scale of a



THE PALACE OF HORTICULTURE.

quarter of an inch to a foot. The cost of these will run from one thousand to five thousand dollars apiece.

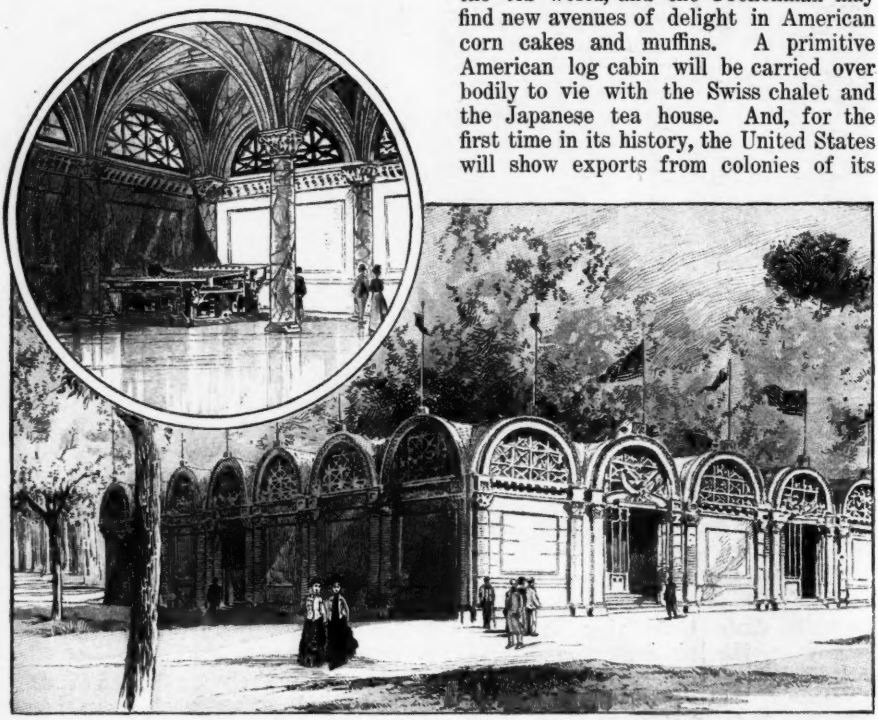
When the loyal American goes to register at the National Pavilion, he will find its white dome beautifying the Quay d'Orsay on the left bank of the Seine, with Turkey on one hand and Spain on the other. Under the portico, facing the river, he will uncover to French's statue of Washington, and the bust of McKinley will preside over his entrance from a niche above the door. On one side of the great rotunda within will be a lounging room for men, on the other a similar luxury for women, while in a third room both can meet at their pleasure, for this building is designed to be the home of the American in Paris. Here he will find his friends, his newspapers, his guides, his stenographer and typewriter, his post office and money exchange, his bureau of public comfort, and even his ice water. Here he can consult his ticker, and every afternoon receive direct from New York and Chicago stock markets the latest quotations of the morning. Here he will also find the headquarters to be established by the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris for the intelligent dissemination of trustworthy and impartial commercial information.

This post office is a novel idea, the suggestion of the commissioner general. It will be run entirely on United States methods, and arrangements have been made with the French postal authorities by which mail for visiting Americans will be sent here instead of going through the regular channels. In this way much time will be saved in distribution; moreover, Americans will be enabled to transact the ordinary business of the post office in the way to which they are accustomed at home.

To those who see only the dark side of the negro problem, standing out in the outrages and horrors that furnish big headlines for the newspapers, a better perspective on the subject will be given by the negro exhibit. This will picture the actual status of the colored people as shown in their homes, schools, farms, stores, churches, professions, and pur-

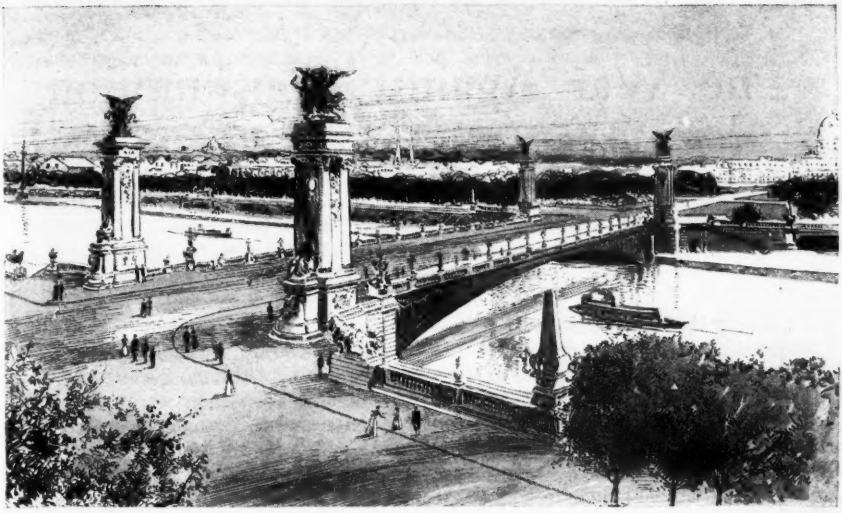
suits. The negro's value as a laborer, a producer, and a citizen will be attested. By contrasting views of mud chimney cabins with well appointed homes, and crude log schoolhouses with commodious school buildings, the past and the present condition of the race will be shown in a way to prove that there is real progress at hand.

The part America must and will take in the Fair of 1900 has involved great practical difficulties. Here was a country three thousand miles wide to collect from, and negotiations to be made with exhibitors in at least fifty cities; and when the difficulties of land transportation had been solved, those of shipping had to be met. And yet there will be more than seven thousand exhibits from the United States, whose total showing will be two and a half times as large as that of France at Chicago in 1893. Individual States will show their individual claims to pride. Alabama and Kentucky will exploit their yearly coal output; California will make a great display in horticulture and gold mining; New York is anxious to show its strides in the path leading towards popular education; Iowa and Illinois are spending liberally on their agricultural display, and in developing the idea of establishing experiments in kitchen work. These two States will especially emphasize the advantages of corn as a food product. Corn is little known in the old world, and the Frenchman may find new avenues of delight in American corn cakes and muffins. A primitive American log cabin will be carried over bodily to vie with the Swiss chalet and the Japanese tea house. And, for the first time in its history, the United States will show exports from colonies of its own. President McKinley has directed that the new American dependencies—Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines—should send tangible proofs of their wonderful resources.



THE UNITED STATES PUBLISHERS' PAVILION, IN WHICH WILL BE MADE A SPECIAL EXHIBIT OF AMERICAN PRINTING MACHINERY.

But the world's progress is not to be looked at merely from the material side. All that has been done for the betterment of education will be summed up and shown in ways that will be widely valuable to those who teach, or who have children that are to be taught. The Hall of Social Economy Congresses will hear one hundred and five discussions, between the 1st of June and the 1st of October, on all



THE PONT ALEXANDRE III, THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE BUILT AS PART OF THE PLANS FOR THE EXPOSITION, AND NAMED IN HONOR OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

the theories that are growing up out of social conditions. Brilliant minds will bring the work of years that the thoughtful may listen and learn and so help civilization to feel its way towards the light of human perfection.

It must not be inferred, however, that the Paris Exposition will be all machinery, progress, and exhibits in glass cases. These will be half hidden behind the gaiety that the City of Light knows so well how to assume. There will be amusement to fit every nature, from the simple thrills of the Great Wheel, wafting its passengers four hundred feet above the multitude, to the subtle delights of Old Paris, the ghost of the former city that is to rise on piles along the Seine, and to draw curious moderns through the old gate of St. Michael back into the days of the Crafty Cardinal and of Louis the Magnificent.

For eight years now Paris has been preparing for this, its third fair since 1867. The last, in 1889, left a lasting monument in the Eiffel Tower, which overlooks the city from the south bank of the Seine. The great monuments of 1900 will be the two beautiful stone buildings on the Avenue Nicholas II, the Grand Palace of Fine Arts and the Little Palace of Fine Arts. The first of these will show the art of today, French and foreign, and the second will be devoted to French art, past and present. A further relic of the Fair will be the new bridge connecting the Avenue Nicholas II with the Esplanade des Invalides, and named after the present Czar, Alexander III. These three edifices will have cost Paris about four million six hundred thousand dollars. And that is less than half of what she expects to take in at the exposition gates alone, from the 15th of April to the 5th of November, when the world pours through them.



The War Against Consumption.

BY JOHN H. GIRDNER, A. B., M. D.

THE DISCOVERIES THAT HAVE SHOWN TUBERCULOSIS TO BE A PREVENTABLE DISEASE, THE PRECAUTIONS BY WHICH IT MAY BE AVOIDED, AND WHAT HAS ACTUALLY BEEN DONE, IN THIS AND OTHER COUNTRIES, TOWARD STAMPING OUT THE MOST FATAL SCOURGE OF HUMANITY.

THE theory that tuberculosis is contagious is by no means of recent origin. The disease is described in some of the earliest Jewish books, and the flesh of tuberculous cattle is there mentioned as being unfit for food. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was excluded from human food by the laws of European countries. Not only did the people understand that consumption could be caught from the lower animals, but they also knew that it could be communicated from one human being to another.

In 1700, the conviction that tuberculosis had a contagious element in it had become so strong that in some portions of Europe it was a common practice to isolate consumptives from the public "after their lungs had become ulcerated." After the death of a patient, his clothes and all his belongings were burned, and sometimes even the house he had lived in was burned or thoroughly cleansed and renovated.

In July, 1782, the King of Naples signed a legal enactment for the prevention of tuberculosis within his dominions. It provided that physicians should report to the proper authorities all cases of consumption which came under their care. A fine of three hundred ducats was the penalty for failure to comply with this law, and upon a repetition of the offense the physician was to be banished for ten years. When a case was reported, the authorities made an inventory of all the patient's clothes and household belongings, and after his death such goods as could not be thoroughly cleansed were immediately destroyed by fire. The house which the deceased had occupied was replastered from cellar to garret, and the wooden doors and windows were burned and replaced by new ones. Poor persons suffering from consumption had to be removed to hospitals, and the superintendents of these institutions were required to keep them apart from other patients, and to furnish separate bedding and clothes for their exclusive use.

As another proof that fear of the contagion of consumption was common in Italy, it is recorded that Chateaubriand found it impossible to sell his carriages in Rome because Mme. Beaumont, who had died of consumption, had been in the habit of riding in them.

The Neapolitan government's endeavor to stamp out tuberculosis, and avoid the spread of the infection, may be taken as a fair sample of the efforts made by other nations of the old world. Owing to ignorance of the cause of the disease, of the character of the contagion, and of the manner in which it is conveyed, all these attempts at prevention were crude, harsh, and inefficient. It was generally believed that the contagion of consumption resided in the patient's breath and in the odor from his body; and all efforts were directed toward protecting the healthy from these supposed sources of infection. In fact, it was not until the year 1882 that anything was done, or could be done, which held out a hope that the enormous death rate from tuberculosis in any of its forms would ever be perceptibly reduced anywhere in the world.

DR. KOCH'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

In 1882 Robert Koch made the all important discovery that the disease known as tuberculosis—consumption of the lungs being one of its most frequent forms—was caused, and solely caused, by the introduction of a living germ, which he named the *bacillus tuberculosis*, into the system of a previously healthy person. His assertions were backed up by such an

array of facts and conclusive experiments that scientific men all over the civilized world began to study the question on the lines Koch indicated; with the result that his theories were verified and accepted, and there is not today a fact in medical science more surely established than that tuberculosis is a communicable and preventable disease, and that the only way by which a healthy person or animal can contract it is by means of a living germ which grows and propagates its kind in the body of man or animal. This discovery put the whole subject in a new light. The mystery and uncertainty, the false theories and doctrines, which had surrounded the question of tuberculosis for all the centuries, were at once swept away, and a little living germ was found to be the cause, the sole cause, of the dreaded scourge of the human race.

Before leaving this part of our subject, I want to call attention to another important fact connected with Koch's discovery. It is the question of heredity. Every one knows that consumption "runs" in some families. Every one has known instances where the children of consumptive parents have died of the disease; and it has been supposed that in such cases the taint was *inherited* from birth, and that the victims were helpless to do anything to avert their fate. They were considered to be under the ban of a kind of physical predestination from which there was no escape. Nothing is now more certain than that no one does or can inherit consumption. What consumptive ancestors do transmit to their offspring is a predisposition to infection, from which they themselves probably suffered. That is, the children inherit a physical organization which is deficient in power to resist the attack of this particular germ, if once it secures an entrance into the system. The offspring of consumptive parents must, like all others, first receive the infection from without before they can become consumptives. They differ from others only in the fact that once they become infected, the disease is more likely to prove rapidly fatal. Thus the discovery of the tubercle bacillus has brought new hope to the members of consumptive families. To avoid the disease, it is only necessary for them to avoid the infection.

But the greatest blessing to the human race that is to flow from Koch's discovery, is the fact that it makes it possible to carry on an intelligent and effective warfare on the tubercle bacillus all over the world. Although comparatively few years have elapsed since this subject was made clear, already the death rate from consumption and kindred tubercular affections is being reduced in all the civilized countries, and no insurmountable obstacle now prevents the stamping out of the disease and the practical extinction of the tubercle bacillus.

THE BRITISH ROYAL COMMISSIONS.

In 1888, the British government appointed a royal commission to make investigations in regard to tuberculosis. The commission reported that tuberculosis was infectious through the medium of the bacillus, and that besides infecting one another, men could and often did contract the disease by eating the flesh, and especially by drinking the milk, of tubercular cattle. In 1890, a second royal commission was appointed "to inquire still further" into the causation of the disease. With characteristic English conservatism, the government was unwilling to begin a crusade against this newly discovered germ until it was entirely satisfied that it was the cause of consumption, and knew exactly how it was propagated. After a long and carefully made series of experiments and observations, the second commission confirmed the report of the first.

The principal points in the commission's report may be summed up as follows:

First, consumption is a contagious disease.

Second, the contagion is in the form of a living germ.

Third, this living germ can grow and propagate only in the body of man or some of the lower animals.

Fourth, the principal sources of infection are the dried sputa from the lungs of persons already suffering from the disease. The sputa becoming dry, the tubercle germs float as particles of dust in the air and are thus inhaled.

Fifth, the other source of infection to man is from eating the flesh and drinking the milk of tuberculous cattle.

On this last point, the report says: "No doubt the largest part of the tuberculosis which man obtains through his food is by means of milk containing tubercu-

lous matter." The reason for this is that cooking the meat to a great extent destroys infection, but the milk is usually consumed in a raw state.

In 1896, a third commission was appointed by the British government. It was composed of distinguished medical men, scientists, and veterinarians. It was instructed to "inquire what administrative procedures are advisable, and would be desirable, for controlling the danger to man through the use as food of the meat and milk of tuberculous animals." The report of this commission may be called the working formula for the crusade against consumption in England. It gives explicit directions for the housing and general sanitary care of cattle. It advises that the government should furnish tuberculin free to all owners of cattle, who should have their herds examined by the tuberculin test at proper intervals. All animals found to be infected are to be isolated or destroyed, but not to be paid for by the government, the belief being that business considerations alone will induce owners of milch cows to see to it that their herds are free from contagious disease.

The report further recommended that power be given to local authorities to take samples and make examinations of milk produced or offered for sale within their districts; that venders be required to give information as to the source from which their milk is derived; and that milk and milk products imported from foreign countries be examined by government inspectors at the expense of the importer.

These are the methods adopted by the English government to stamp out bovine tuberculosis and protect the public against infection. France, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and in fact all the governments of the old world, are carrying on the crusade on practically the same lines as England. Any difference of method which may be observed among the nations of Europe is in matters of detail. The general plan of operation, and the object to be attained, are precisely the same in all of them.

PREVENTIVE WORK IN AMERICA.

It is with regret that we are obliged to record the fact that our own country has not kept pace with foreign nations in the warfare on bovine tuberculosis. This is largely due, no doubt, to our form of government. Each State of the Union has exclusive power to control all matters relating to the public health within its borders. In 1897, only fourteen States had bovine regulations, and issued circulars of instruction in regard to tuberculosis in man. These were California, Colorado, Connecticut, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia, and Wisconsin. In the majority of these States, owing to the inefficiency of the laws, or to the lack of their proper enforcement, comparatively little has been accomplished toward getting rid of bovine tuberculosis. Indeed, New York and Massachusetts are the only ones that have enacted adequate laws, and have properly enforced them.

As many as forty per cent of the cattle in some of the herds inspected in these two States were found to be suffering from tuberculosis. They were killed and paid for at the rate of thirty five dollars per head by the State; and the result has been a steady decrease in human tuberculosis. But it is apparent that with the facilities for shipping meat and milk from one State to another, and with nothing to hinder tuberculous animals from being sold from a State which has no preventive laws into one which has, the efforts of a single State will be largely neutralized by its neighbors' failure to coöperate. What is needed is a national enactment which will secure uniformity of action throughout the entire country.

But the good which has been accomplished already reaches further than the actual number of diseased animals destroyed. The keepers of dairies have been educated to the importance of keeping their herds healthy. From business considerations, most of them now employ a competent veterinarian to examine their cattle at regular intervals, and the products of their dairies are kept free from infection.

Before the discovery of tuberculin, it was difficult to detect with certainty the presence of tuberculosis in animals where the symptoms of the disease were not well marked. The tuberculin test in the hands of an experienced observer settles whether an animal is tuberculous or not. It will discover the presence of the disease even when it is in the incipient stage.

Tuberculin is a brownish fluid prepared from the germs which cause tuberculosis. When injected under the skin of an animal which is free from tuberculosis, it produces no symptoms; but if the animal is suffering from the disease, even in a slight degree, the injection causes fever and other symptoms which to the trained observer are characteristic.

THE EDUCATION OF CONSUMPTIVES.

It now remains to speak of what is being done to prevent the spread of consumption by direct infection from one person to another. As stated above, the only way by which a healthy person can catch consumption from a consumptive person is by means of the sputa coughed up from the lungs. This expectoration contains the germs of the disease; and when it is allowed to dry and become pulverized, the germs float in the air of the house or the street, and when breathed into the lungs of a healthy person may cause him to become infected.

It is evident, then, that if all the sputa of all the consumptives in the world could be caught in vessels and burned, before becoming dry, a great source of infection would be destroyed. How best to do this is the problem to be solved when we come to deal with consumption in human beings.

It is generally agreed in all countries that in this work education will accomplish more than legislation. The point is to impress each consumptive, and his friends and attendants, with the danger of allowing any of his expectoration to escape destruction by fire before it is dry. Numbers of societies have been formed in this and foreign countries for the purpose of disseminating knowledge on the subject. Foreign governments, and many of the local and State boards of health in this country, are working on the same lines. The method is to send out tracts and circulars to physicians and the public generally, urging them to guard against the danger of spreading the disease by means of the expectoration of consumptive patients.

This campaign of education is all that is necessary for a large percentage of the cases of consumption. Most consumptives, once they understand the danger of infecting friends, loved ones, and the public by means of their sputa, will themselves take all the necessary steps to guard against it. But there is a large class of uneducated people, poor in this world's goods, and obliged to live in over crowded tenements. It is from consumptives among this class that the public has most to fear. Each one is a focus of infection, a distributing center of the tubercle bacillus, and the over crowded conditions under which he lives increase his power for harm. Education, and appeals to the higher feelings, which have proven so satisfactory among others, are lost upon many of these unhappy sufferers, who constitute one of the hardest problems that health authorities have to solve.

The European governments, with Germany in the lead, are fast coming to the conclusion that special hospitals and sanitaria must be provided for the treatment and control of consumptives among the poor, who are unable or unwilling to care for themselves and to protect others against their infected sputa. In the United States little has been done except in the way of education; but the few sanitaria and special hospitals which have been established here show by their good results what could be accomplished for the public health if all the municipalities and States were provided with proper institutions of the kind.

In 1889, the New York board of health began an educational campaign in relation to the causation and prevention of consumption. Circulars were sent to practising physicians and to the hospitals, calling attention to the danger of infection by the sputa of consumptive patients, and giving specific directions how to prevent the spread of the disease. Medical men were requested to report all cases of consumption which came under their notice. When patients were discovered in the tenement house districts, inspectors visited them and taught them the danger of indiscriminate expectoration. The board was greatly hampered by not having special hospitals to which it could send such cases as required treatment, but the work of education has gone steadily and even rapidly forward, with the most gratifying results.

THE RESULTS ACCOMPLISHED.

As a sample of the actual results of this work, the following table shows the decrease in the death rate from tubercular

disease in New York City, for the twelve years previous to 1898:

Year.	No. of Deaths.	Year.	No. of Deaths.
1886	442	1892	355
1887	406	1893	351
1888	399	1894	316
1889	386	1895	334
1890	397	1896	306
1891	386	1897	285

I have not the figures for 1898 at hand, but am informed that the reduction for that year was even more marked.

In England and Wales the death rate from consumption has been reduced from more than 38 per 10,000 in 1838 to about 13 per 10,000 at the present time.

It is not necessary to give in detail the statistics from other cities and countries. Suffice it to say that they all go to prove that every effort to stamp out consumption is attended with an immediate decrease in the death rate from that disease; and the extent of the decrease is always in proportion to the thoroughness and intelligence of the efforts put forth. Medical science and advancing civilization have practically stamped out plague, smallpox, and typhus fever, and they hold yellow fever and cholera at bay. They are now steadily and surely gaining headway in a crusade against a foe greater than all—tuberculosis.

The goal is in sight, and the means are at hand. The only unknown quantity is how rapidly the means will be applied.

The Creating of Corporal Quigley.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

HOW THE BLACK SHEEP OF COMPANY C CAME THROUGH THE WAR WITH DISTINCTION WON, RISING SUPERIOR BOTH TO HIS FORMER SELF AND TO THE "RIFFRAFF" ABOUT HIM.

AT the end of the third day in camp, Quigley was the most disliked man in the company. The repugnance to him had not yet assumed the form of an active hatred, for there was an unexpressed feeling that he was scarcely worth a positive emotion; but his surly attempts at companionship were snubbed in the direct style which the men of the Eleventh had never learned was out of fashion. His "bluffs," which were many, were called when another man's would have been courteously ignored, and his tales of personal heroism were derided with a vigor and a venom which most heroes in Quigley's circle would have resented muscularly, but at which he merely snarled.

Before the uniforms were distributed the men of the Eleventh were a sorry looking lot. They had come in from city highways and from rural byways—rough, unkempt roisterers for the most part. A few days on the blazing plain where the State huddled its troops before distributing them throughout the country burned their bristled faces to all shades of ugliness. The fitful sleep in the crowded, unaccustomed tents hollowed their eyes and made their tempers variable. Rough and half vagabond at best, they were a singularly unattractive looking set in the process of being transformed into the defenders of a nation.

But Quigley was almost the worst of the lot. A furtive, shifty look in his narrow, down slanting blue eyes, an uncertain twist of his lips that was ready at any moment to resolve itself into a snarl or a whine, whichever might do him better service, a carriage half sneaking, half swaggering, all marked him for that combination particularly detested of the Eleventh—a bravo and a coward. Now, though there were many bravos in the Eleventh, and perhaps enough cowards to maintain the customary proportion, both sets united in despising the hybrid.

"He's only wan quality of a man," announced Brannigan, smoking a before taps pipe and discoursing in the authoritative tone of a man older than his fellows—and heavier by many pounds. "He gets drunker thin anny wan of his age I'm acquainted wid."

"Wan quality of a man!" echoed Donahue, protesting. "Drunk he may get—an' does! But has anny man ever seen him drink wid another man?"

"That's so," chorused the crowd. "Has

anny man ever seen him drink wid another man?"

And with the unspoken negation, Quigley was forever damned.

Quigley gave the feeling against him all the fuel it needed to make it a wrathful blaze. He grumbled at the army rations unremittingly and with a lack of originality in vituperative diction which was particularly offensive to the Eleventh. He boasted, whenever he could find an audience, of his victories in love and war. He thrust himself uninvited into every group. He tried to steal more than his share of blanket during the nights when one blanket was assigned to two men. When young Hughes announced the disappearance of a pair of socks from his belongings, he announced it with an unfaltering glare at Quigley, whose eyes seemed to have other engagements than meeting Hughes' at the moment.

On the last Sunday before the Eleventh was to start for Chickamauga, the camp was overrun with visitors. The sun, glancing back from the white canvases, pulsed against the eyeballs. The field, tramped bare of every blade of grass, was no relief to them. The roads floated in dust, swarmed with people. The wayside trees and bushes were gray with the powder raised by thousands of tramping feet.

Between the railway station and the camp an army of open air restaurants, photographers' tents, and newspaper headquarters obliterated every country-like suggestion. There was the shrill clamor of booth proprietors entreating the visitors to "walk up and have a picture taken for your soldier boy," or "have a cup of coffee before you cross the lines," or "buy a souvenir of the camp." There were the shouts of the owners of the few vehicles, entreating the privilege of "taking you to the lines for a quarter." There was laughter, outcry, question, from the mob moving toward the camp.

Through the crowd and the noise a little old woman darted nervously. Now she stopped and addressed any one near at hand with futile questions about the distance to the camp. Again she left the noisy procession and sought more intimate directions from the proprietors of the stands. Her black bonnet bobbed ridiculously over one ear as she hurried, henlike, from side to side of the road, and her old hands were almost too tremulous to hold the box whose label "Fine Shoes" was no guide to its contents, as a slowly widening blot of grease upon the lid proclaimed.

By dint of ceaseless questioning, the old woman finally reached the section of the white plain where the Eleventh was encamped. There was a pink flush of excitement in the hollow of her cheeks crinkled like crape, and her gray eyes had a film of nervousness veiling them. Her hands were very unsteady upon the shoe box, and the voice with which she halted an impressively frowning, hurrying officer, was shaking.

The officer frowned more impressively than ever and turned her and her interrogations over to a personage less imposing, but still a personage.

"Who d' ye want to see?" demanded this one.

The old woman bobbed a frightened courtesy.

"Ted—Private Quigley, av ye plaze," she faltered.

"Company?"

"Sir?"

"Company? What company does he belong to?" demanded the personage, whom she began to believe a major at the least—he was a sergeant.

"C," the old woman replied.

Then she found herself passed through numerous hands, down passages between lines of tents, past innumerable soldiers who lounged about, among giggling girls and red eyed, older women, until at the entrance of one of the passages her conductor halted.

"Fourth tent," he muttered briefly.

She advanced slowly, uncertainly, nervously. The flaps of the intervening tents were raised. One was empty. In another a man slept; in a third a group of card players scarcely raised their eyes to watch her pass. The flap of the fourth tent was lowered. She paused and with an ineffective fist rapped on the canvas.

There was no sound from within. She tried it again, and then, putting the box on the ground, attempted to make an opening in the cracks through which to see.

"Hold on there, mother," called Brannigan mellowly, looking out from the fifth tent in the line. "I'll let ye in. Who d' ye want to see?"

"Te—Privet Quigley," said the old woman.

"Thin ye've curious taste," muttered Brannigan to himself, as he stepped over and lifted the flap.

Private Quigley, the red skin peeling from his unshaven face, his mouth hideously open, his eyes closed, lay in one corner of the tent. His unfastened blouse showed his bare, burned neck. His shoes were off, and his feet, in coarse gray socks, stuck up absurdly at the end of his inert body.

"Come there, Quigley," Brannigan was beginning loudly, reaching forward to give the blow inviting soles a waking rap. But Mrs. Quigley stopped him hurriedly.

"Oh, don't, if ye please, sir," she whispered. "Teddy's asleep."

Brannigan's jaw and hand dropped simultaneously. He looked at her and then again at the hulking figure.

"Yes, he's asleep, all right, all right," he admitted.

"Mebbe he was up the night," went on the old woman in low tones. "Sure I'll be waitin' for him to wake natural."

"It's a long wait ye'll have, I'm thinkin'," replied Brannigan, eying the sleeping soldier with small favor. Then he made her as comfortable as might be on a knapsack at the opening of the tent, and lounged away to tell the boys that Quigley's old woman thought Quigley's stertorous, drunken sleep the result of a night on guard.

Left alone, Mrs. Quigley watched her son for some time without stirring. By and by, something in the color of his face or in his heavy breathing broke in unhappily upon her content. She eyed him closely.

"Mother Mary!" she murmured despairingly. "It's drink again! An' afther he promised not!"

Slowly as she watched her son the color faded from the creased grayish cheeks and the light from her eyes. The tears began to roll down her face—not passionately, not violently, but with slow, heart breaking, steady flow. And to the countenance, scarred and seared by many miseries, the settled look of a long hopelessness returned.

Once she moved to the sleeping man's side and waved away a fly that buzzed above him. Then she took up her old station again, careless of the curious glances bent upon her.

By and by Quigley opened his bleared and bloodshot eyes. He blinked at the light and looked at the dark figure barring its passage through the flap. He raised himself on his elbow.

"Teddy," said his mother. "It's me, Teddy."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" snarled Quigley, by way of greeting.

"Yes, it's me," the old woman replied, ignoring her son's tone. "The papers said ye'd be leavin' of a Chooseday, an' I couldn't let ye go, Teddy, without seein' ye. An' they said ye didn't get enough to eat—an' so I brought ye a little somethin'."

Her fingers tugged nervously at the string that tied the shoe box. Private Edward Quigley gave a grunt expressive of scorn for the sentiment of his mother's speech, but watched the opening of the box with interest.

"See there now, Teddy," she chirped with pretended cheerfulness. "A half a ham, a whole loaf—I baked it meself yestiddy—some cake, an'——"

"D' ye bring me anything to drink?" demanded Quigley.

"Not ready to drink, no. But limins an' sugar, an' sure it'll be no work at all to make ye a glass o' liminade."

"Liminade be damned! Have ye brought me nothin' to drink?" reiterated Private Quigley.

"What else would I be bringin' ye but liminade?"

Private Quigley again damned the notion of lemonade, and this time he was moved to include his mother in the objurgation.

"Ain't ye ashamed o' yersilf?" she replied. "Talkin' like that to yer mother! I might have known ye'd not keep the word ye've given me times without number. I might have known—but I thought to mesilf—soldierin' was diff'rent—an' maybe—an' maybe——"

The tears began again. Quigley was naturally enraged at the sight. He had, besides, the morning quarrel with the universe which frequently follows a night of stimulated accord with it. "Let up on that caterwaulin' or"—he lurched toward her threateningly—"by God, I'll give ye somethin' to cry for!"

His hand was raised against her as she

sat, her withered figure drawn down into her arms, rocking herself back and forth and crying.

"Shut up, d' ye hear?" he called more fiercely, perceiving drunkenly that Brannigan, the dean of the Company C privates, was strolling up the street with a couple of admirers in tow. And then, as the choked sobbing continued, Quigley let his hand fall heavily once, twice. And the sobs that had shaken her for her broken hopes she stifled now lest any one should think her boy had hurt her.

Now, the Eleventh did not hold with the doctrine that a man may discipline the females of his family in whatever way experience has shown him to be effective. Brannigan made the last five feet of the way to Quigley's tent in a bound.

"Ye dirty little coward, ye!" he cried, shaking the offender until his teeth chattered and his face was a blur of reddish flesh before their eyes. "Sthrike a woman, will ye? Well, ye'll think twice before ye do it again!"

"Leg—go—o'—me." Quigley's words dropped disjointedly from his lips between the quivers of his body.

"Oh, oh!" cried Mrs. Quigley, clasping her hands for a second and then unclasping them again to catch the avenger's arm. "Oh, sir! Don't! Teddy wouldn't uv done ut if he was himself, sir."

"Ye'll pay for this," quavered Quigley, still shaking.

"Wouldn't uv done ut if he was himsilf!" cried Brannigan fiercely. "An' when is he himsilf if not when he's actin' the bully an' sthrikin' a woman an' disgracin' his rigimint?"

"That's it, Joe," chorused the spectators. "Give it to him—the stuff!"

But Mrs. Quigley's weight now hung on Brannigan's arm. Her cries continued.

"Don't, sir, don't. He'd niver uv done ut if he was sober."

Brannigan dropped the vibrating Quigley and breathed a few short breaths of mingled rage and exhaustion.

"Wouldn't have done ut if he was sober, wouldn't he? Well, ma'am, I'll promise ye one thing. He'll be sober the rest of the time he's in Company C. I'll see to ut personally."

Quigley tried to send a look of defiance toward the big man. Meeting the big man's eyes, he changed the direction of his aim and sent it toward his mother.

"Yes," pursued Brannigan; "he's had his last drink while he's in the Eleventh. Ye have, me lad. Ye may doubt it now; but seein' how liquor affects ye has settled one thing. We'll bloody well fix ye if ye're ever drunk again. Won't we, boys?"

And on the faces of the little group at the tent there was the solemn joy of those to whom the gratification of their personal animosity has suddenly become a sacred duty.

"That we will!" they promised the sullen gentleman in the tent. And to the scared little mother they said with reassuring smiles:

"Don't you worry about his drinkin', ma'am! We'll break every bone in his body if he does!"

Whereupon they sauntered away, leaving the Quigleys to their farewells. But at no time were Brannigan's broad shoulders quite beyond the private's range of vision, and at no time could he permit himself more than a growling criticism of his mother's course. Brannigan and "the boys" loomed near enough to give great practical force to the teachings of the church concerning the correct attitude toward parents. And old Mrs. Quigley, though tremulous over her own share in Ted's recent disgrace, and indignant after the fashion of a fierce sparrow over Brannigan's interference, had on the whole rather a more peaceful hour with her son than fate usually vouchsafed her. He even strolled to the lines with her when she started on her dusty ascent to the station, and refused to take more than a dollar and a half of the two dollars she offered him on parting. Her heart was wrung at leaving him, and though he said: "G'wan, d' ye want to make me the laughin' stock o' the company?" when she wept, he did permit her to kiss him. Whereupon she went home to worship a creation of her own imagination called by her "my boy Teddy," for a sixmonth while he went "toward the front" by easy stages —never arriving there, it may be added.

For Brannigan and his followers no more fortunate thing ever occurred than that Edward Quigley had struck his mother in their presence. They had disliked Quigley with the deep, instantaneous, irremovable dislike of antagonistic natures. They would have quarreled with him in their cups and harried him in their sober periods, they would have disdained and

ignored and insulted him, had he never had a mother. But his treatment of the thin, little old woman had put the finishing touch upon their disdain. They had a Holy Cause for persecuting him as well as a deep seated impulse in the same direction. Such a combination has made the most devoted of inquisitors since the world began, and Brannigan and his following developed into very Torquemadas.

Asleep or awake, drunk or sober, well fed or hungry, they were always ready to keep the promise made to Mrs. Quigley that Sunday afternoon. Quigley could not escape them. Though each one of them spent more or less time in the guard house, yet there were always enough of them at liberty to see that he should have no freedom. At first he did not believe it possible that the casual assurance given to his mother had any binding force.

"Didn't I tell yer mother ye'd not drink again?" demanded Brannigan, seeing Quigley at the canteen in the act of receiving a flask, the day after the eventful Sunday. Quigley scowled with portentous fierceness.

"See here," he blustered. "Ye mind yer business, see? Don't ye try any interference with me. Ye won't find it healthy."

"I won't, won't I? We'll see. Come, me bucko, pass over the flask. My word to yer mother, ye remember—Brannigan's word to a lady!"

Brannigan towered above the other man and looked down into his hard, sly little face with twinkling eyes.

"I'm rather hopin'," he drawled as Quigley began vociferously to demand of the onlookers that they would see him accorded "fair play," "that ye'll refuse to obey peaceful. Me hands are itchin' for the back of yer collar."

Quigley moved back a step. The canteen keeper, with a vision of a revoked license in his mind, besought the crowd to move away. Brannigan's allies surrounded Quigley.

"I'll—I'll see the captain about this," blubbered Quigley, as the hand containing the flask was extended toward Brannigan by some one in the rear.

"Do," replied the imperturbable Brannigan. "See the brigadier general, if ye think he'd enjoy a visit from ye. But mind ye this: ye'll never get drunk again in the Eleventh."

It was a subject of never ending marvel to the unresourceful Quigley that Brannigan was able to keep his word so easily. The men showed no greater preference for his society than before, yet he never found himself alone in the neighborhood of a barroom or of a canteen. Some nights, when he had permission to go down town, he would swing defiantly through the main street, determined to spend a riotous evening. It would be Brannigan's night on guard duty, perhaps, or perhaps that leader would have been seen asleep immediately after retreat. But no sooner would the swinging doors of the barroom close upon Quigley than the sardonic grin of one of Brannigan's determined and daredevil followers would flash upon him; whereupon the swing would depart from his stride and the defiance from his face, and he would miserably order milk and seltzer. Sometimes he almost wept over his pitiful condition, and once he pleaded with Brannigan to let him alone. Unfortunately, Brannigan was in the first stages of recovery from an evening in town.

"No, me boy, it's for yer own good, an' because I passed me word to yer mother. Luk at me. I might have been a corpril, or a sergint—annything, but for drink. Luk at me an' be thankful ye've got a man that takes an interest in ye to keep ye sober. Ye'll have one virtue, I'll be bound, ye sly, malicious, little raskil ye! Ye'll be sober, Quigley; let us be shut of yer noise an' protestations. It's the hand of fate, me boy;" and he clapped a fist like a blacksmith's on Quigley's shoulder. Quigley jumped as though a cannon had exploded at his ear.

"See," said Brannigan, with intoxicated solemnity. "See how ye tremble at me friendly touch. Imagine that hand laid on ye in anger!"

It was when the regiment had been four months out, wandering from camp to camp, and from State to State, in a fashion profitable at least to the railroads, that Quigley received the reward of his enforced sobriety. He was made a corporal. His company was almost dumfounded with amazement.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Brannigan briefly, when he heard the news.

"I think that's extremely likely," piped Hughes, who was in Brannigan's tent. "Especially as it's your doing, Bran. The captain particularly said—his orderly

told me so himself—that Quigley was, so far as he had been able to learn, the only man in the street who could be depended upon to be sober for one week after pay day. And now watch for the way he'll make you sorry for tormenting him."

"Tormintin'? 'Tis I that got him promotion!"

"He'll drink all he wants to now, I'll bet ye," remarked another youth.

Brannigan stretched his big arms above his head and smiled.

"No," he said, with a sort of jocose solemnity. "He won't. The king will be wary of provokin' the king maker—an' me little corpril boy 'll keep out the reach o' Brannigan's arms. Afther all, there's more in that," and he slapped his great biceps beneath the gauze undershirt sleeve, "than in sthripes, an' Teddy'll remember."

Whether it was fear of Brannigan or not, Quigley did not make use of his new office to assert his independence by getting drunk. There were other and less hazardous ways of showing his associates how great a man he had become.

He strutted a great deal and inflated his chest, and lost no opportunity of shouting "privit" in a tone that made the harmless word an insult. He was a relentless taskmaster, a taunting superior, an insolent young upstart in every way that a long thwarted malignancy could devise. The men who dug sinks or raised officers' tents under Quigley worked beneath the most resourcefully vicious slave driver in the army. The men who neglected their duty, who indulged in brawls, who constantly invited other men to meet them "beyond the lines," where many a private difference was settled without appeal to authority, all found in Quigley the most watchful and prompt tale bearer the company had ever known.

"Lord!" said Hughes, who had had the advantage of a few terms at school. "Lord, but what a monitor he'd have made!"

"Well," replied Brannigan philosophically, "ye can't blame the spalpeen. Sure a man, even whin he's a cur, has got to feel superior somehow, in somethin', or there 'd be no standin' his own society for him."

"Why doesn't he get drunk, then," grumbled Hughes, "and have you put in the guard house if you interfere with him?"

Brannigan shook his head wisely.

"He won't. He's a vain little chap an' a most uncommon timorous one. He'll niver risk a thrashin'—an' he'll not risk his sthripes, either. We cud call in his shadowers if we needed 'em for anny wan else—for Quigley 'll not get drunk while keepin' sober gives him the chanst of his life to be a bully."

Brannigan was right. Quigley's pride in the white V upon his sleeve was too great to risk its ripping off, and he fairly gloried in the chance to repay in official spitefulness all the unofficial scorn that had been meted out to him.

If the Eleventh had not been ordered to cease its drifting from camp to camp, and go home and be mustered out of the service, there might have been an outbreak among the new corporal's subordinates. But before the smoldering rage against him blazed, they had traveled North again and were in their armory.

A crowd awaited them. The big room buzzed with voices, and through the hum there were broken ejaculations, cries, laughter—all the hysteric outbreaks of overstrained nerves.

Mrs. Quigley was there, her bonnet nearly off her head, her eyes burning with joy and pride. Corporal Quigley condescended to her grandly and she hung adoring to any part of his uniform she could clutch.

"Teddy," she cried, "what a man—what a man ut's made of ye!"

"If we'd seen active service," complained the corporal, "I'd uv come home to ye with the sthraps an' not just with the sthripes. A leftenant I'd uv been at the least. But with no active service, I had no chanst."

"The sthripes are enough. Glory be that ye had no fightin', though ut had made ye a gin'ral."

She turned and, meeting the well remembered face of Brannigan, who loitered near with amusement and something kindlier in his eyes, she glared at him.

"I'll leave ye now, Teddy," she announced loudly, her gaze fixed upon the big private. "But ye'll hurry home to me out of this—this riffraff."

And with her bonnet still on one side, she marched like a grenadier past Brannigan—and the only tribute she paid to the real creator of the corporal was another explosive "Riffraff!"

AMERICANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY ALLEN SANGREE.*

THE GREAT AND GROWING IMPORTANCE OF AMERICAN INTERESTS IN THE REGION WHERE THE BRITON AND THE BOER ARE NOW WARRING FOR SUPREMACY, AND THE ENERGETIC AND PICTURESQUE ELEMENT THAT OUR COUNTRYMEN FORM IN ITS POPULATION.

IN South Africa the term "Yankee" is applied to all who claim protection of the Stars and Stripes. The Polish emigrant of six months' citizenship and the scion of an old Virginia family are classed together. Boston, San Francisco, and New Orleans might as well be ten miles apart.

Speaking of them in this general way, Yankees are—or were before the present war—scattered over the Dark Continent south of the Zambesi River to the number, possibly, of fifteen thousand. They form a bustling, restless, energetic, and ubiquitous element of the population; one that dips into every feature of the country's life, adapts itself readily to environments, steps to the front in an emergency, is seldom overcome with modesty, and at all times may be heard sounding the praises of Uncle Sam.

The best scouts of the mounted police speak with a nasal twang and say "I guess." They are from Montana. The keenest experts on whom the mine owners of Johannesburg and Kimberley depend for accurate information once lived in San Francisco or Los Angeles. The thriftiest merchants of Cape Town, Durban, and the Rand have emigrated from the Eastern and Middle States.

Everywhere one meets the Yankee. His vocations are various; his reputation ofttimes equivocal. The intrepid missionary from Ohio and the gambler from Denver work side by side. Both are a source of wonder to the black man—no less the book agent from Boston, who sells pictures of the fall of man and the Brooklyn Bridge to natives in Zululand.

Remarkable it is to note a line of individuality running through this *figaro* of humanity that cannot be mistaken. The brand of Yankeedom is stamped indelibly on every one of our countrymen. Forswear it one may; disprove it he cannot. From a national characteristic or trifling peculiarity the Yankee in South Africa is picked out with bewildering accuracy.

Dropping into a restaurant on the Rand on one occasion, this was graphically illustrated to the writer.

"How much is this meal?" asked a neatly dressed, clean shaven patron, whose nationality seemed difficult to determine.

"Sixty cents," replied the cockney proprietor.

"Whatever are you saying?" demanded the other with some feeling. "I asked you how much. Can't you speak English? Is it two shillings or half a crown?"

"Sixty cents," with an unperturbed smile.

"Don't be a blooming fool! How much am I indebted to you for this meal in English money?"

"Oh, I say, stranger, don't come it. You know how much sixty cents is, for that's your money."

The "stranger" first bridled up hotly, then simmered down and finally chuckled. "Well," he said, gulping an oath, "the drinks are on me, but before we wet just say how you knew that?"

"Why," laughed the Englishman, "I sized you up for a Yankee the moment you sat down. You cocked up one foot on either side of the chair. That's a Yankee trick."

Though in numbers our countrymen do not compare with either the English or the Dutch population in South Africa, so completely have they leavened society there with a picturesque activity that Johannesburg has all the elements of an American town. The conservative Englishman in the bank, the medieval Boer in the market place, the semi civilized Kaffir and the alert Malay have all been infected with the contagion of Yankee

* Mr. Sangree is a New York journalist who about two years ago was for four months secretary to Colonel Roberts, the United States consul general in Cape Town, and made official journeys as far north as the Zambesi.

enterprise, and the American feels at home in Johannesburg as soon as he gets there.

THE YANKEE ADVENTURER.

Sad to relate, this enterprise in past years has been kept in the foreground most conspicuously by a legion of Yankee adventurers chiefly notable for their cheerful disregard for the sixth and other commandments. One of the interesting figures in Johannesburg, pointed out to strangers, is a large framed man with tropical mustache and impressive diamond stud, who fervently insists that he killed Dr. Cronin in Chicago at the beginning of this decade. Safe from extradition, he has flourished as the proprietor of a saloon on Commissioner Street, regaling spellbound customers with stories of his murderous exploits in the States. Part of this man's time has been spent in close communion with himself and one keeper; but most of the Transvaal prison officials have such a weakness for gambling that if the prisoner be nimble with cards incarceration is usually profitable to him.

The most accomplished scamp that ever gulled the Transvaal, probably, was a New Yorker, who may be called Johnson. For three months he lived like a prince in one of the prettiest villas in Dornfontein, Johannesburg's fashionable suburb, driving a fine team of grays and entertaining the masculine portion of the Golden City's "four hundred." They were attracted partly by the excellence of Johnson's cuisine and partly by the surpassing charms of his wife, who, in the words of a miner, "sluiced the village to its deep levels."

Mrs. Johnson was a very handsome woman and eminently proper. After coffee and cigars the fair hostess charmed her guests with a flow of song, usually breaking off to say: "Oh, you horrid men! I know you are just waiting for me to leave, so you can play poker."

With that she vanished and the cards appeared as if by magic. Johnson accepted checks freely, but to make sure of them he started a banking firm in town, thereby gaining the acquaintance of big financial men. His friends played and lost systematically, though no tyros, and Johnson continually won. When guests arrived one night only to find the house dark and empty, and the owner lamenting the loss of his tenants and of all his Parisian made furniture, this phenomenal success in cards was accredited to the cleverness of an accomplice, who had been introduced as a retired clergyman and Mrs. Johnson's uncle. A meek, retiring man he was with close cropped gray beard, who rarely went out and seldom opened his mouth except to say "Three cards" in a soft voice.

While this class of Yankees has made itself much too widely known in South Africa it no longer predominates. The adventurer's place is being preëmpted by the American of real worth, who identifies himself with the serious development of the country. So quickly is our country forging to the front as a commercial factor, that our increase in trade since 1897 has been twice as rapid as Great Britain's.

AMERICAN COMMERCE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

In the machinery, drills, headgear, boilers, piping, electrical apparatus, and general equipment of the South African mines, America has almost a monopoly. The steel rails used at Kimberley are of American make, and now the Cape Government Railway is trying the American locomotive. A great crowd turned out at Cape Town to watch six machines being unloaded from a British liner, and Sir Alfred Milner was greatly interested to see the well dressed representatives of the manufacturers slip into overalls and put an engine together while the Manchester workmen were studying its mechanism.

There was formerly a cry, "The Yankees are all bluffers. Their goods are pretty, but will not wear. They have had their run;" but you hear it no longer, for the colonial Englishman is less stiff necked than the insular, and does not permit racial prejudice to sway his mercantile judgment. When he sees an American article better and cheaper than the English, he takes it; and as a result our goods are being rapidly introduced. American agricultural implements, carpenters' tools, screws, door trimmings, wire fencing, corrugated sheet iron, office furniture, safes, canned meats, fruits, and even eggs are in great demand. Indeed, with the exception of jewelry and clothing, almost any American product may be sold profitably in South Africa.

The Yankee telephone was found to be so much more satisfactory at Kimberley that all the towns are now clamoring for it. The same is true of our ice manufacturing apparatus, now in use at Durban. Ice there costs half a cent a pound. In English Cape Town it costs four cents.

The field for American manufactured products will continue to widen in South Africa, for that country will never be a competitor in this line of industry, being practically devoid of rivers, forests, and coal lands. The one objection that merchants in South Africa find with American firms is that they decline to give three or six months' credit. English houses are willing to make that concession.

Contrary to what one might suppose, the climate of South Africa is stimulating to industrial energy, and Americans seem to thrive there. The dry air is a certain restorative to consumptives. A brisk young blade hurried into the consulate office at Cape Town one day without the formality of knocking, and announced that he had just arrived from Atlanta, Georgia.

"My name is Kincaid," he said, "and I have but one lung. The doctor has given me just four months to live, so I'm going to have my grand finale down here. Come out and have a drink!"

The consul frowned and suggested to the cheerful candidate for the grave that he should go to the sanitarium at Kimberley. That night he and another prodigal woke up the town with their wild whoops and so thoroughly frightened a squad of local police by flourishing a large horse pistol that some of them took to a tree. We were surprised to meet him a few months later, red cheeked and healthy, in Johannesburg, where he introduced the novelty of sandwich advertising.

In mentioning the pioneers of South Africa the American book agent must be remembered, for he has corralled the whole field and is a well known character. In Johannesburg the American consul pointed out to me a man who was making twenty pounds a day selling American atlases. It was his custom to take an order for a ten shilling volume, and inadvertently to display a more costly one.

"You don't want that," said he with decision, when the buyer's curiosity was aroused. "It is too expensive."

If the ruse was successful, he came back to collect the money with a still more elaborate article, and, as a rule, disposed of that. He is probably selling panoramas by this time.

While tramping through Zululand on another occasion, far from any white habitation, we were surprised on the banks of the Umvolosi River by a voice from the foliage calling out, with the unmistakable New England drawl:

"Hello, Yanks, where are you from?"

He proved to be a real Yankee who was selling illustrated texts of the Corbett-Sullivan fight, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and other subjects.

"I am waiting for an *induna* [chief] to bring me some cattle," he explained, "in exchange for one of these volumes. Perhaps you would like to look it over yourself."

CECIL RHODES AND AMERICANS.

A distinct advantage to Americans in South Africa has been the high regard in which they are held by Cecil Rhodes. In all his undertakings the empire builder has given the Yankee opportunities, and oftentimes preference over the Englishman. His first warm friendship at Kimberley was with Dr. J. Perrott Prince, now the best known physician in South Africa, and for a long time American consular agent at Durban, Natal. Dr. Prince is a veteran of the Civil War, in which he served as surgeon on General Miles' staff. He went out to Kimberley in the early days when Cecil Rhodes was a delicate young man with his fortune to make. It was while in the American physician's company one evening that Rhodes first met Barney Barnato, with whom he was afterwards to corner the diamond market of the world. Barney was then famed for his fistic ability, and had thrashed all his rivals at the mines, until a powerful fellow from Australia turned up and issued a challenge. Through a hole in the corrugated iron wall Barney looked his man over, and then hastened to Dr. Prince for a certificate of ill health. The document probably saved him from a severe drubbing, and soon after that he abandoned mountebank entertaining and became a kopje walloper [diamond dealer].

Dr. Prince also brought Dr. Jameson out from England and gave him his start in South Africa. Another American who

has for years been the intimate friend of Mr. Rhodes, and prominently identified with the industrial progress of Cape Colony, is Gardner F. Williams, manager of the great De Beers mines at Kimberley. Mr. Williams is a Californian by birth, and has a wider practical knowledge of diamond mining than any other man living. In such high esteem is he held by the owners of the Kimberley mines that though he has several times been anxious to resign and return to San Francisco they have always prevailed upon him to stay at his post. He is American consular agent at Kimberley, and is responsible, in great part, for the preference shown there for American machinery and skilled labor. He assumed the management of the mines when the town consisted of iron shanties built around a great hole, and from that developed the splendid system of mining now in vogue there. Whole souled, brilliant, and far seeing, he is the most popular and the ablest American in Cape Colony.

In extending the frontiers of civilization below the Zambesi, Yankees are notably active. Cowboys from the Western plains always find favor with Mr. Rhodes. I was in Portuguese East Africa when he authorized the Beira Bank to give Roland Creech unlimited credit. Creech was formerly sheriff of Butte, Montana, where he made a reputation for hunting down half breed desperadoes. In South Africa he is called "King of the Niggers" and has served efficiently in building the Cape to Cairo telegraph line. He is a striking example of the "rough and ready type not given to marriage" that is said to be most to Cecil Rhodes' liking.

One American, Major Maurice Heaney, even preceded the Colossus in the development of Rhodesia, having secured from the native chiefs, Khama and Lobengula, the mineral rights of their respective countries in 1886, before Rhodes had struck north. Major Heaney afterwards became one of Rhodes' trusted lieutenants, fighting through the Matabele war and taking part in the Jameson Raid. He is now one of the prominent men of Rhodesia.

President Krüger has also been most friendly disposed toward Americans, and it has been his aim to secure our good will. In his house I noticed that nearly all the furniture bore American trademarks, and that he seemed ready to receive suggestions from Americans. On one occasion, during a period of great drought at Pretoria, a rain maker from Ashtabula, Ohio, fairly hypnotized Oom Paul and a group of burghers with his eloquence. He had persuaded Mr. Krüger to assent to an exhibition of his meteorological powers when an ancient member of the Raad protested that it would be a sacrilege to "poke one's fingers in God's eyes to make him cry." The president was much impressed by this argument, and decided that the Transvaal was no place for a Yankee to attempt miracles.

Missionaries alone seem distasteful to Oom Paul, who, though extremely religious himself, clings to the early traditions of the Boers that they are the chosen race, and that the African native is the Canaanite, and no subject for conversion.

A WANDERER FROM YORK, PENNSYLVANIA.

While American missionaries in South Africa are, as a rule, men of great earnestness and ability, there occasionally become identified with the work eccentric characters whose sanctioning by the clergy at home it is difficult to understand. One instance I have in mind is that of a very grotesque negro who wandered into the American consulate, announcing that he had come to Africa "with staff and scrip" to save the heathen savage. The old man was tall and stately, and with a Chesterfieldian wave of the hand bowed low toward the consular emblem that hung above the mantel.

"I salutes the great American eagle, sah," he said, "and you, the keeper thereof."

The consul swung around on his revolving chair and asked of the stranger's identity.

"The Rev. Dr. Tate of York, Pennsylvania," said the tall figure, smiling benevolently. "Doctor of divinity and doctor of medicine."

A sadly worn frock coat, fastened alternately with round, square, and three cornered buttons, attracted the consul's attention and he suggested a change for a better coat that hung in the closet. This was gladly accepted.

"You are all right for a staff," remarked the consul, taking in the gold headed cane that was the one sign of prosperity about the stranger. "How about scrip?"

For answer the doctor displayed seventy five cents in American money. His passage had been paid, he explained, by lecturing to the ship's passengers.

"On what subject?" we asked.

"The mythological action of the brain upon the body," was the grave and prompt reply.

The skeleton of this lecture, as printed on a pamphlet, was certainly a marvel of eloquence, being a confused mixture of chemical, psychological, and theological phrases. The doctor was vastly proud of an illuminated document purporting to be a diploma from Oberlin College, which at first sight appeared genuine. The consul noticed, however, that the seal bore no stamp.

"Now, doctor," he asked kindly, "don't you think that this was a joke of the students?"

"I suspect so, sah," was the reply in a somewhat broken voice.

The doctor, however, had extremely laudatory and genuine letters from well known ecclesiastics and mission societies in America, commending him to the support of all Christians in South Africa, and armed with these he started out on his work. Before he left the consul gave him a passport.

"This you are to keep," he said, "on the one condition that wherever and whenever you preach the Gospel in Africa, you are to remember in your prayer that great and glorious country across the seas that gave you birth, where this old bird screams liberty for all. I mean America."

Some weeks later, in traveling through Cape Colony, we came to a native kraal and found a great throng listening to an American missionary. In the center stood the Rev. Dr. Tate of York, Pennsylvania, discoursing eloquently on the subject of generosity. Catching sight of our party, he abruptly broke off with: "And oh, Lord, don't forget that great and glorious country across the sea where I was born, and where that powerful bird screams for liberty all the time. I mean America!"

HIS HOUR OF FREEDOM.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO RAN AWAY FROM HIS LITTLE ROUND LIFE IN A LITTLE ROUND TOWN, AND FOR ONE DAY SAW BEYOND THE HORIZON.

BARTHOLOW sat in his deep leather chair and bit his pencil, just as he had done nearly every morning for the past six years, but with a new blackness on his spirit. There was nothing on earth to write. Romance was dead. Human effort was as futile as the scurry of a squirrel in a revolving cage. Worst of all, the whole feminine world seemed to have suddenly lost all glamour and slipped down into dreary insignificance. Writers like Bartholow think that their works come from their brains, but half the time it is the knowledge that there is a girl with just the right hair and eyes around the next corner that puts the glow into their conceptions and sets these sparkling with turns and phrases that their makers could never have wrought out with pure intellect.

But now he had nothing but scorn for past romances; an utter dearth of present ones; and, worse yet, cynical disbelief in any to come. For no conceivable reason, the glamour had died in the night and left him old, bored, and inspirationless.

After a dogged hour or two, he threw down his mangled pencil, jerked himself into his storm coat and cap and left the house.

"It's all up with me. My career's done," he reflected bitterly as he banged the front door behind him. "I shall never write again—I feel it."

The wind switched his coat about him as he strode down the street. Once a window curtain was pushed hurriedly aside, so that he might have had a smile had he wished. But he hurried on, longing fiercely to get away from the little town and his little books and the little girls that had hitherto sufficed.

"Women are a silly lot, anyway," he commented, scowling back at the dark sky. "Nothing is worth while."

The road stretched bleakly in front of him, gray and deep rutted, with the loneliness of farms on either side. The clouds grew heavier, the wind more tempestuous, but he kept stubbornly on, neither knowing nor caring whither. He did not pause until, rounding the corner of a barn, an angry voice came to him. On one of the empty hay wagons drawn up in front of it stood a girl, straight black strands of her hair whipping the wind under her felt sombrero, the reins in one hand while with the other she pointed to the three shamefaced laborers at the wheel.

"If Andrew did get drunk, did that mean that the rest of you had to lose your wits, too?" she was demanding. "Didn't you know for yourselves that the hay had to be in, without waiting for Andrew or me to hand you your pitchforks? I go away for one little week and this is how I find things—two lazy men and a boy instead of the decent force I expected, and the rain not an hour away! Oh, you make me—well, get to work."

They clambered sheepishly on the other wagon, avoiding one another's glance. She looked around frowningly, and her eyes, still tragic with anger, fell on Bartholow. He placed one hand on the wheel.

"I'll come and help," he said. She stared at him abstractedly, then with a short "Very well," turned and started up her horses. She drove standing, keeping a firm poise on the jolting wagon. Her figure in its flannel shirt and rough skirt showed heroic against the murky sky. She did not once look back at Bartholow until they entered a field of stubble and pulled up before one of its scores of haycocks. Dropping the reins, she turned to hand him a pitchfork, but stopped short with arrested hand, staring at him dubiously.

"Oh! I thought you—wanted work," she said finally. He took the pitchfork from her and threw off his long coat.

"So I do," he answered, burying the tines deep in the hay and bringing them up laden. She hesitated a moment more, then, with a shrug, caught up her pitchfork and fell to work.

The pile in the wagon grew steadily larger, and not a word was spoken, beyond an occasional command to the horses. Bartholow's cap came off, and then his coat, as he worked with a certain fierce enjoyment in spending his strength recklessly. This was better than sitting in a chair, doing girls' work with a pencil! He was glad that he was never going to write again. She glanced at his blue shirt and leather belt and at the gold links dangling recklessly from his turned back cuffs, and set her lips in an inscrutable line.

"I can keep it up as long as you, you beautiful crosspatch," he vowed. "You shall speak first."

The load began to get above their reach. Without a word she swung herself on top and received the hay as Bartholow tossed it up. Their pitchforks met musically several times, and once their eyes. She frowned impatiently. Bartholow paused and relaxed his arms, rubbing them as though surreptitiously. She stood irresolute, then dropped down and plunged her pitchfork into a fresh haycock.

"Get up there and receive it for a while," she commanded. "It will rest you."

He went up at once, in silence, and laughed to himself that she could not keep the wonder out of her face. When they at last turned back towards the barn, she sat on a royal throne, fragrant and rustling, and he, lying luxuriously along the top, watched the flying strands of her hair and the brown curve of her cheek. She moved restlessly, and at last turned unwillingly and faced him.

"Why did you do it?" she demanded.

"Because I have given up one career and am seeking another," he answered gravely. She turned away.

"Oh, if you don't choose to be in earnest——"

"Dear lady, if you prefer the truth—I saw a magnificent woman and she wouldn't notice me, and this was the only way I could gain her attention."

He saw the color rush up into her averted face, and guessed how the black eyebrows were meeting. She pulled her team to one side to make room for the other wagon, coming back from the barn empty, then urged them on. He drew closer to her.

"Don't be angry, and misunderstand," he said earnestly. "I've been living a little tame life in a little tame town—and suddenly I had to have freedom. I'm done with toys. There are big things I never

dreamed of before, and I'm going to find them. This work and wind and you—that's the freedom and the romance. I've written stories and made calls and gone to subscription dances—Lord, Lord, how have I stood it?" And he beat the hay with his fist, then laughed at the grave wonder in her eyes. "I'm not mad—just an escaped convict," he said. "Don't spoil my hour of freedom by making me keep to the conventional, you beautiful thing!"

She shrank a little from his excited eyes. The wind was whirling over them, stealing wisps from the load and tugging at their hair. A heavy drop fell on Bartholow's hot cheek, then another on her brown hand.

"It's coming," he laughed. "We don't care, do we? You and I are alive, and nobody else even knows what that means. Here it comes—oh, fine!" He pulled off his rain coat as the drops fell thicker and wrapped it over her shoulders, holding it there with his arm.

"No, no," she protested. "You mustn't. I often get wet—oh, please!" He only held it closer around her. She beat the horses with the reins to make them hurry, and he shouted at them commands that brought unwilling laughter into her face. The great load swayed under their efforts. It was a neck and neck race at snail speed. When the horses' heads were at the barn door, there was a swish of rain on the roof above. As the two bent low to pass under, the heavens were opened and a very torrent grazed the end of the wagon. She had caught the excitement and laughed up at him in triumph. The low door had brought their heads close together. He leaned over and kissed her.

The girl started up, her hand against her side. She would be angry in a moment, oh, very angry! But her heart had felt a great pang, as a musical instrument might when one of its strings is suddenly plucked, and all through it there was a humming and a vibration, sweet and terrifying. For a breathless second she stared at him wide eyed, then, before her anger could come, she saw him change. A fixed, intent look came into his face and he stared at her unseeingly.

"Oh, such an idea!" he said half under his breath. "It will be the best thing I ever did. Oh, if I can only get it!" He picked up his rain coat and fumbled his way into it, then let himself down from the wagon.

"I don't dare let go of it. It's the biggest idea I ever had," he said incoherently, starting out into the storm.

"Oh, but the rain—you must wait——" she stammered. He smiled at her vaguely and strode off, mechanically pulling his collar up to meet his cap.

Through the mud and rain he tramped heedlessly, his story growing and glowing within until he had it well in his possession, and knew word for word the wonderful paragraphs with which it was to begin. Then his tired body asserted itself and he begged a ride back to the town, his dear town and his dear books and his dear—— He caught a glimpse of Polly at the window and leaned out to wave his wet cap and laugh.

The girl who had watched him from the barn door did not move until the second wagon came scurrying up.

"Can't get no more in, I'm 'feared," ventured the driver apologetically.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said listlessly, turning away to the house.

* * * *

Bartholow opened the Sunday paper and handed the supplement across to his wife. Presently she looked up from it with a little laugh.

"Why, here's a girl just like *Frieda*," she said; "runs her own farm, oversees the crops and everything. Oh, and listen what it calls her—'the counterpart of the heroine in Bartholow's celebrated novel, now in its two hundredth thousand.' It's too bad you didn't know about her two years ago. She might have given you points. There's a sketch of her standing on a hay wagon."

He stared silently at the picture.

"Polly," he said, after a long pause, "did you ever stand on your tiptoes and peer over the top of your teacup for a second, and see the world outside it, and get a flash of what freedom——"

She nodded vaguely.

"It's really odd about this girl farmer," she said. "Only she's going to end happily, the way I wanted *Frieda* to. She has just married her foreman."

Bartholow took up his paper with a short laugh.

"Oh, well, a teacup existence is all any one gets," he said. "Freedom—there's no such thing!"

THE SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.

BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

TOMMY ATKINS AND THE OFFICERS WHO LEAD HIM INTO BATTLE—INTERESTING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BRITISH ARMY, AND CURRENT IDEAS, TRUE AND FALSE, OF ITS COMPOSITION AND TRADITIONS.



A TROOPER OF THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS.

NO war since the great struggle between the Union and the Confederacy on this side of the Atlantic, nearly two score years ago, has afforded such opportunities to that class of military men known by the name of "soldiers of fortune," as the conflict now raging in South Africa between the Boers and the English. Knights errant are flocking to the scene of hostilities from every part of the world, some impelled by the spirit of adventure, others by longings for military laurels, while there are yet others whose motives are purely mercenary.

It will be observed that all these modern counterparts of the medieval *condottieri* turn their steps towards Pretoria, and place their swords at the disposal of the Transvaal. In many cases, no doubt, this is due not so much to any particular sympathy for the Boers as to the fact that only the latter are in a position to take advantage of their offers of service. Aliens and all those who are not full fledged citizens are debarred from admission to the British army—a fact of which but few foreigners are aware. It is not sufficient, as here in the United States, for an alien to take the first steps towards naturalization, and to forswear his allegiance to the land of his birth. He must either be a native born British citizen, or else have fulfilled the severe and strict stipulations of the laws under which rights of citizenship are accorded to aliens.

I remember a few years ago the case of a German who had lived for some time in England, and who enlisted in the Royal Artillery at Woolwich. Thanks to the military training which he had received in the German army, he quickly made his way, and his battery having been drafted for duty in the far east, he was serving as a sergeant at Rangoon when by some means or other the fact was brought to light that he had not been regularly naturalized at the time of his enlistment. The moment that this was found out, the man was deprived of his stripes, placed



ORDERED TO THE FRONT—A SEAFORTH HIGHLANDER, WITH HIS KIT, GOING ABOARD A TRANSPORT FOR SOUTH AFRICA.



GENERAL THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, COMMANDING THE FORCES IN IRELAND.

From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

under arrest, and sent back to England as a prisoner on the charge of having violated the laws with regard to enlistment.

The last time that England engaged foreign mercenaries was during the Crimean war, and the experiment proved so unsatisfactory that it was resolved never to repeat it. Neither the officers nor the men of the so called Foreign Legion were a credit to the flag under which they were serving, or managed to achieve any military distinction, while in several instances the British government was put to no end of trouble in connection with this precious band of white Bashibazouks. A notable case in point was that of the notorious General Turr, who, sent to purchase horses at Bucharest, with an



FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, V. C., COMMANDING THE BRITISH FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.



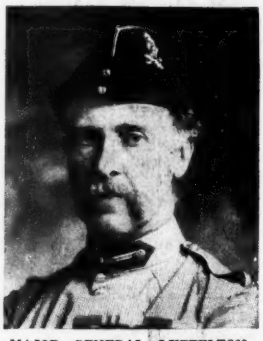
MAJOR GENERAL FITZROY HART, COMMANDING THE FIFTH BRIGADE IN NATAL.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



COLONEL SIR FRANCIS WINGATE, COMMANDING THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

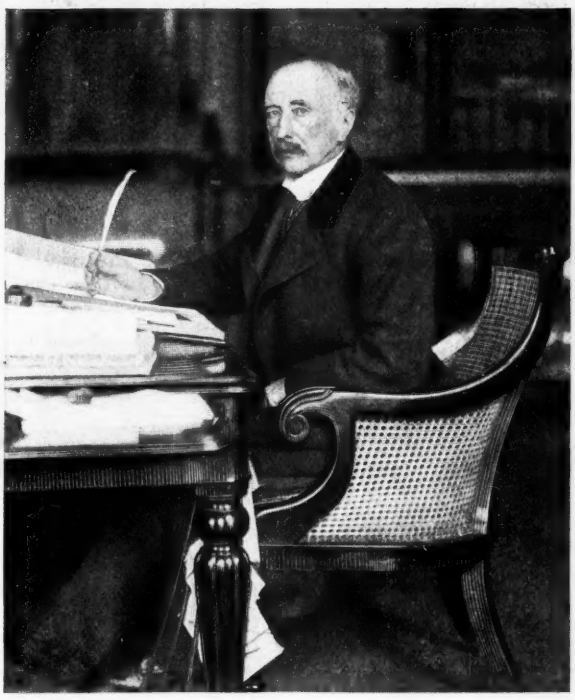


MAJOR GENERAL LYTTELTON, COMMANDING THE FOURTH BRIGADE IN NATAL.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

English commission as an officer of the Foreign Legion, was arrested there as a fugitive from justice in Austria, was conveyed to Vienna, and would probably have been hanged had it not been for Queen Victoria's personal appeal to the Emperor Francis Joseph. Not that General Turr, who was born as an Austrian subject, entertains the slightest degree of gratitude for his rescue from the halter. For England has today no more venomous calumniator or more bitter adversary than this military adventurer who once held the queen's commission, and wore the shoulder straps of a British officer.

England's experience in the matter has been that of most other European nations. The only two powers that still admit aliens to the ranks of their army are France and Holland, each of whom possesses a Foreign Legion — the members of which, it may be added, are regarded by the nations they serve more or less in the light of military pariahs.

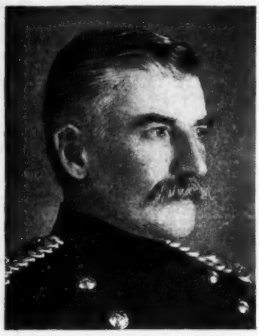


FIELD MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY, AT HIS DESK IN THE WAR OFFICE.

In thus keeping the doors closed to military adventurers and to soldiers of fortune, the English government is acting in accordance with public sentiment, and more especially with a consideration for the prejudices of caste that prevail in the British army. In no other service does caste play so important a rôle as in that of England, or are the officers recruited more exclusively from the highest classes. This has been strikingly demonstrated in the present Transvaal war by the fact that whereas the terrible mortality among the holders of the queen's commission has left the upper middle classes—that is to say, the rich manufacturers, merchants, and professional men—almost untouched, there is scarcely a single house of the titled or untitled aristocracy that is not either in mourning, or overwhelmed with anxiety by the severe wounding of one or more of its sons.

At the time when the system of the purchase of commissions in the British army was abolished, thirty years ago, Field Marshal von Moltke, the greatest military expert of the century, expressed his disapproval of the reform in question in no measured terms. He declared that by inaugurating this change England had "given up the best feature of her military establishment." He predicted that the abolition of the purchase system would have the effect of removing the barriers which had until that time restricted commissions in the English army to men of the best social class.

As a matter of fact, Moltke's forecast has not been realized to any appreciable extent, and the corps of officers of the English army remains very nearly, if not



LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR FREDERICK FORESTIER-WALKER, COMMANDING AT CAPE TOWN.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



MAJOR GENERAL LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTUM, CHIEF OF STAFF TO LORD ROBERTS.
From a photograph by Bassano, London.



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE INDIAN ARMY.
From a photograph by Bassano, London.



LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER, COMMANDING THE WESTERN DISTRICT IN ENGLAND.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, COMMANDING THE FIFTH DIVISION IN SOUTH AFRICA.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



MAJOR GENERAL SIR HENRY COLVILE, COMMANDING THE FIRST (GUARDS) BRIGADE IN SOUTH AFRICA.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



MAJOR GENERAL SIR CHARLES HOLLED SMITH, COMMANDING THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR GEORGE STEWART WHITE, V. C., COMMANDING AT LADYSMITH.
From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.



LIEUTENANT GENERAL JOHN D. P. FRENCH, COMMANDING THE CAVALRY DIVISION IN SOUTH AFRICA.
From a photograph by Weston, Folkestone.

NINE LEADING OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

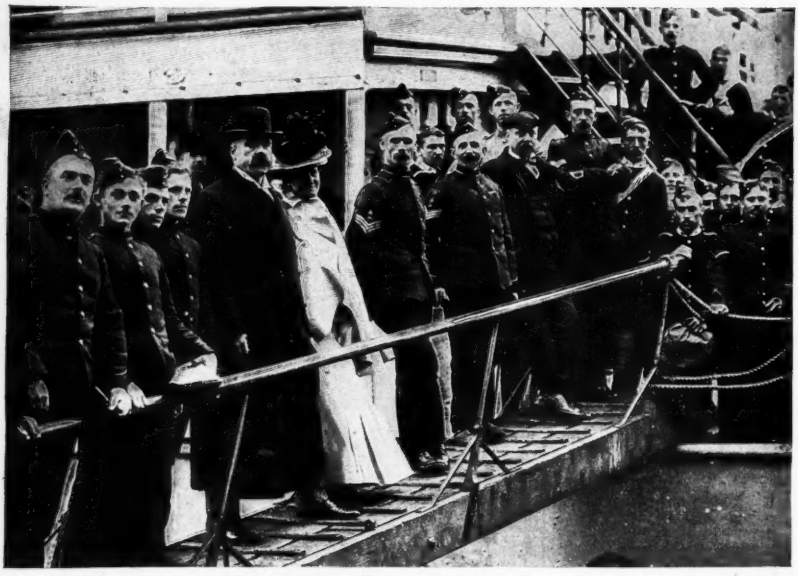
altogether, as exclusive as it was prior to the abolition of the purchase system. "Bounders" who may happen to secure a commission in any good corps are quickly frozen out, and either forced to leave the service altogether, or compelled to secure their transfer to one of those regiments which by reason of the social status of their officers are known as "trades unions." In this freezing out process the men take quite as pronounced a part as the officers. For where the rank and file will yield implicit and willing obedience to a young subaltern of good family, they show themselves altogether intractable when subjected to the orders even of a senior officer who, in their critical eyes, does not fulfil the ancestral qualifications of a gentleman.

One of the best known cases of this kind is that of a now retired general whose father was the most fashionable confectioner in London, and a millionaire. He managed, by dint of influence, to secure a commission in the Coldstream Guards; but his position was made so unpleasant for him, not only by his messmates, but even by the men themselves, who seemed to resent being subjected to the orders of one not in their eyes to the manor born, that he soon asked for and obtained his transfer to a hussar regiment, and from this he subsequently migrated to a heavy cavalry corps, where he found several officers in the same position as him-



FIELD MARSHAL THE PRINCE OF WALES, UNIFORMED AS COLONEL IN CHIEF OF THE TENTH HUSSARS.

From a photograph by Stuart, London.



COLONEL TEMPLE, ROYAL ENGINEERS, SEEING A "BALLOON SECTION" OFF FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

self. Yet the confectioner's son was an excellent soldier, and was far from deserving the treatment which he received—treatment all the more difficult to encounter, since dueling was long ago abolished in the English army, and the means of



INSPECTION OF TRANSPORT WAGONS OF THE SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY, SECOND BATTALION, BEFORE ITS DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA, WHERE IT IS NOW SERVING IN GATACRE'S DIVISION.

resenting slights and insults are, to say the least, restricted.

The Emperor William is gradually weeding the middle class element out of the commissioned ranks of the German army, demonstrating thereby that he shares the caste prejudices of Field Marshal von Moltke. Each successive issue of the official annual of the German army shows a diminishing number of officers who do not belong to the nobility. In spite of this, one still finds the sons of tradesmen, and even of petty shopkeepers and men following the humblest callings in life, ranking as full fledged officers, either of the active or the reserve forces of Germany and Austria. The story was told the other day that an Austrian nobleman, Prince Windischgrätz, having commented somewhat sharply on the careless way in which a journeyman painter was varnishing the floors of his château, was astounded to receive from the man a challenge to fight a duel for having insulted him. As it was discovered that the painter held a commission of lieutenant of infantry in the reserves, the prince had no alternative but to grant him the satisfaction demanded, receiving a sword wound in the arm for his pains.



COLONEL R. POLE-CAREW, SECOND COLDSTREAM GUARDS, WHO WAS FIRST ACROSS THE MODDER RIVER IN THE BATTLE OF NOVEMBER 28.

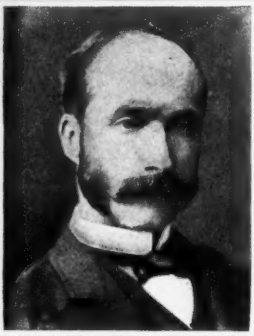
From a photograph by Gregory, London.



GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V. C., COMMANDING THE BRITISH FORCES IN NATAL.

From a photograph by Knight, Aldershot.

In England such a thing would be impossible. True, a certain number of men are promoted from the ranks each year to commissions in the army; but they are mostly young fellows of good family, known as "gentleman rankers," who, after having failed at the competitive examinations for commissions, have enlisted as privates with the object of eventually becoming officers. The remainder of the commissions accorded to the rank and file may be described as of an honorary character, and are usually reserved for riding masters, band masters, and so forth, who are about to leave the army, and who are thus enabled to retire into private life with the prestige and status of a lieutenancy. The result of all



LORD LANSDOWNE, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

of which people in this country can form but little conception. In spite of all the growth of democratic doctrine, the regard on the part of the masses for birth and ancestry still remains unimpaired. People belonging to the humbler walks in life seem to realize that men who have family traditions to live up to, and an honored name to preserve free from stigma, are more likely to show themselves clean lived, honorable, and chivalrous than those who have no such inheritance, and who are bound by no such moral restrictions. Tommy Atkins, therefore, feels that he can trust an officer more blindly when the latter is of good birth, than when he is not; while on the other hand, the officer, perfectly sure of his social position and of the respect entertained for it by his men, is able to indulge in a kindly familiarity toward them which his continental confrère could not venture to adopt without danger to discipline. The sympathy between the commissioned ranks of the army and the common soldier, in England, is greater than in the case of any service on the continent of Europe.



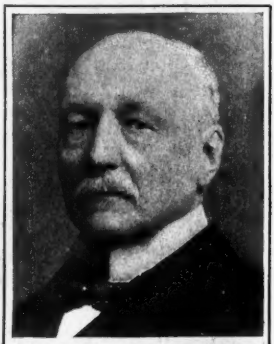
GEORGE WYNDHAM, M. P., PARLIAMENTARY UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.
From a photograph by the Standard Photograph Company, London.

this is that the English officer is by birth almost invariably a gentleman, which is far from being the case with any Continental army.

It might readily be imagined that this exclusiveness of the British officer, this prejudice with regard to caste, might interfere with his military efficiency. This is not the case. In the first place, the very fact that English officers are usually men who have traditions of birth to maintain, leads them to order their lives so as to keep free from stain the escutcheons of their family and the more or less time honored names they have inherited. There are fewer scandals of a dishonorable character among British officers than among the officers of any other army in the world. We have yet to witness in England such a spectacle as that described in the law courts of Berlin, the other day, in connection with the trial of the members of the so called Harmlosen Club, where—according to the newspaper reports—it was shown that German commissioned officers, in full uniform, were in the habit of associating in public with professional gamblers and card sharps.

Another advantage derived from the social status of the English officers is the fact that the latter are able to get far more closely in touch with their men than is the case abroad. In Europe the gradations between the various ranks of society are defined with a distinctness

Tommy Atkins knows that his officer will never ask him to do anything that he would not dare to do himself. I need look for no other illustration than the well known case of jolly old Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, who at the time of the



SIR RALPH KNOX, PERMANENT UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



MAJOR GENERAL ANDREW G. WAUCHOPE, KILLED AT MAGERSFONTEIN, DECEMBER 11.

From a photograph by Horsburgh, Edinburgh.



GENERAL SIR HENRY EVELYN WOOD, V. C., ADJUTANT GENERAL TO THE FORCES.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



MAJOR GENERAL SIR JOHN ARDAGH, DIRECTOR OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

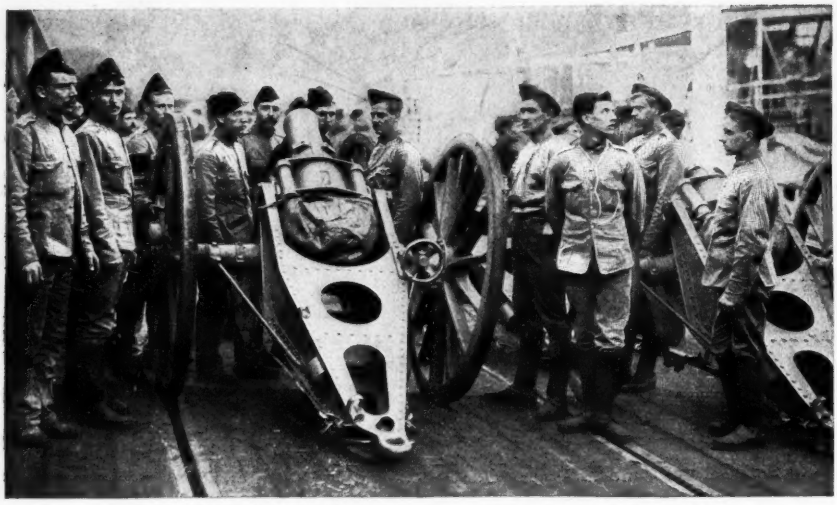
From a photograph by Russell, London.

Benin expedition, on the west coast of Africa, insisted upon trudging on foot at the head of the mixed force of soldiers and sailors all the way from the coast to the enemy's capital. He tramped through the fever stricken swamps and dense forests, absolutely refusing to make use of the mule that had been secured for him, and sharing precisely the same hardships as the humblest member of the expedition, though marching in his case was rendered particularly arduous by reason of his Falstaffian girth.

Most of the Victoria Crosses that figure on the breasts of English officers have been earned by the rescue under fire of wounded troopers and privates. It was but the other day that in describing the



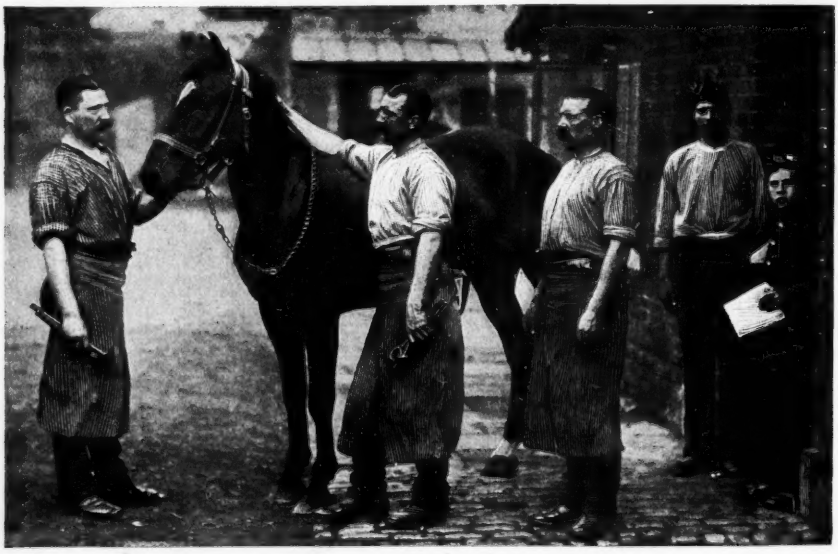
THE ROYAL HIGHLANDERS ("BLACK WATCH"), SECOND BATTALION, ON THE MARCH IN ENGLAND.



ROYAL ARTILLERY—A HOWITZER BATTERY EMBARKING FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

battle of Belmont the correspondents of the London *Times* and of other papers related how Major Milton, of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, surrendered his own horse to a dismounted trooper who had been slightly wounded, and walked away on foot under a heavy fire. Of course, armchair military critics will claim that he exceeded his duty, that his life was more valuable to his country than the trooper's, and that he ought not to be commended for risking it as he did. But at any rate he proved the value of his life by his gallantry. He showed himself possessed of something more than ordinary bravery and manly feeling, and one can understand an officer such as Major Milton being able to depend upon the men under his command.

It has been repeatedly said that the very large percentage of officers placed *hors de combat* during the present war



THE FARRIERS OF A BRITISH CAVALRY REGIMENT.

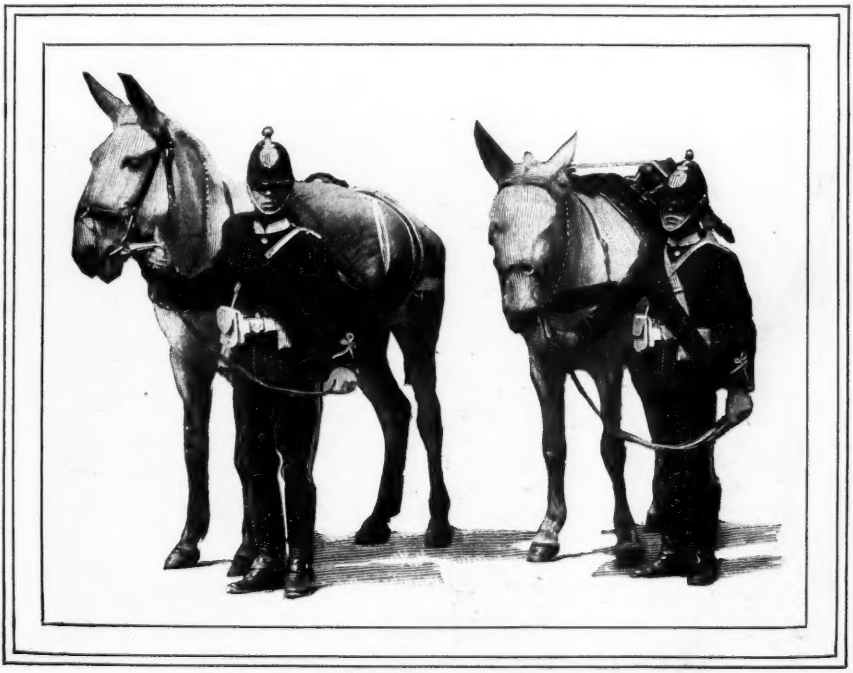
with the Transvaal, is attributable to an unwritten law of the British army which forbids officers to avail themselves of protection under fire, and which prevents them from lying down like their men in order to seek cover. This somewhat quixotic notion is due to a misapprehension which it may be well to correct, and which can only have originated with a civilian. In modern warfare, attacks are nearly always delivered in a succession of rushes. In consequence of the incessant firing, words of command are frequently inaudible, so great is the din. An officer must therefore communicate his orders by means of his sword. At a given moment he raises it on high, and the men who see the motion spring to their feet and rush forward, firing as they do so, until they are once more ordered to lie down by a downward sweep of their commander's saber.

How is it possible for the officer, in such circumstances, to take cover? In these successions of rushes he must naturally lead his men, who look to him to guide their movements; and he, in turn, must watch the movements of the other companies of his regiment, and look for directions from the commander of the battalion or of the regiment. He could not possibly do this if he were lying down under cover beside his men. It is on that account, and not in consequence of any unwritten law, that he is obliged to remain on his feet when the rank and file are prostrate, and that is the chief reason why so many British officers have been picked off by the Boer sharpshooters.

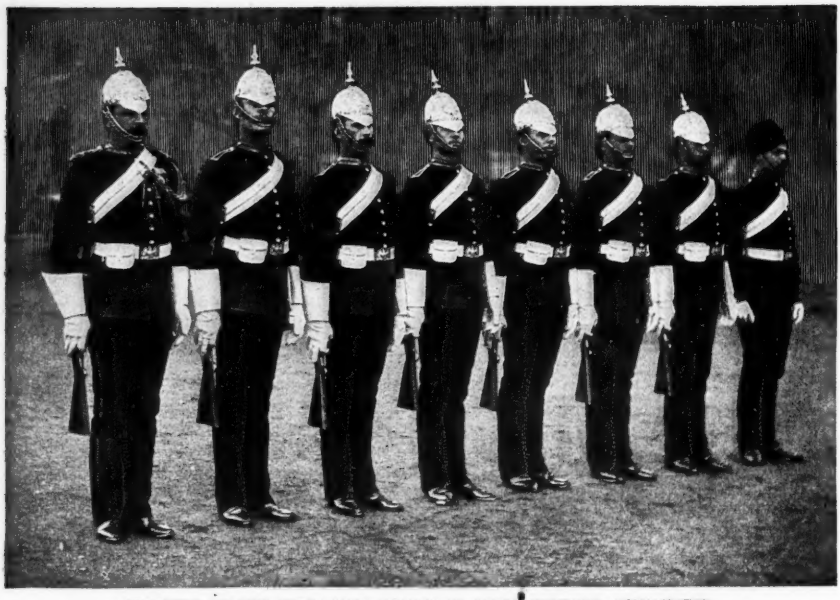


A PRIVATE OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, IN DRESS UNIFORM.

Another alleged unwritten law, concerning which there has been much criticism, is the one which prescribes a certain rate of progress to cavalry regiments when charging on the foe. It is altogether wrong to describe this rule as either unwritten or quixotic;



MEN OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS, WITH PACK MULES.



TROOPERS OF THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS IN DRESS UNIFORM, DISMOUNTED.

for it is evident that when a body of cavalry is launched upon the enemy, the efficacy of the charge is considerably enhanced by the full weight of the regiment being hurled upon the foe in a mass. To effect this, the rate of advance must be uniform.

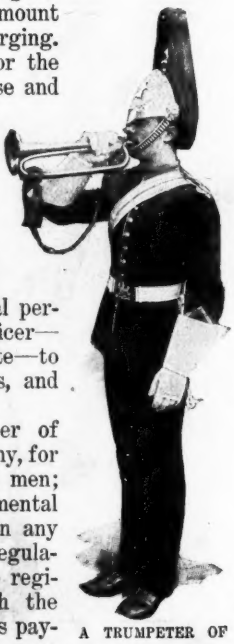
In short, the most elementary regard for the rules and regulations on the subject of cavalry tactics exact that a certain amount of formation should be maintained by bodies of horse when charging.



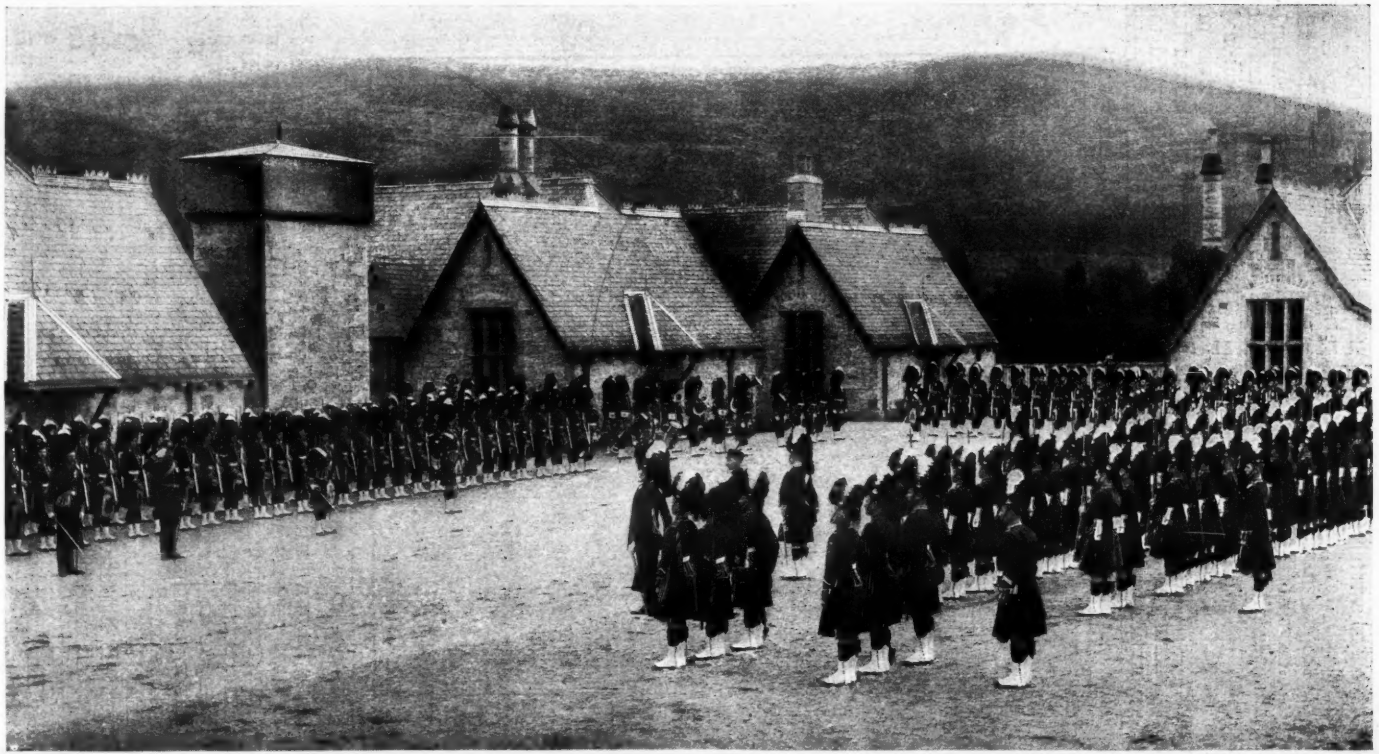
A PRIVATE OF THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

It was not any quixotic regard for the unwritten laws, but common sense and military regulations, which led Lord Cardigan, when heading the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, to lay his sword across the breast of one of the officers of the Thirteenth Hussars, whom he found riding abreast with him, far in advance of his own regiment. The general peremptorily forbade the eager officer—whose name was Captain White—to ride any faster than the others, and ordered him to rejoin his men.

Of course there are a number of unwritten laws in the English army, for the guidance of both officers and men; but they are mostly of a regimental character, and do not interfere in any way with the ordinary military regulations. As a rule, they relate to regimental ethics in connection with the mess, and are punishable by fines payable in wine. For instance, in some corps, such as the Black Watch—



A TRUMPETER OF THE SECOND LIFE GUARDS.



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS, FIRST BATTALION, PARADED AT BALLATER BARRACKS, ABERDEENSHIRE, FOR INSPECTION BY THE QUEEN, IN SEPTEMBER LAST. THIS BATTALION FOUGHT AT DARGAI IN 1897, AND IS NOW SERVING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

which suffered so severely at Magersfontein—it is strictly forbidden to drink the health of the queen, not because the famous regiment of Highlanders is less loyal than other kilted warriors, but solely because the Black Watch claims that its profound loyalty to the sovereign is to such an extent above question that the drinking of her majesty's health would be altogether superfluous. In fact, each regiment has its own particular code of unwritten laws, very much in the same way as clubs, universities, and great public schools. It would require volumes to codify them, or to describe them and relate their origin and meanings.

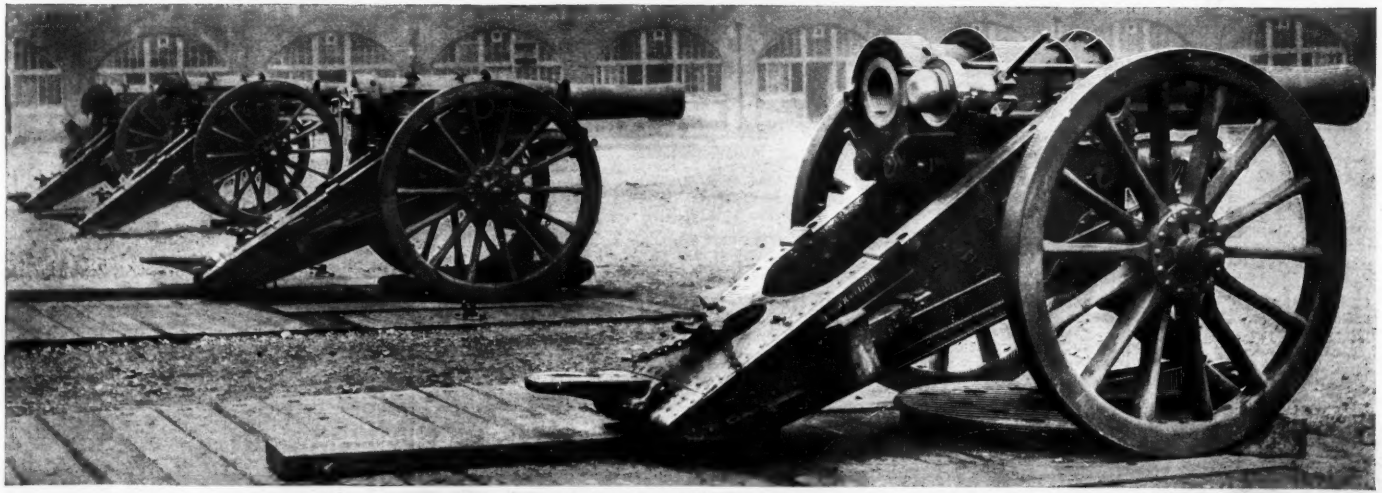


MEN AND FIELD GUN OF THE THIRD MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.

There is one unwritten law that may be said to extend to all holders of the queen's commission. It is that which relates to the subject of uniform. The latter is never under any circumstances worn in the United Kingdom when off duty. To such an extent is this unwritten law carried that there are several London clubs in Pall Mall and St. James' Street, two of them even service clubs, where the rules expressly forbid any officer to appear upon the premises in regimentals. The practice of wearing mufti when not on duty dates back to the second decade of the nineteenth century. Sickened by the Napoleonic wars, the people of Great Britain were seriously alarmed lest their government should be tempted to follow the example of continental monarchies, and to retain under arms an immense standing army. With a view to removing this sentiment, and to quieting the popular fears, the old Duke of Wellington, then generalissimo of the forces, gave semi official instructions that none of the officers should be seen anywhere in public in regimentals save when engaged on duty. Originating in the form of a recommendation rather than of a general order, the practice has gradually become a regular and permanent rule of military conventionality, and officers infringing the unwritten law are sure to be taxed by their messmates with bad form. It is all the



GUNNERS OF THE SIEGE TRAIN ON PARADE, SHORTLY BEFORE LEAVING ENGLAND FOR SOUTH AFRICA.



FOUR OF THE SIEGE TRAIN'S GUNS—SIX INCH HOWITZERS THROWING 118 LB. LYDDITE SHELLS, WITH A RANGE OF TEN THOUSAND YARDS.

THE BRITISH SIEGE TRAIN NOW IN SOUTH AFRICA.

more strange, as the uniforms of the British Army are not only among the most costly, but also among the most becoming, of the European armies.

The war in South Africa is the first in which the English army has been engaged with a civilized foe where no flags have been carried into action by the various regiments.



TROOPERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH LANCERS.

In days gone by the colors were always carried in the front line, especially when charging upon the enemy, so as to serve as a rallying point to the troops, and as an emblem calculated to stir their patriotism and courage. Banners have no place, however, in the modern battle-field. Sentiment and the pomp of war have been sacrificed before quick firing rifles and machine guns, which deal death to an enemy whose face cannot be even seen. At the battle of Inkerman, the Coldstream Guards crossed bayonets with their Russian foes eleven times in a single day, hurling stones at the enemy when they came near enough. Those times are past and gone, and today the infantryman no longer stands erect when attacking the foe, but crawls forward upon his stomach, his one object being to conceal himself as much as possible. This being the case, where would the regimental colors come in? The best that could be done for them would be to trail them on the ground—which would in itself constitute an indication of ignominy and defeat.

Thus disappears a feature of warfare which in its present shape has been in use since the days of William the Conqueror, eight centuries ago. Its abandonment is one of the changes that mark the close of what has unquestionably been the most iconoclastic century of the entire Christian era

THE FASHIONABLE LENT

BY KATHERINE HOFFMAN.

SOME OF THE CURIOUS RITES AND CUSTOMS WHICH A STUDENT OF SOCIETY FOUND PREVAILING DURING THE FORTY PENITENTIAL DAYS—WHAT HE LEARNED OF SEWING CLASSES, MORNING LECTURES, AND OTHER SACRIFICES À LA MODE.

ONCE there was a student of the customs of the highly civilized and deeply cultured classes of society. He spent much time in investigating the Calling Custom, the Dining Out Custom, the Wedding Present Custom, and various other peculiarities of the wisest and greatest and best persons in the world—as much time as some students have spent in studying the ways of the Kalmuck Tartars or the Ashantees. He maintained, incomprehensibly enough, that his research revealed stranger usages and weirder rites than that of his brother students.

Eventually he reached the Keeping Lent Custom, which he afterwards called the most remarkable of all the habits of the interesting race into whose mysteries he delved. The normal mind may, or may not, find anything very remarkable in the instances he gives to prove his assertion.

There is the Hopkinson case, for example. Every year, in the late winter or the early spring, the friends of the Hopkinsons open wide their ears for the first faint rumor of trouble in that distinguished household. Their friendly listening is never vain. Colonel Hopkinson takes to drink, and, after a few hilarious days where all may see him, disappears to some more secluded spot where his hilarity may have even less check than it has in town. Tod Hopkinson adds to the gaiety of city life by having his engagement announced to some ornament of the dramatic profession whose histrionic fame is dimmed by her personal renown; or by losing more money in bets than he can pay. The white patience of Mrs. Hopkinson's face is accentuated, and every one says of Constantia: "How nobly she bears it! Poor girl, no wonder she's so religious."

It is popularly supposed that Constantia's devotional exercises, which are conspicuous in these times of family adversity, are the result of the behavior of her father and brother—plus, of course, her own naturally pious spirit. As a matter of fact, the reprehensible conduct of these gentlemen is the result of Constantia's devotional exercises. It will easily be recalled by the followers of the family's fortunes that its catastrophes always occur in Lent.

The Hopkinsons are nervous. They are impatient. Their tempers sometimes wear thin; but they are, on the whole, affectionate and amiable. The colonel likes easy going comfort, and Tod likes easy going jollity. For forty five weeks in the year this home does not lack these attributes. Then, one morning in the forty sixth, they gather at the family breakfast



COLONEL HOPKINSON TAKES TO DRINK.



CONSTANTIA WILL COME IN WITH THE PALE FACE AND THE SET LIPS WHICH ARE THE OUTWARD AND VISIBLE MARKS OF A MIND SET UPON HIGHER THINGS AND ALSO OF A HUNGER HEADACHE.

table, according to a barbarous custom which the colonel enforces. Constantia is not present.

"Where's Con?" inquires her brother with solicitude. "Got a headache?"

The colonel looks over his glasses anxiously for a reply. He is fond of Constantia and worries over her headaches.

"No," replies Mrs. Hopkinson. "She's gone to early celebration." Then before the look on her husband's face has time to crystallize into annoyance, she adds: "It's Ash Wednesday, you know."

At that information the colonel's frown always sends his glasses tumbling to his plate, while Tod dexterously changes an irreverent exclamation into a low whistle.

They know what Constantia's Lent means.

It means that she will come in by and by with the pale face and the set lips which are the outward and visible marks of a mind set upon higher things and also of a hunger headache. It means that as she sends her coffee cup back with the explanation, "You know I never take cream in Lent, mamma," she will assume a manner not unbefitting St. Lawrence on the gridiron. It means that she will accept her mother's apology for forgetfulness with grim tolerance, that she will not laugh at the colonel's facetiousness, and that she will rebuff Tod's jocosities in tones as crisply cold as breaking icicles.

It means that she will not be making tea in a cosy fashion when the colonel wanders in, in the afternoon, and that there will be no girls for him to compliment. It is well understood in Constantia's circle that during Lent she is at home to no one of greater social pretensions than a washerwoman's daughter. It means that she will sneer at a chafing dish

invitation from some of Tod's quasi Bohemian acquaintances. It means that she will meet her mother's little garrulous gossiping with monosyllabic rudeness, and that she will take great credit to herself for self restraint in not delivering a lecture upon the sin of idle conversation. In her Lenten mood Constantia is continually pluming herself upon her virtue in not adopting the graceful mannerisms of a prize fighter in her home, although in less spiritual states she has no desire to do so.

Lent means that she will early rise herself and kneel and fast herself into a condition of nervous irritability which she will interpret as the impatience of an uplifted soul with the sordid things of earth. And in a condition of nervous irritability, Constantia Hopkinson, albeit nearly ready for her halo, bears a strong family resemblance to any sulky, nagging woman who has never heard of a retreat except in connection with the Boers, and whose only idea of a celebration is connected with brass bands and barouches.

When her Lenten observances and her Lenten disposition have converted her home into a temple of gloom, and when her father and brother have made the customary masculine protest against sadness, Constantia's friends say: "What a blessing Constantia's church is to her!"

All of this the student of social usages in our best circles claims to find remarkable; but the average mind may see nothing odd in it, or in the further fact that Constantia, for her part, feels not only that her church is a blessing to her but that she is a good deal of an ornament to the church. The advantages, from her point of view, are distinctly mutual. She does not say so, of course, or perhaps definitely think so, but she cannot fail to see that there is a vast difference between her Lenten attitude and that of the Wesley-Joneses around the corner, whose case is also noted in the student's memoranda. This is all the more virtuous on her part as Miss Hopkinson is in no wise personally related to the church, while the Wesley-Joneses are second cousins to the most dined rector in the diocese.



SOME ORNAMENT OF THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION WHOSE HISTRIONIC FAME IS DIMMED BY HER PERSONAL RENOWN.

No sooner does Ash Wednesday ring its curfew command of festal lights out and festal fires covered, than the Wesley-Joneses flit south—or east, or anywhere where their churchly connection will not be a hindrance to them. Mrs. Wesley-Jones, who has moments of honesty which her daughters have striven in vain to eradicate, has been known to grumble over the situation.

"It is not," she says on these occasions, "as if we were really wealthy. I should not mind it at all if we were. But as it is, I assure you that I look forward to Lent with as great alarm as I do to the summer; even with more, for there are saving invitations in summer. It costs, I assure you it costs heavily, to transport three girls to the south of France or Florida or somewhere for Lent. But they are so lively, my girls, that they could never stand six weeks of utter dullness in New York."

Mrs. Wesley-Jones is reminded of the barbarians outside the fold, and of the backsliders within it, who do not permit the penitential season to restrict their amusements. But she shakes her head vigorously at the suggestion.

"No," she says with decision; "as long as we are related to Cousin Charles"—Cousin Charles is the very reverend diner out—"we will not scandalize him in his own parish. He's a very good sort, and his place at Mount Desert is charming in the summer. It's better to go away for six weeks, since my girls are really not up

to this early service, sewing for the poor, Lenten lecture style of Lent. It would be cheaper, of course, to change to a less exacting faith, but converts have very little standing unless they go over to Rome, and set up a private oratory in the house and all that. And Rome would be more exacting, not less so. Free thinking is, of course, out of the question for a woman, so there's nothing for it but Florida this winter, I suppose."

The earnest student of things spiritual and things ecclesiastic, to whom the methods of Constantia Hopkinson and of the Wesley-Joneses had been revealed, was somewhat disillusioned. He had almost decided that the practice was a farce when he met a member of a Lenten sewing class and his fainting faith was revived.

"Of course you were discouraged," cried the member of the Lenten sewing class; "and indeed I do not blame you. You thought we were all make believes, didn't you—either running away from what we pretended to see as duty, or cultivating an acidulous asceticism for forty miserable days? But some of us are different. We do not flaunt our sacrifices, nor do we run away from our duties. We strive to use our Lent so that there may be Easter gladness for some who but for us might not have had it."

This, although dimly reminiscent of the devout spirit who thanked God that he was not as other men, was encouraging to the earnest student. He inquired eagerly into the practices of this new exponent of Lenten methods.

"Have you never heard of Miss Oliver's Lenten sewing class?" she asked, eying him with suspicion. Not to have heard of that organization would argue, to her mind, that he had spent the last half decade in prison beyond the enlightening influence of the public prints, in whose columns Miss Oliver's Lenten sewing class receives annual laudation.

"Oh, yes," said the student hopefully. "That's the one the Entwisle girls belong to."

"No, it is not," replied the member of Miss Oliver's. "The Entwisle girls—I think I have heard of them. They probably belong to—er—oh, I forget the name of the woman who tried to get up a class in imitation of Miss Oliver. She was some one of whom we had never heard before. Strange, is it not, how persistently certain women will try to climb into the heaven of society by the ladder of good works? It would be laughable if it weren't pitiful; and it isn't really pitiful, for it's insolent. Anyhow, Miss Oliver's Lenten sewing class is not the one to which you had reference."

"Miss Oliver's is very—er—exclusive, then?" inquired the student of ecclesiastical customs as practised in good society.

"Oh, extremely! To be a member of it is to have a passport into any society—and one cannot be a member without having a passport to any society. We are considering now whether or not to invite a girl whose sister married a younger son of an English earl when it is well known that she might have married a marquis. Miss Oliver is determined not to have the tone of the class lowered by any laxity."

"Ah!" murmured the student appreciatively. "That is a wise resolution. And what a deep satisfaction it must be to the poor to know that their garments are sewed by such aristocratic fingers!"

The aristocratic jaw of the member of Miss Oliver's sewing class dropped in amazement.

"You didn't think we sewed?" she exclaimed.

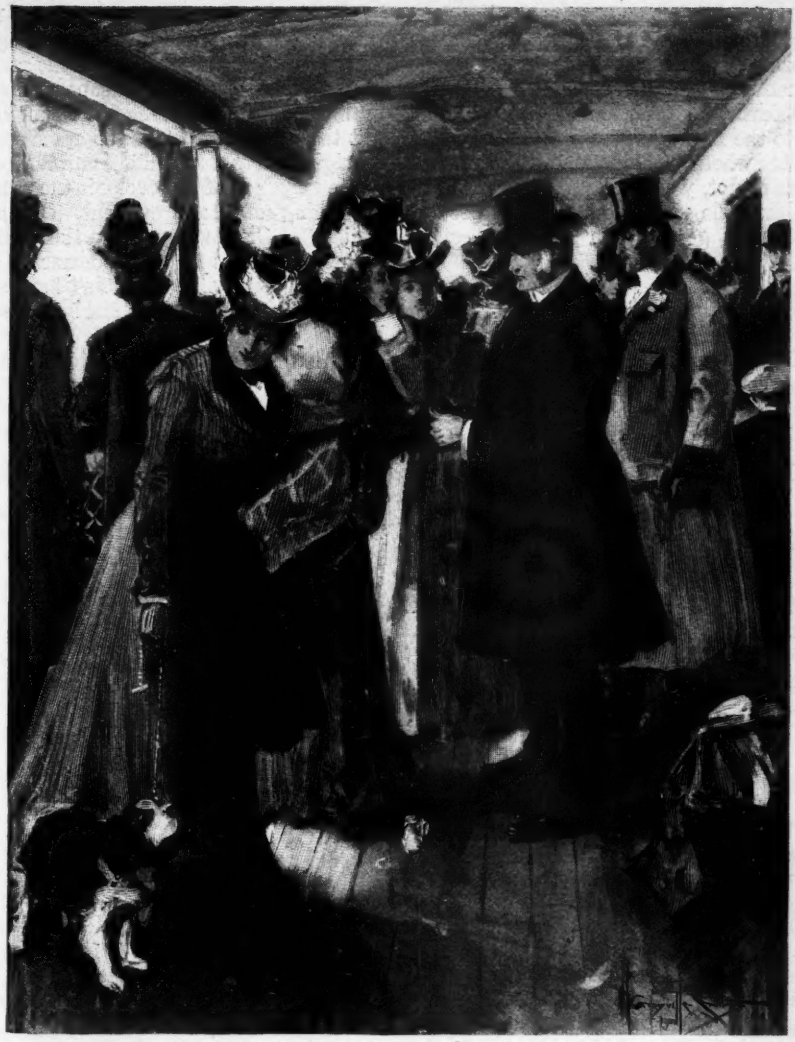
"That was my stupid impression," replied the student apologetically. "An error due to the name, I suppose. May I ask what you *do* do—dance, perhaps?"

"Certainly not," she answered with asperity. "We meet at Miss Oliver's once a week at eleven o'clock, to give out rolls of cotton and flannel and linen to the seamstresses, who carry them to their homes, make them up as we direct, and the next week bring them back to us all made. Thus, you see, our Lenten work benefits two sets—the sewing women and the poor. We are very different, you see, from the mere ritualists and those renegades you mentioned."

In the sewing class which the member of Miss Oliver's august body of workers for the poor disdained, the student found further bewilderment.

"What do you do?" he asked one of the Entwisle girls whom his former interlocutor had recalled with painful effort.

"We are arranging," she replied with enthusiasm, "for a *mi-Carême* dance—a masquerade."



THE WESLEY-JONESES FLIT SOUTH—OR EAST, OR ANYWHERE WHERE THEIR CHURCHLY CONNECTION WILL NOT BE A HINDRANCE TO THEM.

"But don't you sew, either?" persisted the puzzled investigator.

"Sew! I should say we did. The club lunched at my house on Tuesday, and if you had seen the library floor simply covered with needles and thread and snippets and paper patterns, you'd think we sewed! And if you had seen every blessed one of those eighteen women attacking French chops and sweetbread croquettes at luncheon, you'd know that they had worked hard that morning. Sew! Well, rather."

"Then your club does not believe in fasting during Lent?"

"Fasting?" The Entwisle girl hastily swallowed a grimace. Then she allowed an expression of sweet womanliness to overspread her features.

"No," she said softly, "we don't. We believe in good works rather than in idle forms; and we women, you know, are not great, strong beings like you men. We must have strength for our work. We must have nourishment even in Lent—especially in Lent, I may say, when the

demands upon us are severest. Yes, our club meets for two hours' work each Tuesday, and then we lunch. What do we make? Oh, all sorts of things—shirts and skirts and aprons and mufflers. They go to the Home for the Aged. It doesn't matter whether things are fashionable for them or not, you know. And, oh," sighed the Entwisle girl, "you ought to see my *mi-Carême* gown! I'm going as—guess what?"

The student did his duty promptly, hazarding Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, and Mary Stuart. The Entwisle girl protested that she wasn't quite so vain—and said that her modest rôle was the Queen of Sheba.

"We are terribly busy," she said. "I've got to go to the dressmaker's now—my gown's gorgeous. All this talk about women taking Lent off to rest in seems idiotic to me. I never was busier!"

About this time it was recalled to the student's mind that he had received eleven invitations to take tickets for Lenten courses of lectures. He reviewed the subjects; there was one on "The Belles and Beaux of Colonial America"; there was one on "Parkman's History of the Jesuits in America"; there was one on "Christianity and the Zend Avesta"; and the other eight were on equally diverse subjects. In certain respects they all agreed, however. They were given by ladies of sonorous names, with whose apparently indisputable claims to scholarship the student had been, up to that time, mysteriously ignorant. All of them, too, were given under the auspices of a list of women whose husbands had good ratings in Bradstreet's; all were so expensive that one could have purchased an admirable library on any one of the subjects for the price of the lectures, and all were given in the blue or yellow or Syrian or Elizabethan rooms of exceedingly good hotels.

The student felt that he must at least sample the Lenten lecture. So he selected a Miss Guinevere Ashburton Worthington—the name won him—and found that he was booked for a lecture on "Goethe's Loves," in the Louis Seize parlor of the Hotel Alhambra. "A very Lenten combination," said the student as he set forth.

The little chairs of golden brocade were crowded with women in furs and velvets, women in tailored broadcloths, women with plumes drooping over their brilliant hair and shading their eyes. Here and there sat a grim and grizzled dowager; and scattered sparsely through the assembly were a few men, either superannuated or blushingly adolescent. On the little gilt table at the front of the room stood a bulging glass vase spilling purple violets—the only spot of dark color in the golden furnishing of the apartment. Cherubs smiled and Cupids capered on the ceiling.

"Isn't it sweet of her?" demanded one woman sibilantly. "She won't have anything but violets on the stand because it's Lent."

"It's dear of her," assented another vigorously. "Ah, there she comes!"

She glided in—tall, fair, and pretty. Her black cloth gown made her figure look as if it were sculptured against the pale primrose panels of the wall. The violets on her bosom called violet lights into her eyes.

"She won't wear colors during Lent," whispered some one, and a little chorus of low toned "ah's" praised her for her saintly forbearance.

"Is she an authority on German literature?" the student asked one of the old gentlemen.

"She's a divine creature, sir," replied the old gentleman heatedly.

"Is she an authority on German literature?" the student asked one of the dowagers.

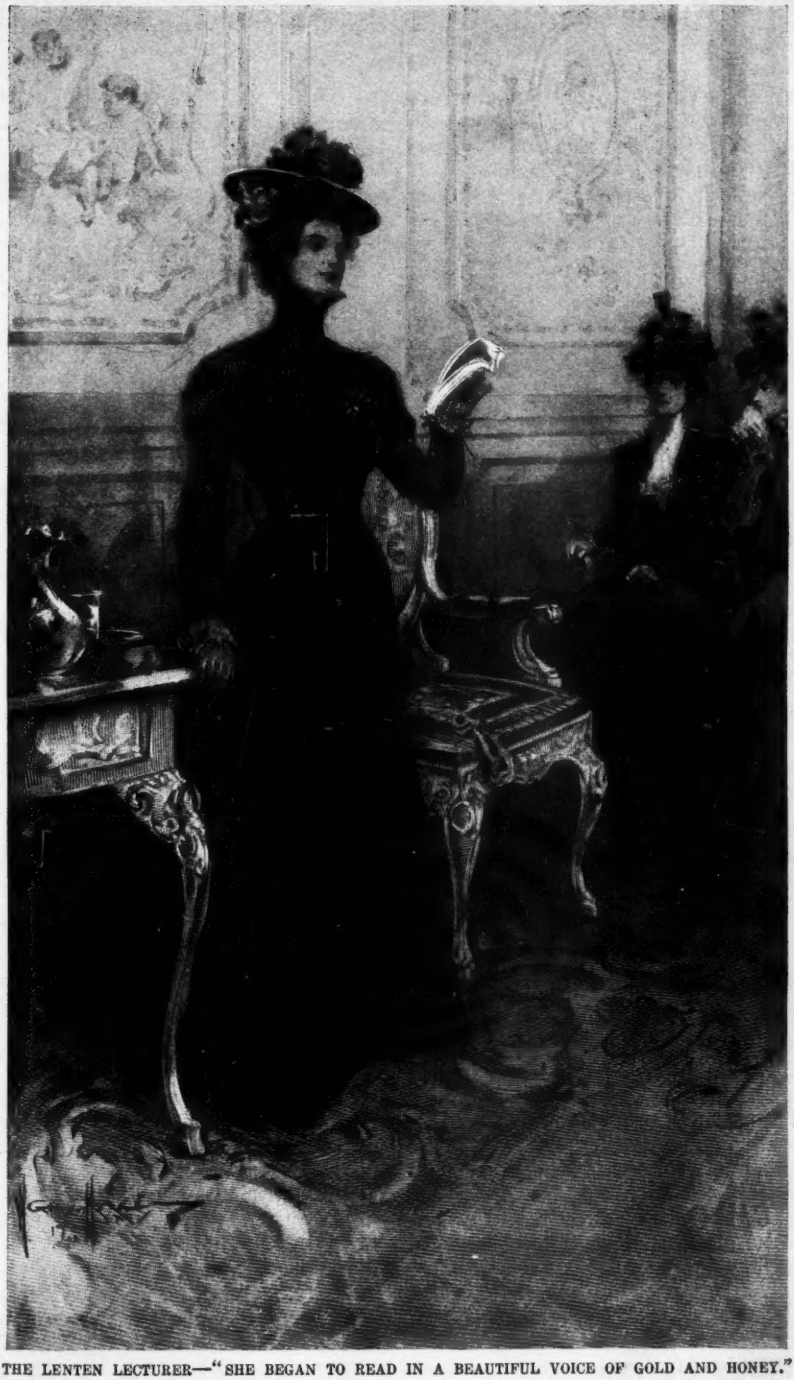
"She's General Worthington's orphan daughter," replied the dowager conclusively.

"Is she an authority on German literature?" the student asked one of the pretty girls.

"I should say so!" replied the young woman. "You should have heard her last year on 'Egyptian Architectural Symbolism,' and the year before on 'Dante's Divine Comedy.' She's wonderful."

The student admitted that Miss Guinevere Ashburton Worthington's range of subjects was truly remarkable. She herself paused for a few minutes with her wide eyes fixed upon the audience. The buzz died down. One woman, unable to check her sentence in time, was heard to float upon the stillness the proposition that "giving up potatoes and sugar alone would do wonders."

When that information had passed into silence, Miss Worthington began to read in a beautiful voice of gold and honey, and



THE LENTEN LECTURER—"SHE BEGAN TO READ IN A BEAUTIFUL VOICE OF GOLD AND HONEY."



"REALLY, YOU'D BE SURPRISED TO FIND OUT HOW INTERESTING THE DEAR LITTLE THINGS ARE—HOW LIKE OURSELVES, YOU KNOW, AND OUR OWN CHILDREN."

the student saw that she was an authority on German literature—for who would deny the authority of the encyclopedias?

"Why do you come?" he asked one of the adolescents.

"It is a privilege to help such a gifted creature in her career," replied the youth.

"Why do you come?" he asked a plump matron.

"I always try to improve my mind in Lent," she answered him.

Whereupon the student of the Lent Keeping Custom made various memoranda and went forth much enlightened in regard to the subject. In the course of time his investigations led him to the study of the woman whose strong point was sacrifice.

"I always keep Lent very strictly," she told him. "I give up any number of things."

"Why?" he asked her.

"I think it right," she replied succinctly. "I give up butter, but that scarcely counts, for I ought not to eat it, any way, it's so fattening. And I give up sugar—it's fattening, too. And I go to service twice

every day, and I have a lot of slum children up twice to tea. Did you speak of the woman next door? I don't know her. Poor thing, one can't know her; her husband got himself mixed up in some fraud, and no one knows where he is—hiding, I believe, for fear his firm would bring some sort of a suit against him if he came back. But I ought not to be talking of that, for I always give up gossiping in Lent. Where was I? Oh, yes! Where I invited the slum children to tea. Really, you'd be surprised to find out how interesting the dear little things are—how like ourselves, you know, and our own children. What's that? Wouldn't I find the woman next door interesting? Really, my dear Mr. Student, your views are very curious. Didn't I tell you that her husband was a defaulter or something?"

The woman who sacrifices paused to consider, while the student made a note to the effect that in Lent one may, with propriety and distinction, entertain the slums, but that the middle classes and the unfortunate of the upper classes are, as always, under the ban.

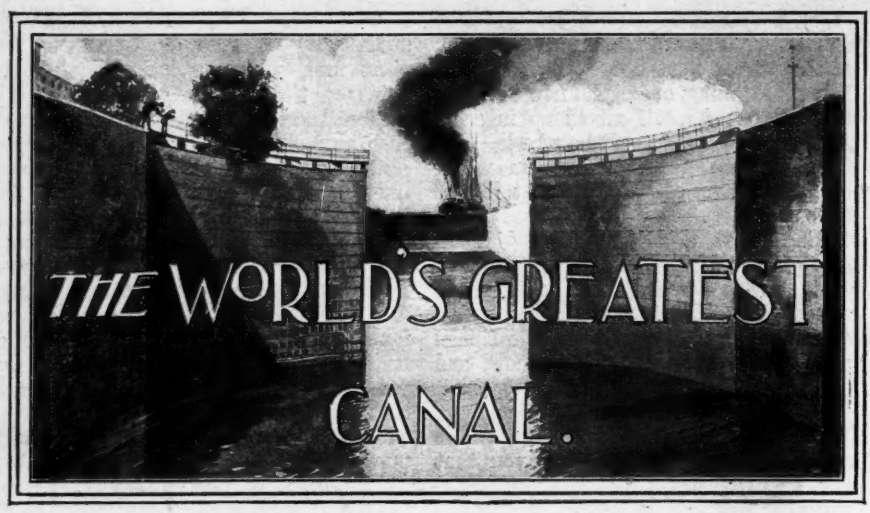
"Then I give up the theater," went on the sacrificial lady. "That is, I give up all the plays that I like. I go to see Ibsen or Shakspere or any one like that—any one that it is a sort of penance to see, you know, in these days when there are so many good things—Henry Arthur Jones, and Clyde Fitch, and all those. And I don't wear colors at all; gray and black and violet are all that I permit myself. Oh, yes, indeed! I keep Lent very strictly."

At first, when he had collected his notes on the Lent Keeping Custom, the student laughed, and then he frowned and then he sighed. He thought of them all—the hysterical ritualist, the cheap and light hearted seeker after mirth, the snobbish sewing class, and the club that called its revels by a high sounding name; the ignorant woman who found no dishonesty in selling her ignorance dearly, and the foolish women who found no ignominy in being cheated; the cold hearted formalist—all of them passed before his vision, and in contempt for them he nearly lost that philosophic calm in which alone can research be successfully pursued.

This touch of personal bitterness—as though it were an important matter to him that Miss Guinevere Ashburton Worthington was a fraud, and Miss Constantia Hopkinson a short sighted and nervous young woman—renders his conclusions less valuable than they would have been had he been calmer. And his summary on Lenten observances may be partly disregarded. It was as follows:

"The same vanity, ignorance, and unamiability that we have seen to characterize so many of the social customs of these people, prevail in their Lenten ceremonies. The due observance of the season seems at best a caprice of fashion, as some women wear the symbol of infinite sacrifice for a gaud and flash a jeweled cross among their laces."





BY WALDON FAWCETT.

THE "SOO," THE WATER GATEWAY OF THE NORTHWEST, AND ITS HUGE VOLUME OF COMMERCE, FAR EXCEEDING THE TONNAGE THAT TRAVERSES THE SUEZ CANAL OR THAT ENTERS THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

IN the old days of the fur trade, the "Soo," which is the colloquial name for Sault Ste. Marie, or Saint Mary's Falls, was the gateway through which pelts from the North and Northwest found their way to marts in the East. Now the wriggling ribbon of a river, narrowing at one point into the most wonderful ship canal in the world, is the portal through which comes the ammunition for the charging of the greater portion of the blast furnaces of America.

The ship canal is, after all, a surprise, not less in inherent characteristics than in the accomplishments which it has made possible. Almost a thousand miles from the nearest tidewater, there passes through this waterway, during the eight months which make up the navigation year, a tonnage far in excess of that which traverses the Suez Canal or enters the port of New York or London during the full twelvemonth.

It has ever been difficult, seemingly, for people remote from the chain of great lakes to appreciate the magnitude of the commerce of the waterways on our northern border. They have been told that upon these inland seas, holding more than a third of the fresh water on the globe, a fleet of more than four thousand steam and sail vessels is regularly in service. Governmental reports have shown that in the aggregate of tonnage the lake craft exceed the whole fleet on our Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf coasts. Finally, in the value of their yearly output the steel shipbuilders of the great lakes have frequently surpassed their brethren on the coasts. For all that, a realization of the magnitude of the inland water transportation interests of the United States has been of slow growth, and even more tardy has been the comprehension of the magnitude and value of the huge canal locks which enable vessels carrying cargoes of eight thousand tons to drop eighteen feet in half an hour.

In the distribution of the world's breadstuffs, the Sault Canal has also been a revolutionary factor. For the wheat growers and flour producers of our Western States the provision of the present facilities at the Sault may be said to have offset, in great measure, the injury which their interests sustained by the construction of the Suez Canal. The ditch that joins the Red Sea and the Mediterranean brought the wheat fields of India and Australia closer to European consumers, but the American canal so cheapened transportation that the granaries of the United

States continue to serve as the store houses from which a considerable portion of the civilized world draws its food supply.

How essential this connecting link between Lakes Huron and Superior might really become was emphasized during the Spanish American war with the circulation of a rumor of the existence of a Spanish plot to destroy the locks. Threatened at the very outset of a war with the possibility of a sudden stoppage of its supply of the material upon which it was dependent for arms and projectiles, as well as for the armor for its war vessels, the government hastened to increase the military guard at the Sault; and the crisis passed without anything to show whether or not it had been fraught with real danger.

The French unfurled the lily of the Bourbons at the Sault almost simultaneously with the establishment of Roger Williams' Rhode Island colony, and there is evidence to show that a recognition of the strategical value of this point where rapids made the navigation of St. Mary's River impossible dated almost from that hour. It was fully a century and a half later ere the fur traders constructed the first lock, capable of lifting a canoe nine feet; and this primitive structure served through many of the decades during which France, Britain, and the United States struggled for sovereignty in the West.

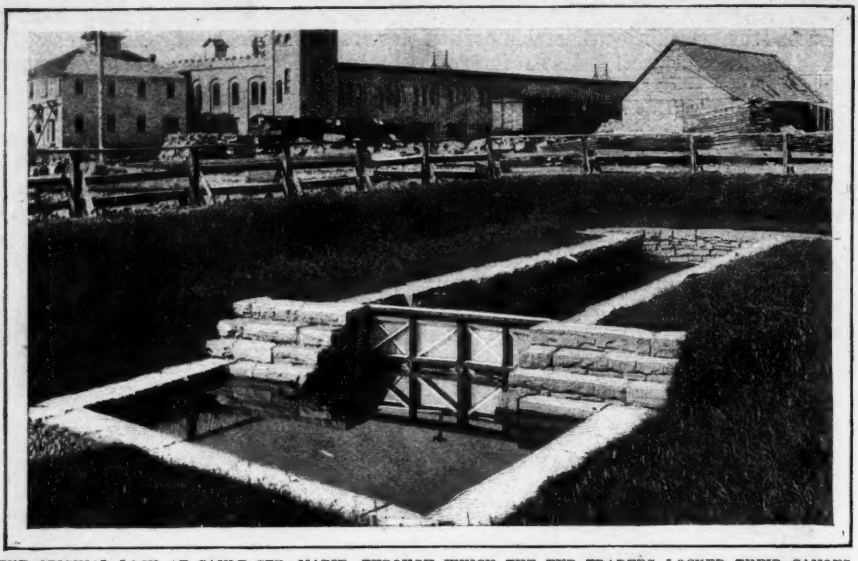
The history of the Sault Canal has been even fuller of incident, since it passed to State and eventually to governmental control, than in the days when the lockage facilities were dependent upon private enterprise. The attention of the people of Michigan was first publicly called to the importance of securing a ship canal around the rapids at Sault Ste. Marie less than three quarters of a century ago, and it was several years later when an appropriation for the purpose became available.

Congress was petitioned to make a grant of land to aid in the construction of the canal, and finally did apportion three quarters of a million acres for the purpose; but this concession was obtained only after sixteen years of constant agitation, during all of which time the rapidly increasing commerce of the great lakes was dependent upon the totally inadequate facilities afforded by plank and tram road transfers at the Sault. It is notable, too, that during the consideration of the matter in Congress, Henry Clay, one of the opponents of the scheme, declared it "a work beyond the remotest settlement of the United States."

How rapid was the growth of commerce to and from Lake Superior, even in the early days, may be imagined from the fact that although the original canal, as finally constructed about half a century ago, was nearly four times as large as had been



THE UNITED STATES SHIP CANAL AND LOCKS CONNECTING LAKE SUPERIOR AND LAKE HURON.
From a photograph by Bell, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

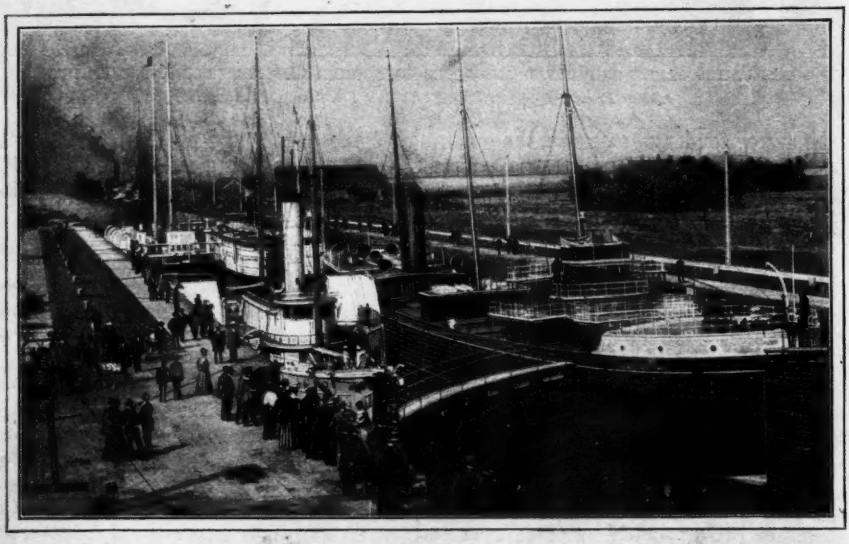


THE ORIGINAL LOCK AT SAULT STE. MARIE, THROUGH WHICH THE FUR TRADERS LOCKED THEIR CANOES, AND WHICH IS NOW PRESERVED AS A HISTORIC RELIC.

From a photograph by Dunlop, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

contemplated by its projectors a few years before, the work had been completed but a short time ere the necessity for an enlargement of both canal and locks was demonstrated. It was the prospect of frequent enlargement and reconstruction that led to the agitation looking to the transfer of the canal to the jurisdiction of the United States government. This was finally accomplished in 1870.

Governmental control has resulted in the construction of two magnificent locks—



THE FULL CAPACITY OF THE LARGEST LOCK AT THE SAULT (THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD), WITH FOUR LAKE STEAMERS LOCKING THROUGH SIMULTANEOUSLY.

From a photograph by Fanjoy, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

one of them the largest in the world—which are operated absolutely free of cost to the vessel interests. The smaller of the two cost two and a half million dollars, and is something more than five hundred feet in length by about one sixth as much in width. The larger lock, through which four of the largest steamers on the lakes can lock simultaneously, cost the government more than five million dollars. It is more than eight hundred feet in length, and has a breadth of one hundred feet.

Opposite to the American locks the Canadian government has constructed a handsome lock of dimensions almost equal to the larger of those controlled by the United States authorities. Its construction was undertaken at a time when the relations of the United States and Great Britain had been temporarily strained, and when there was forced upon Canadian interests a realization of the inconvenience which would result were the vessels of the Dominion debarred from using the American locks.

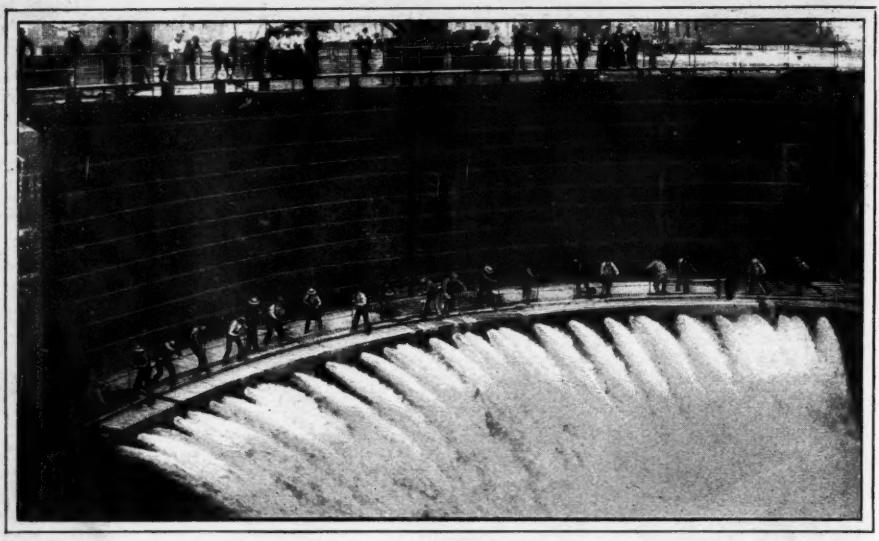
The increase in the commerce passing through the Sault Canal within the memory of many men now living is without a parallel in American industrial development. Two score years ago less than a thousand vessels of all kinds passed through the canal in a year. Now nineteen or twenty thousand vessels lock through the canals during the months of each year during which the great lakes are free from ice. Only ten years ago, hardly more than six million tons of freight were carried past the rapids each year; but such has been the development of the decade that the ships now take through more than four times that amount.



THE CANADIAN CANAL.

From a photograph by Dunlop, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

The construction of the great canal at the Sault has shared with the deepening of the channels the credit for the rapid reduction of transportation costs on the great lakes. The freight moved on the

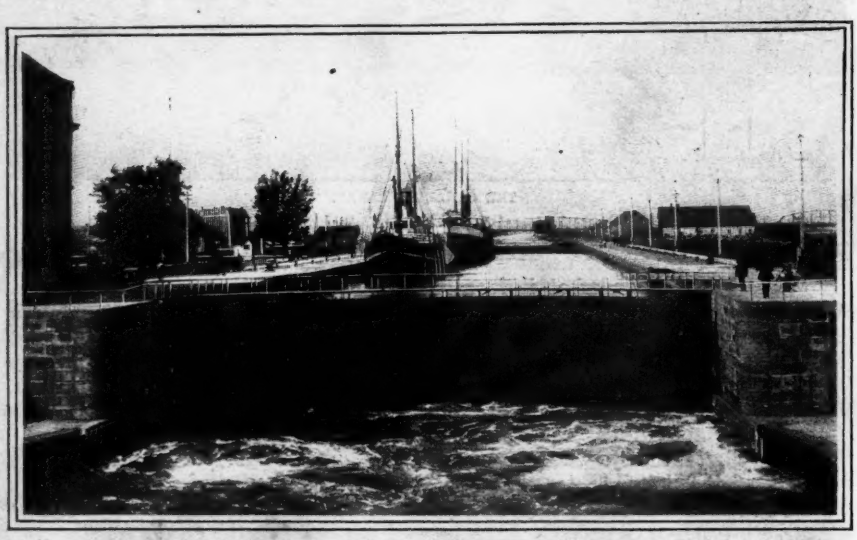


FILLING A LOCK AT THE SAULT.

From a photograph by Fanjoy, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

lakes last year was carried at the rate of about three quarters of a mill per ton for each mile transported. When it is stated that three mills per ton per mile is probably the lowest charge ever made by the railroads, the economy of the immense traffic yearly conducted on the lakes will be appreciated.

The fact that charges for transportation on America's inland seas are the lowest made for the carriage of freight anywhere in the world is of direct importance to every consumer of breadstuffs in the East and to every householder in the West who uses fuel. The freight carried annually through the narrow channel connecting Lakes Huron and Superior includes ten million dollars' worth of coal; thirty



EMPTYING A LOCK—VESSELS LOCKING THROUGH THE CANAL.

From a photograph by Fanjoy, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

five million dollars' worth of flour; fifty million dollars' worth of wheat; thirty million dollars' worth of copper; thirty five million dollars' worth of iron ore, and twelve million dollars' worth of lumber.

To transport this vast accumulation of exclusively American products—valued in the aggregate at almost $240,000,000—it costs only a little more than eight million dollars. All of the freight moved is carried on an average one thousand miles, and the vessels which transport it have cost between twenty five and thirty million dollars. And this vast commerce is almost solely in the hands of Americans, less than four per cent of the vessels engaged in it being owned in the Dominion of Canada.

From one hundred to one hundred and fifty vessels pass through the canal every day, and the serious consequences of a stoppage of the traffic were shown in the autumn of 1899, when one of the largest steamers on the lakes was sunk in St. Mary's River below the entrance to the canal. Traffic was suspended for only about five days, and yet vesselmen estimated that they had sustained a loss little short of a million dollars.

Wonderful as has been the history of the Sault Canal, it is far surpassed by the possibilities of the future. Lake commerce is passing through a transition. The exigencies of the excessive demand for iron ore have induced the Rockefellers, the Carnegies, and other great producing interests to buy mines and vessels. The vessels are increasing in size, too, with marvelous rapidity, and we have steamers quite the equal in size of the transatlantic liners of a few years ago. These vessels tow behind them one or two great barges, and thus one engine hauls down the lakes, at a speed of eleven miles per hour, enough iron ore to fill nearly thirty ordinary sized freight trains. For this service the vesselman receives—at the rates prevailing in the autumn of 1899—$40,000, and the expenses for operating the ship during the ten days required for a trip will not exceed $3,500; hence vesselmen may be believed when they say that a boat will pay for herself in a single season.



ONE OF THE GREAT LOCKS EMPTIED OF WATER.
From a photograph by Bell, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

The great cry of the shipping interests of the great lakes is for deeper channels, in order that larger ships may be constructed and greater cargoes carried. Already the government has spent millions of dollars in the work, and even greater expenditures are contemplated. Among the most desired improvements, however, is the further enlargement and deepening of the locks at the Sault, and probably this will be one of the first projects to receive attention.

THE ISLE OF UNREST.*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

On the death of Mattei Perucca, his estate in Corsica becomes the property of Denise Lange, the daughter of a French general who was killed at Solferino. The young heiress is living with her elderly cousin, Mlle. Brun, when she is apprised of her good fortune, and the two women decide to leave the Parisian convent where they are teaching, and go to Corsica, despite the warning of friends as to the unsettled condition of the island. On learning of their decision, Lory de Vasselot, a young Frenchman of Corsican parentage, makes up his mind also to go to this "isle of unrest," to look after his parental estates, which adjoin the Casa Perucca, but which, owing to the state of the country, have never proved profitable. When he reaches the de Vasselot homestead he is admitted by the attendant, after a suspicious scrutiny, and finds therein his father, whom he has believed to be dead, and who, owing to his fear of assassination at the hands of the Peruccas, with whom he has been at feud, has not moved out of doors for thirty years. When Denise and Mlle. Brun arrive in Corsica they are met by Colonel Gilbert, a French officer of engineers, who has already made them an offer to buy the Casa Perucca, and who now points out some of the disadvantages under which they will labor if they take up their residence there. The two Frenchwomen soon find evidences of their unpopularity, and once, while they are in the village of Olmeta, stones are thrown after them. Colonel Gilbert arrives in time to protect them, and escorts them back to the Casa Perucca. That day he asks Denise to be his wife and she refuses him. Colonel Gilbert is aware of Lory de Vasselot's presence in Corsica, and when news reaches him that war has broken out between France and Germany, he rides out to Vasselot and tells him, incidentally discovering that there is some one at the château whose presence Lory is anxious to conceal. The young count makes immediate preparations for departure, but first calls at the Casa Perucca to acquaint Denise and Mlle. Brun with the tidings. While there he entreats the young woman not to sell her estate, at the same time acknowledging that he can give no reason. When the subject of disposing of his own property is mentioned, he mystifies her somewhat by announcing that he himself cannot sell.

XIII (*Continued*).

AFTER a pause Lory explained further. "I tell you frankly," he said earnestly, for he was always either very earnest or very gay—"I tell you frankly, when we both received an offer to buy, I thought there must be some reason why the places are worth buying, but I have found none."

He paused, and, looking round, remembered that this also was his, and did not belong to Denise at all, who claimed it, and held it with such a high hand.

"As Corsica at present stands, Perucca and Vasselot are valueless, mademoiselle. I claim the honor of being in the same boat with you. And if the empire falls —*bonjour la paix!*"

And he sketched a grand upheaval with a wave of his two hands in the air.

"But why should the empire fall?" asked Denise sharply.

"Ah, but I have the head of a sparrow!" cried Lory, and he smote himself grievously on the forehead. "I forget to tell you the very thing that I came to tell you. Which is odd, for until I came into this garden I could think of nothing else. I was ready to shout it to the trees. War has been declared, mademoiselle."

"War!" said Denise; and she drew in one whistling breath through her teeth, as one may who has been burned by contact with heated metal, and sat looking straight in front of her. "When do you go, *M. le comte?*" she asked, in a steady voice, after a moment.

"Tonight."

He rose, and stood before her, looking at the tangled garden with a frown.

"Ah!" he said, with a sudden laugh, "if the emperor had only consulted me, he would not have done it just yet. I want to go, of course, for I am a soldier. But I do not want to go now. I should have liked to have seen things more settled, here in Olmeta. If the empire falls, mademoiselle, you must return to France; remember that. I should have liked to have offered you my poor assistance; but I cannot—I must go. There are others, however. There is Mlle. Brun, with a man's heart in that little body. And there is the Abbé Susini. Yes; you can trust him as you can trust a little English fighting terrier. Tell him—— No; I will tell

Copyright, 1899, by H. S. Scott.—This story began in the December number of Munsey's Magazine.

him. He is a Vasselot, mademoiselle, but I shall make him a Perucca."

He held out his hand gaily to say good by.

"And—stay! Will you write to me if you want me, mademoiselle? I may be able to get to you."

Denise did not answer for a moment. Then she looked him straight in the eyes, as was her wont with men and women alike.

"Yes," she said.

A few minutes later Mlle. Brun came into the garden. She looked around, but saw no one. Approaching the spot where she had left Denise, she found the basket with a few beans in it, and Denise's gloves lying there. She knew that Lory had gone, but still she could see Denise nowhere. There were a hundred places in the garden where any who did not wish to be discovered could find concealment.

Mlle. Brun took up the basket and continued to pick the French beans.

"My poor child! my poor child!" she muttered twice, with a hard face.

XIV.

Cupid is a casuist,
A mystic, and a cabalist.
Can your lurking thought surprise,
And interpret your device?

THAT which has been taken by the sword must be held by the sword. In Corsica the blade is sheathed, but it has never yet been laid aside. The quick events of July thrust this sheathed weapon into the hand of Colonel Gilbert, who, as he himself had predicted, was left behind in the general exodus.

"If you are placed in command at Bastia, how many or how few men will suffice?" asked the civil authority, who was laid on the shelf by the outbreak of war.

And Colonel Gilbert named what appeared to be an absurd minimum.

"We must think of every event; things may go badly, the fortune of war may turn against us."

"Still, I can do it," answered the colonel.

"The empire may fall, and then Corsica will blaze up like tow."

"Still, I can do it," repeated the colonel.

It is the natural instinct of man to strike while his blood is up, and the national spirit on either side of the Rhine was all for immediate action. The leaders themselves were anxious to begin, so that they might finish before the winter. So the preparations were pushed forward in Germany with a methodical haste, a sane and deliberate foresight. In France it was more a question of sentiment—the invincibility of French arms, the heroism of French soldiers, the Napoleonic legend. But while these abstract aids to warfare may make a good individual soldier of that untidy little man in the red trousers, who has, in his time, overrun all Europe, it will not move great armies or organize a successful campaign. For the French soldier must have some one to fight for—some one towering man in whom he trusts, who can turn to good account some of the best fighting material the human race has yet produced. And Napoleon III was not such a man.

It is almost certain that he counted on receiving assistance from Austria or Italy, and when this was withheld, the disease stricken, suffering man must assuredly have realized that his star was sinking. He had made the mistake of putting off this great war too long. He should have fought it years earlier, before the Prussians had made sure of those steady, grumbling Bavarians, who bore the brunt of all the fighting, before his own hand was faltering at the helm, and the face of God was turned away from the Napoleonic dynasty.

The emperor was no tactician, but he knew the human heart. He knew that at any cost France must lead off with a victory, not only for the sake of the little man in the red trousers, but to impress watching Europe, and perhaps snatch an ally from among the hesitating powers. And the result was Saarbrück. The news of it filtered through to Colonel Gilbert, who was now quartered in the gray, picturesque Watrin barracks at Bastia, which jut out between the old harbor and the plain of Biguglia. The colonel did not believe half of it. It is always safe to subtract from good news. But he sat down at once and wrote to Denise Lange. He had not seen her, had not communicated with her, since he had asked her to marry him and she had refused. He was old enough to be her father. He had asked her to marry him because she would not sell Perucca, and he wanted that estate; which was not the right

motive, but it is the usual one with men who are past the foolishness of youth—that foolishness which is better than all the wisdom of the ages.

From having had nothing to do, Colonel Gilbert found himself thrown into a whirl of work, or what would have been a whirl with a man less calm and placid. Very much at ease, in white linen clothes, he sat in his room in the bastion, and transacted the affairs of his command with a leisurely good nature which showed his complete grasp of the situation.

With regard to Denise, this middle aged, cynical Frenchman grasped the situation also. He was slowly and surely falling in love with her. And she herself had given him the first push down that facile descent when she had refused to be his wife.

"Mademoiselle," he wrote, "to quarrel is, I suppose, in the air of Corsica, and when we parted at your gate some time ago, I am afraid I left you harboring a feeling of resentment against me. At this time, and in the adverse days that I foresee must inevitably be in store for France, none can afford to part with friends who by any means can preserve them. In our respective positions, you and I must rise above small differences of opinion; and I place myself unreservedly at your service. I write to tell you that I have this morning good news from France. We have won a small victory at Saarbrück. So far, so good. But, in case of a reverse, there is only too much reason to fear that internal disturbance will arise in France, and consequently in this unfortunate island. It is, therefore, my duty to urge upon you the necessity of quitting Perucca without delay. If you will not consent to leave the island, come at all events into Bastia, where, at a few minutes' notice, I shall be able to place you in a position of safety. I trust I am not one who is given to exaggerating danger. Ask Mlle. Brun, who has known me since, as a young man, I had the privilege of serving under your father, a general who had the gift of drawing out from those about him such few soldierly qualities as they might possess."

Denise received this letter by post the next morning, and, after reading it twice, handed it to Mlle. Brun, who was much too wise a woman to ask for an explanation of those parts of it which she did not comprehend. Indeed, she was man-like enough to pass on with an unimpaired understanding to the second part of the letter, whereas most women would have been so consumed by curiosity as to be unable to give more than half their mind to the colonel's further news.

"And——?" inquired mademoiselle—a Frenchwoman's way of asking a thousand questions in one. Mlle. Brun knew all the conversational tricks that serve to economize words.

"It is all based upon supposition," said the erstwhile mathematical instructress of the school in the Rue du Cherche-Midi. "It will be time enough to arrive at a decision when the reverse comes. The Count de Vasselot or the Abbé Susini will, no doubt, warn us in time."

"Ah!" said Mlle. Brun.

"But, if you like, I will write to the Count de Vasselot," said Denise, in the voice of one making a concession.

Mlle. Brun thought deeply before replying. It is so easy to take a wrong turning at the crossroads of life, and assuredly Denise stood at a *carrefour* now.

"Yes," said mademoiselle at length; "it would be well to do that."

And Denise went away to write the letter that Lory had asked for in case she wanted him. She did not show it to Mlle. Brun, but went out and posted it herself in the little square box, painted white, affixed to the white wall on the highroad, and just within sight of Olmeta. When she returned she went into the garden again, where she spent so great a part of these hot days that her face was burned to a healthy brown, which was in keeping with her fearless eyes and carriage. Mlle. Brun, on the other hand, spent most of her days indoors, divining perhaps that Denise had of late fallen into an unconscious love of solitude.

Denise returned to the house at luncheon time, entered by the window, and caught Mlle. Brun hastily shutting an atlas.

"I was wondering," she said, "where Saarbrück might be, and whether any one we know had time to get there before the battle."

"Yes?"

"But Colonel Gilbert will tell us."

"Colonel Gilbert?" inquired Denise, turning rather sharply.

"Yes. I think he will come today or tomorrow."

And Mlle. Brun was right. In the full heat of the afternoon the great bell at the gate gave forth a single summons; for the colonel was always gentle in his ways.

"I made an opportunity," he said, "to escape from the barracks this hot day."

But he looked cool enough, and greeted Denise with his usual leisurely, friendly bow. His manner conveyed, better than any words, that she need feel no uneasiness on his account, and could treat him literally at his word, as a friend.

"In order to tell you, with all reserve, the good news," he continued.

"With all reserve!" echoed Mlle. Brun.

"Good news in a French newspaper, mademoiselle——" And he finished with a gesture eloquent of the deepest distrust.

"I was wondering," said Mlle. Brun, speaking slowly, and in a manner that demanded for the time the colonel's undivided attention, "whether our friend the Count de Vasselot could have been at Saarbrück."

"The Count de Vasselot?" said Colonel Gilbert, with an air of friendly surprise. "Has he quitted his beloved château? He is so attached to that old house, you know."

"He has joined his regiment," replied Mlle. Brun, upon whom the burden of the conversation fell; for Denise had gone to the open window, and was closing the shutters against the sun.

"Ah! Then I can tell you that he was not at Saarbrück. The count's regiment is not in that part of the country. I was forgetting that he was a soldier. He is, by the way, your nearest neighbor."

The colonel rose as he spoke, and went to the window—not to that where Denise was standing, but to the other, of which the sun blinds were only half closed.

"You can, of course, see the château from here?" he said musingly.

"Yes," answered Mlle. Brun, with an uneasy glance.

What was Colonel Gilbert going to say?

He stood for a moment looking down into the valley, while Denise and Mlle. Brun waited.

"And you have perceived nothing that would seem to confirm the gossip current regarding your—enemy?" he asked, with a good natured, deprecatory laugh.

"What gossip?" asked mademoiselle bluntly.

The colonel shrugged his shoulders without looking round.

"Oh," he answered, "one does not believe all one hears! Besides, there are many who think that in such a remote spot as Corsica, it is not necessary to observe the ordinary—what shall I say?—etiquette of society."

He laughed uneasily, and spread out his hands as if, for his part, he would rather dismiss the subject. But Mlle. Brun could be frankly feminine at times.

"What is the gossip to which you refer?" she asked again.

"Oh, I do not believe a word of it—though I, myself, have seen. Well, mademoiselle—you will excuse my frankness?—they say there is some one in the château—some one whom the count wishes to conceal, you understand?"

"Ah!" said mademoiselle indifferently.

Denise said nothing. She was looking out of the window with a face as hard as the face of Mlle. Brun. She looked at her watch, seemed to make a quick mental calculation, and then turned and spoke to Colonel Gilbert with steady, smiling eyes.

"You have not told us your war news yet," she said.

So he told them what he knew, which, as a matter of fact, did not amount to much. Then he took his leave, and rode home in the cool of the evening—a solitary, brooding man, who had missed his way somehow early on the road of life, and lacked perhaps the strength of mind to go back and try again.

Denise said good by to him in the same friendly spirit which he had inaugurated. She was standing with her back to the window from which she had looked down on to the château of Vasselot while Colonel Gilbert related his idle gossip respecting that house. And Mlle. Brun, who remembered such trifles, noted that she never looked out of that window again, but avoided it as one would avoid a cupboard where there is a skeleton.

Denise, who consulted her watch again as soon as the colonel had left, wrote another letter, which she addressed in an open envelope to the postmaster at Marseilles, and inclosed a number of stamps. She went out on to the highroad, and waited there in the shade of the trees for the diligence, which would pass at four o'clock on its way to Bastia.

The driver of the diligence, like many

who are on the road and have but a passing glimpse of many men and many things, was a good natured man, and willingly charged himself with Denise's commission. For that which she had inclosed was not a letter, but a telegram to be despatched from Marseilles on the arrival of the mail steamer there. It was addressed to Lory de Vasselot at the Cercle Militaire in Paris, and contained the words:

"Please return unopened the letter posted today."

XV.

"When half gods go,
The gods arrive."

"THEN," said the Baroness de Mélide, "I shall go down to St. Germain en Pré, and say my prayers." And she rang the bell for her carriage.

On all great occasions in life, the Baroness de Mélide had taken her overburdened heart in a carriage and pair to St. Germain en Pré. For she had always had a carriage and pair for the mere ringing of a bell ever since her girlhood, when the Baron de Mélide had, with much assistance from her, laid his name and fortune at her feet. When she had helped him to ask her to be his wife, she had ordered the carriage thus, as she was ordering it now in the month of August, 1870, on being told by her husband that the battle of Wörth had been fought and lost, and that Lory de Vasselot was safe.

"The Madeleine is nearer," suggested the baron, a large man, with a vacant face which concealed a very mine of common sense, "and you could give me a lift as far as the club."

"The Madeleine is all very well for a wedding or a funeral or a great public festivity of any sort," said the baroness, with a harmless, light manner of talking of grave subjects which is a closed book to the ordinary stolid British mind; "but when one has a prayer, there is nowhere like St. Germain en Pré, which is old and simple and dirty, so that one feels like a poor woman. I shall put on an old dress."

She looked at her husband with a capable nod, as if to convey the comforting assurance that he could leave this matter entirely to her.

"Yes," said the baron; "do as you will."

Which permission the world was pleased to consider superfluous in the present marital case.

"It is," he said, "the occasion for a prayer; and say a word for France. And Lory is safe—one of very, very few survivors. Remember that in your prayers, *ma mie*, and remember me."

"I will see about it," answered the baroness. "If I have time, I will perhaps put in a word for one who is assuredly a great stupid—no name mentioned, you understand."

So the Baroness de Mélide went to the gloomy old church of her choice, and sent up an incoherent prayer, such as were arising from all over France at this time.

On returning by the Boulevard St. Germain, she met a friend, a woman whose husband had fallen at Weissembourg, who gave her more news from the front. The streets were crowded and yet idle. The men stood apart in groups, talking in a low voice; the women stood apart and watched them—for it is only in times of peace that the women manage France.

The baroness went home nervous, ill at ease. She hardly noticed that the door was held open by a maid servant. The men had all gone out for news—some to enroll themselves in the national guard. She went up to the drawingroom, and there, seated at her writing table, with his back turned towards her, was Lory de Vasselot. All the brightness had gone from his uniform. He turned as she entered the room.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she said. "What is it?"

"What is what?" he answered gravely.

"Why, your face," said the baroness. "Look—look at it!" She took him by the arm, and turned him towards a mirror half hidden in hothouse flowers. "Look!" she cried again. "*Mon Dieu!* It is a tragedy, your face. What is it?"

Lory shrugged his shoulders.

"I was at Wörth," he explained, "two days ago. I suppose Wörth will be written for life in the face of every Frenchman who was there. They were three to one. They are three to one wherever we turn."

He sat down again at the writing table, and the baroness stood behind him.

"And this is war," she said, tapping slowly on the carpet with her foot.

She laid her hand on his shoulder, and,

noting a quick movement of withdrawal, glanced down.

"*Ach!*" she exclaimed in a whisper, as she drew back.

The shoulder and sleeve of his tunic were stained a deep brown. The gold lace was green in places and sticky. In an odd silence she unbuttoned her glove, and laid it quietly aside.

"It seems, *mon ami*, that we have only been playing at life up to now," she said, after a pause.

And Lory did not answer her. He had several letters lying before him, and had taken up his pen again.

"What brings you to Paris?" asked the baroness suddenly.

"The emperor," he answered. "It is a queer story, and I can tell you part of it. After Wörth I was given a staff appointment—and why? Because my occupation was gone; I had no men left." With a quick gesture he described the utter annihilation of his troop. "And I was sent into Metz with despatches. While I was still there—judge of my surprise!—the emperor sent for me. You know him. He was sitting at a table, and looked a big man. Afterwards, when he stood up, I saw he was small. He bowed as I entered the room—for he is polite even to the meanest private of a line regiment—and as he bowed he winced. Even that movement gave him pain. And then he smiled, with an effort. 'M. de Vasselot?' he said; and I bowed. 'A Corsican,' he went on. 'Yes, sire.' Then he took up a pen and examined it. He wanted something to look at, though he might safely have looked at me. He could look any man in the face at any time, for his eyes tell no tales. They are dull and veiled; you know them, for you have spoken to him often."

"Yes; and I have seen the great snake at the Jardin d'Acclimatation," answered the Baroness de Mélide quietly.

"Then," continued Lory, "still looking at the pen, he spoke slowly, as if he had thought it all out before I entered the room. 'When my uncle fell upon evil times he naturally turned to his fellow countrymen.' 'Yes, sire.' 'I do not know you, M. de Vasselot, but I know your name. I am going to trust you entirely. I want you to go to Paris for me.'"

"And that is all you are going to tell me?" said the baroness.

"That is all I can tell you. Whatever he may be, he is more than a brave man—he is a stoic. I arrived an hour ago, and went to the club for my letters, but I did not dare to go in, because it is evident that I am from the front. Look at my clothes. That is why I come here and present myself before you as I am. I must beg your hospitality for a few hours, and the run of your writing table."

The baroness nodded her head repeatedly as she looked at him. It was not only from his gold laced uniform that the brightness had gone, but from himself. His manner was abrupt. He was almost stern. This, again, was war.

"You know that now, as always, our house is yours," she said quietly; for it is not all light hearts that have nothing in them.

Then, being a practical Frenchwoman—and there is no more practical being in the world—she rang for luncheon.

"One sees," she said, "that you are hungry. One must eat, though empires fall."

"Ah!" said Lory, turning sharply to look at her. "You talk like that in Paris, do you?"

"In the streets, my cousin, they speak plainer language than that. But Henri will tell you what they are saying on the pavement. I have sent for him to the club to come home to luncheon. He forgives me much, that poor man, but he would never forgive me if I did not tell him that you were in Paris."

"Thank you," answered Lory. "I shall be glad to see him. There are things which he ought to know, which I cannot tell you."

"You think I am not discreet," said the baroness, slowly drawing the pins from her smart hat.

Lory looked up at her with a laugh, which was perhaps what she wanted, for there is no cunning like the cunning of a woman who seeks to charm a man from one humor to another. And when the baroness had first seen Lory, she thought that his heart was broken—by Wörth.

"You are beautiful, but not discreet," he answered.

"That is the worst of men," she said reflectively, as she laid her hat aside—"they always want an impossible combination."

She looked back at him over her shoulder and laughed, for she saw that she was gaining her point. The quiet of this luxurious house, her own personality, the subtle domesticity of her action in taking off her hat in his presence—all these were soothing a mind rasped and torn by battle and defeat. But there was something yet which she had not grasped, and she knew it. She glanced at the letters on the table before him. As if the thought were transmitted across the room to him, Lory took up an open telegram, and read it with a puzzled face. He half turned towards her as if about to speak, but closed his lips again.

"Yes," said the baroness lightly. "What is it?"

"It is," he explained, after a pause, "that I have had so little to do with women."

"Except me, *mon cousin*," said the baroness, coming nearer to the writing table.

"Except you, *ma cousine*," he answered, turning in his chair and taking her hand.

He glanced up at her with eyes that would appear to the ordinary British mind to express a passionate devotion, eminently French and thrilling and terrible, but which really reflected only a very honest and brotherly affection. For a Frenchman never hates or loves as much as he thinks he does.

"Well," said the baroness practically, "what is it?"

"At the club," explained Lory, "I found a letter and a telegram from Corsica."

"Both from Denise?" asked the baroness, rather bluntly.

"Both from Mlle. Lange. See how things hinge upon a trifling chance—how much, we cannot tell! I happened to open the telegram first, and it told me to return the letter unopened."

As he spoke he handed her the gray sheet upon which were pasted the narrow blue paper ribbons bearing the text. The baroness read the message slowly and carefully. She glanced over the paper, down at his head, with a little wise smile full of contempt for his limited male understanding.

"And the letter?" she inquired.

He showed her a sealed envelope addressed by himself to Denise at Perucca. She took it up and turned it over slowly. It was stamped and ready for the post. She then threw it down with a short laugh.

"I was thinking," she explained, "of the difference between men and women. A woman would have filled a cup with boiling water and laid that letter upon it. It is quite easy. Why, we were taught it at the convent school! You could have opened the letter and read it, and then closed it again and returned it. By that simple subterfuge you would have known the contents, and would still have had the credit for doing as you were told. And I think three women out of five would have done it, and the whole five would have wanted to do it. Ah, you may laugh! You do not know what wretches we are compared to men—compared especially to some few of them; to a Baron Henri de Mélide or a Count de Vasselot—who are honorable men, my cousin."

She touched him lightly on the shoulder with one finger, and then turned away to look with thoughtful eyes out of the window.

"I wonder what is in that letter," said Lory, returning to his pen.

The baroness turned on her heel and looked at him with her contemptuous smile again.

"Oh," she said carelessly, "she was probably in a difficulty, which solved itself after the letter was posted. Or she was afraid of something, and found that her fears were unnecessary. That is all, no doubt."

There is, it appears, an *esprit de sexe* which prevents women from giving each other away.

"So you merely placed the letter in an envelope and are returning it, thus without comment?" inquired the baroness.

"Yes," answered Lory, who was writing a letter now.

And his cousin stood looking at him with an amused and yet tender smile in her gay eyes. She remained silent until he had finished.

"There," he said, taking an envelope and addressing it hurriedly, "that is done. It is to the Abbé Susini at Olmeta; and it contains some of those things, my cousin, that I cannot tell you."

"Do you think I care," said the baroness, "for your stupid politics? Do you think any woman cares for politics who has found some stupid man to care for

her? There is *my* stupid in the street—on his new horse."

In a moment Lory was at the window.

"A new horse," he said earnestly. "I did not know that. Why did you not tell me?"

"We were talking of empires," replied the baroness. "By the way," she added, in afterthought, "is our good friend Colonel Gilbert in Corsica?"

"Yes—he is at Bastia."

"Ah," said the baroness, looking reflectively at Denise's telegram, which she still held in her hand, "I thought he was."

Then that placid man, the Baron Henri de Mélide, came into the room, and shook hands in the then novel English fashion, looking at his lifelong friend with a dull and apathetic eye.

"From the frontier?" he inquired.

Lory laughed curtly. He had returned from that Last Frontier, where each one of us shall inevitably be asked "*Si monsieur a quelque chose à déclarer?*"

"I shall give you ten minutes for your secrets, and then luncheon will be ready," said the baroness, quitting the room.

And Lory told his friend those things which were not for a woman's hearing.

At luncheon both men were suspiciously cheerful; and, doubtless, their companion read them like open books. Immediately after coffee Lory took his leave.

"I leave Paris tonight," he said, with his old cheerfulness. "This war is not over yet. We have not the shadow of a chance of winning, but we shall perhaps be able to show the world that France can still fight."

Which prophecy assuredly came true.

XVI.

"Tous les raisonnements des hommes ne valent pas un sentiment d'une femme."

It would seem that Lory de Vasselot had played the part of a stormy petrel when he visited Paris, for that calm Frenchman, the Baron de Mélide, packed his wife off to Provençe the same night, and the letter that Lory wrote to the Abbé Susini, reaching Olmeta three days later, aroused its recipient from a contemplative perusal of the *Petit Bastiais* as if it had been a bombshell.

The *abbé* threw aside his newspaper and cigarette. He was essentially a man of action. He had been on his feet all day, hurrying hither and thither over his widespread parish, interfering in this man's business and that woman's quarrels with that hastiness which usually characterizes the doings of such as pride themselves upon their capability for action and contempt for mere passive thought. It was now evening, and a blessed cool air was stealing down from the mountains. Successive days of unbroken sunshine had burned all the western side of the island, had almost dried up the Aliso, which crept, a mere rivulet in its stormy bed, towards St. Florent and the sea.

Susini went to the window of his little room and opened the wooden shutters. His house is next to the church at Olmeta and faces northwest; so that in the summer the evening sun glares across the valley into its windows. He was no great scholar, and had but a poor record in the archives of the college at Corte. Lory de Vasselot had written in a hurry, and the letter was a long one. Susini read it once, and was turning it to read again, when, glancing out of the window, he saw Denise cross the Place, and go into the church.

"Ah," he said aloud, "that will save me a long walk!"

Then he read the letter again, with curt nods of the head from time to time, as if Lory were making points or giving minute instructions. He folded the letter, placed it in the pocket of his cassock, and gave himself a smart tap on the chest, as if to indicate that this was the moment and himself the man. He was brisk and full of self confidence, managing, interfering, commanding, as all true Corsicans are. He took his hat, hardly paused to blow the dust off it, and hurried out into the sunlit Place. He went rather slowly up the church steps, however, for he was afraid of Denise. Her youth, and something springlike and mystic in her being, disturbed him, made him uneasy and shy; which was perhaps his reason for drawing aside the heavy leather curtain and going into the church, instead of waiting for her outside. He preferred to meet her on his own ground—in the chill air, heavy with the odor of stale incense, and in the dim light of that place where he laid down, in blunt language, his own dim reading of God's law.

He stood just within the curtain, looking at Denise, who was praying on one of

the low chairs a few yards away from him; and he was betrayed into a characteristic impatience when she remained longer on her knees than he (as a man) deemed necessary at that moment. He showed his impatience by shuffling with his feet, and still Denise took no notice.

The *abbé*, by chance or instinct, slipped his hand within his cassock, and drew out the letter which he had just received. The rustle of the thin paper brought Denise to her feet in a moment, facing him.

"The French mail has arrived," said the priest.

"Yes," replied Denise quickly, looking down at his hands.

They were alone in the church, which, as a matter of fact, was never very well attended; and the *abbé*, who had not that respect for God or man which finds expression in a lowered voice, spoke in his natural tones.

"And I have news which affects you, mademoiselle."

"I suppose that any news of France must do that," replied Denise, with some spirit.

"Of course—of course," said the *abbé*, rubbing his chin with his forefinger, and making a rasping sound on that shaven surface.

He reflected in silence for a moment, and Denise made, in her turn, a hasty movement of impatience. She had met the *abbé* only once or twice; and all that she knew of him was the fact that he had an imperious way with him which aroused a spirit of opposition in herself.

"Well, *M. l'abbé*," she said, "what is it?"

"It is that Mlle. Brun and yourself will have but two hours to prepare for your departure from the Casa Perucca," he answered. And he drew out a large silver watch, which he consulted with the quiet air of a commander.

Denise glanced at him with some surprise, and then smiled.

"By whose orders, *M. l'abbé?*" she inquired with a dangerous gentleness.

Then the priest realized that she meant fight, and all his combativeness leaped, as it were, to meet hers. His eyes flashed in the gloom of the twilit church.

"I, mademoiselle," he said, with that humility which is naught but an aggravated form of pride. He tapped himself on the chest with such emphasis that a cloud of dust flew out of his cassock, and he blew defiance at her through it. "I, who speak, take the liberty of making this suggestion. I, the Abbé Susini—and your humble servant."

Which was not true: for he was no man's servant, and only offered to heaven a half defiant allegiance. Denise wanted to know the contents of the letter he held crushed within his fingers; so she restrained an impulse to answer him hastily, and merely laughed. The priest thought that he had gained his point.

"I can give you two hours," he said, "in which to make your preparations. At seven o'clock I shall arrive at the Casa Perucca with a carriage, in which to conduct Mlle. Brun and yourself to St. Florent, where a yacht is awaiting you."

Denise bit her lip impatiently, and watched the thin brown fingers that were clenched round the letter.

"Then what is your news from France?" she asked. "From whence is your letter—from the front?"

"It is from Paris," answered the *abbé*, unfolding the paper carelessly; and Denise would not have been human had she resisted the temptation to try to decipher it.

"And——"

"And," continued the *abbé*, shrugging his shoulders, "I have nothing to add, mademoiselle. You must quit Perucca before the morning. The news is bad, I tell you frankly. The empire is tottering to its fall, and the news that I have in secret will be known all over Corsica tomorrow. Who knows? The island may flare up like a heap of bracken, and no one bearing a French name, or known to have French sympathies, will be safe. You know how you yourself are regarded in Olmeta. It is foolhardy to venture here this evening."

Denise shrugged her shoulders. She had plenty of spirit, and, at all events, that courage which refuses to admit the existence of danger. Perhaps she was not thinking of danger, or of herself, at all.

"Then the Count Lory de Vasselot has ordered us out of Corsica?" she asked.

"Mademoiselle, we are wasting time," answered the priest, folding the letter and replacing it in his pocket. "A yacht is awaiting you off St. Florent. All is organized——"

"By the Count Lory de Vasselot?"

The *abbé* stamped his foot impatiently.

"*Bon Dieu*, mademoiselle!" he cried, "you will make me lose my temper. The yacht, I tell you, is at the entrance of the bay, and by tomorrow morning it will be half way to France. You cannot stay here. You must make your choice between returning to France and going into the Watrin barracks at Bastia. Colonel Gilbert will, I fancy, know how to make you obey him. And all Corsica is in the hands of Colonel Gilbert—though no one but Colonel Gilbert knows that."

He spoke rapidly, thrusting forward his dark, eager face, forgetting all his shyness, glaring defiance into her quiet eyes.

"There, mademoiselle—and now your answer?"

"Would it not be well if the Count Lory de Vasselot attended to his own affairs at the Château de Vasselot, and the interests he has there?" replied Denise, turning away from his persistent eyes.

And the *abbé's* face dropped as if she had shot him.

"Good!" he said, after a moment's hesitation. "I wash my hands of you. You refuse to go?"

"Yes," answered Denise, going towards the door with a high head, and, it is possible, an aching heart. For the two often go together.

And the *abbé*, a man little given to the concealment of his feelings, shook his fist at the leather curtain as it fell into place behind her.

"Ah, these women!" he said aloud. "A secret that is thirty years old!"

Denise hurried down the steps and away from the village. She knew that the postman, having passed through Olmeta, must now be on the highroad on his way to Perucca, and she felt sure that he must have in his bag the letter of which she had followed, in imagination, the progress during the last three days.

"Now it is in the train from Paris to Marseilles; now it is on board the Persévérance, steaming across the Gulf of Lyons," had been her thought night and morning. "Now it is at Bastia," she had imagined on waking at dawn that day. And at length she had it now, in thought, close to her on the Olmeta road in front of her.

At a turn of the road she caught sight of the postman trudging along beneath the heavy chestnut trees. Then at length she overtook him, and he stopped to open the bag slung across his shoulder. He was a silent man, who saluted her awkwardly, and handed her several letters and a newspaper. With another salutation he walked on, leaving Denise standing by the low wall of the road alone. There was only one letter for her. She turned it over and examined the seal: a bare sword with a gay French motto beneath it—the device of the Vasselots.

She opened the envelope after a long pause. It contained nothing but her own travel stained letter, of which the seal had not been broken. And, as she thoughtfully examined both envelopes, there glistened in her eyes that light which it is vouchsafed to few men to see, and which is the nearest approach to the light of heaven that ever illumines this poor earth. For love has, among others, this peculiarity: that it may live in the same heart with a great anger, and seems to gain only strength from the proximity.

Denise replaced the two letters in her pocket and walked on. A carriage passed her, and she received a curt bow and salutation from the Abbé Susini, who was in it. The carriage turned to the right at the crossroads, and rattled down the hill in the direction of Vasselot. Denise's head went an inch higher at the sight of it.

"I met the Abbé Susini at Olmeta," she said to Mlle. Brun, a few minutes later, in the great bare drawingroom of the Casa Perucca. "And he transmitted the Count de Vasselot's command that we should leave the Casa Perucca tonight for France. I suggested that the order should be given to the Château de Vasselot instead of the Casa Perucca, and the *abbé* took me at my word. He has gone to the Château de Vasselot now in a carriage."

Mlle. Brun, who was busy with her work near the window, laid aside her needle and looked at Denise. She had a faculty of instantly going, as it were, to the essential part of a question and tearing the heart out of it: which faculty is, with all respect, more a masculine than a feminine quality. She ignored the side issues and pounced, as it were, upon the central thread—the reason that Lory de Vasselot had had for sending such an order. She rose and tore open the newspaper, glanced at the war news, and laid it aside. Then she opened a letter ad-

dressed to herself. It was on superlatively thick paper and bore a coronet in one corner.

MY DEAR:
This much I have learned from two men who will tell me nothing—France is lost. The Holy Virgin help us! Your devoted
JANE DE MÉLIDE.

Mlle. Brun turned away to the window, and stood there with her back to Denise for some moments. At length she came back, and the girl saw something in the gray and wizened face which stirred her heart, she knew not why; for all great thoughts and high qualities have power to illumine the humblest countenance.

"You may stay here if you like," said Mlle. Brun, "but I am going back to France tonight."

"What do you mean?"

For reply Mlle. Brun handed her the Baroness de Mélide's letter.

"Yes," said Denise, when she had read the note. "But I do not understand."

"No. Because you never knew your father—the bravest man God ever created. But some other man will teach you some day."

"Teach me what?" asked Denise, looking with wonder at the little woman. "Of what are you thinking?"

"Of that of which Lory de Vasselot and Henri de Mélide and Jane and all good Frenchmen and Frenchwomen are thinking at this moment—of France, and only France," said Mlle. Brun; and out of her mouse-like eyes there shone, at that moment, the soul of a man—and of a brave man.

Her lips quivered for a moment, before she shut them with a snap. Perhaps Denise wanted to be persuaded to return to France. Perhaps the blood that ran in her veins was stirred by the spirit of Mlle. Brun, whose arguments were short and sharp, as became a woman much given to economy in words. At all events, the girl listened in silence while mademoiselle explained that even two women might, in some minute degree, help France at this moment. For patriotism, like courage, is infectious; and it is a poor heart that hurries to abandon a sinking ship.

It thus came about that, soon after sunset, Mlle. Brun and Denise hurried down to the crossroads to intercept the carriage, of which they could perceive the lights slowly approaching across the dark valley of Vasselot.

XVII.

We do squint each through his loophole,
And then dream broad heaven
Is but the patch we see.

IT was almost dark when the *abbé's* carriage reached the valley, and the driver paused to light the two stable lanterns tied with strings to the dilapidated lamp brackets. The *abbé* was impatient, and fidgeted in his seat. He was at heart an autocrat, and hated to be defied even by one over whom he could not pretend to have control. He snapped his finger and thumb as he thought of Denise.

"She puzzles me," he muttered. "What does she want? *Bon Dieu*, what does she want?"

Then he spoke angrily to the driver, whose movements were slow and clumsy.

"At all events, my task is easier here," he consoled himself by saying as the carriage approached the château, "now that I am rid of these women."

At last they reached the foot of the slope leading up to the half ruined house, which loomed against the evening sky immediately above them; and the driver pulled up his restive horses with an air significant of arrival.

"Right up to the château," cried the *abbé* from beneath the hood.

But the man made no movement, and sat on the box muttering to himself.

"What?" cried the *abbé*, who had caught some words. "Jean has the evil eye? What of Jean's evil eye? Here, I will give you my rosary to put round your coward's neck. No? Then down you get, my friend. You can wait here till we come back."

As he spoke he leaped out, and, climbing into the box, pushed the driver unceremoniously from his seat, snatching the reins and whip from his hands.

"*Hé!*" he cried. "*Allons*, my little ones!"

And with whip and voice he urged the horses up the slope at a canter, while the carriage swayed across from one great tree to another. They reached the summit in safety, and the priest pulled the horses up at the great door—the first carriage to disturb the quiet of that spot

for nearly a generation. He twisted the reins round the whip socket, and, clambering down, rang the great bell. It answered to his imperious summons by the hollow clang that betrays an empty house. No one came. He stood without, drumming with his fist on the door post. Then he turned to listen. Some one was approaching from the darkness of the trees. But it was only the driver, following sullenly on foot.

"Here!" said the priest, recognizing him. "Go to your horses!"

As he spoke, he was already untying one of the stable lanterns that swung at the lamp bracket. His eyes gleamed beneath the brim of his broad hat. He was quick and anxious.

"Wait here till I come back," he said; and, keeping close to the wall, he disappeared among the low bushes.

There was another way in, by a door half hidden among the ivy, which Jean used for his mysterious comings and goings, and of which the *abbé* had a key. He had brought it with him tonight by a lucky chance. He had to push aside the ivy which hung from the walls in great ropes, and only found the keyhole after a hurried search. But the lock was in good order. Jean, it appeared, was a careful man.

Susini hurried through a long passage to the little round room where the Count de Vasselot had lived so long. He stopped with his nose in the air, and sniffed aloud. The atmosphere was heavy with the smell of stale tobacco, and yet there could be detected the sweeter odor of smoke scarcely cold. The room must have been inhabited only a few hours ago. The *abbé* opened the window, and the smell of carnations swept in like the breath of another world. He returned to the room, and, opening his lantern, lighted a candle that stood on the mantelpiece. He looked round. Sundry small articles in daily use—the count's pipe, his old brass tobacco box; a few such things that a man lives with, and puts in his pocket when he goes away—were missing.

"*Buon Diou! Buon Diou! Buon Diou*—gone!" muttered the priest, lapsing into his native dialect. He looked around him with keen eyes—at the blackened walls, at the carpet worn into holes. "That Jean must have known something that I do not know. All the same, I shall look through the house."

He blew out the candle, and, taking the lantern, quitted the room. He searched the whole house—passing from empty room to empty room. The reception rooms were huge and sparingly furnished with those thin legged chairs and ancient card tables which recall the days of Letitia Ramolino and that easy going Charles Buonaparte, who brought into the world the greatest captain that armies have ever seen. The bedrooms were small; all alike smelt of moldering age. In one room the *abbé* stopped and raised his inquiring nose; the room had been inhabited by a woman—years and years ago.

He searched the house from top to bottom, and there was no one in it. The *abbé* had failed in the two missions confided to him by Lory, and he was one to whom failure was peculiarly bitter. With respect to the two women, he had perhaps scarcely expected to succeed, for he had lived fifty years in the world, and his calling had brought him into daily contact with that salutary chastening of the spirit which must assuredly be the lot of a man who seeks to enforce his will upon women. But his failure to find the old Count de Vasselot was a more serious matter.

He returned slowly to the carriage, and told the driver to return to Olmeta.

"I have changed my plans," he said, still mindful of the secret he had received with other pastoral charges from his predecessor. "Jean is not in the château, so I shall not go to St. Florent tonight."

He leaned forward, and looked up at the old castle outlined against the sky. A breeze was springing up with the suddenness of all atmospheric changes in these latitudes, and the old trees creaked and groaned, while the leaves had already that rustling brittleness of sound that betokens the approach of autumn.

As they crossed the broad valley, the wind increased, sweeping up the course of the Aliso in wild gusts. It was blowing a gale before the horses fell to a quick walk up the hill; and Mlle. Brun's small figure, planted in the middle of the road, was the first indication that the driver had of the presence of the two women, though the widow Andrei, who accompanied them and carried their traveling bags, had already called out more than once.

"The Abbé Susini?" cried Mlle. Brun, in curt interrogation.

In reply the driver pointed to the inside of the carriage with the handle of his whip.

"You are alone?" said mademoiselle, in surprise.

The light of the lantern shone brightly on her, and on the dimmer form of Denise, silent and angry in the background; for Denise had allowed her inclination to triumph over her pride, which conquest usually leaves a sore heart behind it.

"But, yes!" answered the *abbé*, alighting quickly enough.

He guessed instantly that Denise had changed her mind, and was indiscreet enough to put his thoughts into words.

"So mademoiselle has thought better of it?" he said; and got no answer for his pains.

Both Mlle. Brun and Denise were looking curiously at the interior of the carriage from which the priest emerged, leaving it, as they noted, empty.

"There is yet time to go to St. Florent?" inquired the elder woman.

The priest grabbed at his hat as a squall swept up the road, whirling the dust high above their heads.

"Whether we shall get on board is another matter," he muttered by way of answer. "Come, get into the carriage; we have no time to lose. It will be a bad night at sea."

"Then for my sins I shall be seasick," said Mlle. Brun imperturbably.

She took her bag from the hand of the widow Andrei, and would have it nowhere but on her lap, where she held it during the rapid drive, sitting bolt upright, staring straight in front of her into the face of the *abbé*.

No one spoke, for each had thoughts sufficient to occupy the moment. Susini perhaps had the narrowest vein of reflection upon which to draw, and therefore fidgeted in his seat and muttered to himself, for his mental range was limited to Olmeta and the Château de Vasselot. Mlle. Brun was thinking of France—of her great past and her dim, uncertain future. While Denise sat stiller and more silent than either, for her thoughts were at once as wide as the whole world, and as narrow as the human heart.

At a turn in the road she looked up, and saw the sharp outline of the Casa Perucca, black and somber against a sky now lighted by a rising moon, flecked and broken by heavy clouds, with deep lurking shadows and mountains of snowy whiteness. In the Casa Perucca she had learned what life means, and no man or woman ever forgets the place where that lesson has been acquired.

"I shall come back," she whispered, looking up at the great rock with its giant pines and the two square chimneys half hidden in the foliage.

And the Abbé Susini, seeing a movement of her lips, glanced curiously at her. He was still wondering what she wanted. "*Mon Dieu*," he was reflecting a second time, "what *does* she want?"

He stopped the carriage outside the town of St. Florent at the end of the long causeway built across the marsh, where the wind swept now from the open bay with a salt flavor to it. He alighted, and took Denise's bag, rightly concluding that Mlle. Brun would prefer to carry her own.

"Follow me," he said, taking a delight in being as curt as Mlle. Brun herself, and in denying them the explanations they were too proud to demand.

They walked abreast through the narrow street dimly lighted by a single lamp swinging on a gibbet at the corner, turned sharp to the left, and found themselves suddenly at the water's edge. A few boats bumped lazily at some steps where the water lapped. It was blowing hard out in the bay, but this corner was protected by a half ruined house built on a projecting rock.

The priest looked around.

"*Hé! là-bas!*" he called out, in a guarded voice.

But he received no answer.

"Wait here," he said to the two women. "I will fetch him from the café." And he disappeared.

Denise and mademoiselle stood in silence, listening to the lapping of the water and the slow, muffled bumping of the boats, until the *abbé* returned, followed by a man who slouched along on bare feet.

"Yes," he was saying; "the yacht was there at sunset. I saw her myself lying just outside the point. But it is folly to try and reach her tonight; wait till the morning, *M. l'abbé*."

"And find her gone," answered the priest. "No, no; we embark tonight, my friend. If these ladies are willing, surely a St. Florent man will not hold back?"

"But you have not told these ladies of the danger. The wind is blowing right into the bay; we cannot tack out against it. It will take me two hours to row out single handed with some one bailing out the whole time."

"But I will pull an oar with you," answered Susini. "Come, show us which is your boat. Mlle. Brun will bail out, and the young lady will steer. We shall be quite a family party."

There was no denying a man who took matters into his own hands so energetically.

"You can pull an oar?" inquired the boatman doubtfully.

"I was born at Bonifacio, my friend. Come, I will take the bow oar if you will find me an oilskin coat. It will not be too dry up in the bows tonight."

And, like most masterful people—right or wrong—the *abbé* had his way, even to the humble office assigned to Mlle. Brun.

"You will need to remove your glove and bare your arm," explained the boatman, handing her an old tin mug. "But you will not find the water cold. It is always warmer at night. Thus the good God remembers poor fishermen. The seas will come over the bows when we round this corner; they will rise up and hit the *abbé* in the back, which is his affair; then they will wash aft into this well, and from that you must bail it out all the time. When the seas come in, you need not be alarmed, nor will it be necessary to cry out."

"Such instructions, my friend," said the priest, scrambling into his oilskin coat, "are unnecessary to mademoiselle, who is a woman of discernment."

"But I try not to be," snapped Mlle. Brun. She knew which women are most popular with men.

"As for you, mademoiselle," said the boatman to Denise, "keep the boat pointed at the waves, and as each one comes to you, cut it as you would cut a cream cheese. She will jerk and pull at you, but you must not be afraid of her, and remember that the highest wave may be cut."

"That young lady is not afraid of much," muttered the *abbé*, settling to his oar.

They pulled slowly out to the end of the rocky promontory, upon which a ruined house still stands, and shot suddenly out into a howling wind. The first wave climbed leisurely over the weather bow, and slopped aft to the ladies' feet; the second rose up and smote the *abbé* in the back.

"Cut them, mademoiselle; cut them!" shouted the boatman.

And at intervals during that wild journey he repeated the words, unceremoniously spitting the salt water from his lips. The *abbé*, bending his back to the work and the waves, gave a short laugh from time to time, that had a ring in it to make Mlle. Brun suddenly like the man—the fighting ring of exultation which adapts itself to any voice and any tongue. For nearly an hour they rowed in silence, while mademoiselle bailed the water out, and Denise steered with steady eyes piercing the darkness.

"We are quite close to it," she said at length; for she had long been steering towards a light that flickered feebly across the broken water.

In a few moments they were alongside, and, amidst confused shouting of orders, the two ladies were half lifted, half dragged, on board. The *abbé* followed them.

"A word with you," he said, taking Mlle. Brun unceremoniously by the arm and leading her apart. "You will be met by friends on your arrival at St. Raphael tomorrow. And when you are free to do so, will you do me a favor?"

"Yes."

"Find Lory de Vasselot, wherever he may be."

"Yes," answered Mlle. Brun.

"And tell him that I went to the Château de Vasselot and found it empty."

Mademoiselle reflected for some moments.

"Yes; I will do that," she said at length.

"Thank you."

The *abbé* stared hard at her beneath his dripping hat for a moment, and then, turning abruptly, moved towards the gangway, where his boat lay in comparatively smooth water at the lee side of the yacht. Denise was speaking to a man who seemed to be the captain.

Mlle. Brun followed the *abbé*.

"By the way——" she said.

Susini stopped, and looked into her face, dimly lighted by the moon, which peeped at times through riven clouds.

"Whom should you have found in the château?" she asked.

"Ah, that I will not tell you!"

Mlle. Brun gave a short laugh.

"Then I shall find out. Trust a woman to find out a secret."

The *abbé* was already over the bulwark, so that only his dark face appeared above, with the water running off it. His eyes gleamed in the moonlight.

"And a priest to keep one," he answered. And he leaped down into the boat.

XVIII.

Love . . . gives to every power a double power
Above their functions and their offices.

"AH!" said Mlle. Brun, as she stepped on deck the next morning. And the contrast between the gloomy departure from Corsica and the sunny return to France was strong enough without further comment from this woman of few words.

The yacht was approaching the little harbor of St. Raphael at half speed on a sea as blue and still as the Mediterranean of any poet's dream. The freshness of morning was in the air—the freshness of Provence, where the days are hot and the nights cool, and there are no mists between the one and the other. Almost straight ahead, the little town of Fréjus (where another Corsican landed to set men by the ears) stood up in sharp outline against the dark pine woods of Valescure, with the thin wood smoke curling up from a hundred chimneys. To the left, the flat lands of Les Arcs half hid the distant heights of Toulon; and to the right, headland after headland led the eye almost to the frontier of Italy along the finest coast line in the world. Every shade of blue was on sky or sea or mountain, while the deep morning shadows were transparent and almost luminous. From the pine woods a scent of resin swept seaward, mingled with the subtle odor of the tropic foliage near the shore. The sky was cloudless. This was indeed the smiling land of France.

Denise, who had followed mademoiselle on deck, stood still and drank it all in; for such sights and scents have a deep eloquence for the young, which older hearts can only touch from the outside, vaguely and intangibly, like the memory of a perfume.

Denise had slept well, and Mlle. Brun said she had slept enough for an old woman. A cheery little stewardess had brought them coffee soon after daylight, and had answered a few curt questions put to her by Mlle. Brun.

Yes; the yacht was the yacht of the Baron de Mélide, and the *bête noire*, by the same token, of madame, who hated the sea.

And madame was at the château near Fréjus, where *M. le baron* had installed her on the outbreak of the war, and would assuredly be on the pier at St. Raphael to meet them. And God only knew where *M. le baron* was. He had gone, it was said, to the war in some civil capacity.

As they stood on deck, Denise soon perceived the little pier where there were, even at this early hour, a few of those indefatigable Mediterranean Waltons who fish and fish and catch nothing, all through the sunny day. Presently Mlle. Brun caught sight of a small dot of color which seemed to move spasmodically up and down.

"I see the parasol," she said, "of Jane de Mélide. What good friends we have, Denise!"

And presently they were near enough to wave a handkerchief in answer to the Baroness de Mélide's vigorous salutations. The yacht crept round the pierhead, and was soon made fast to a small white buoy. While a boat was being lowered, the baroness, in a gay Parisian dress, walked impatiently backwards and forwards, waved her parasol, and called out incoherent remarks, which Mlle. Brun answered by a curt gesture of the hand.

"My poor friend!" exclaimed the baroness, as she embraced Mlle. Brun. "My dear Denise, you are a brave woman. I have heard all about you."

And her quick, dancing eyes took in at a glance that Denise had come against her will, and Mlle. Brun had brought her. Of which Denise was ignorant, for the sunshine and brightness of the scene affected her and made her happy.

"Surely," she said, as they walked the length of the pier together, "the bad news has been exaggerated. The war will soon be over and we shall be happy again."

"Do not talk of it," cried the baroness. "It is a horror. I saw Lory after Wörth, and that was enough war for me. And, figure to yourself!—I am all alone in this great house. It is a charity to come and stay with me. Lory has gone to the

front. My husband, who said he loved me—where is he? *Bon jour*, and he is gone! He leaves me without a regret. And I, who cry my eyes out—or would cry them out if I were a fool, such as mademoiselle thinks me. Ah! I do not know what has come to all the men."

"But I do," said mademoiselle, who had seen war before.

And the baroness, looking at that still face, laughed her gay little, inconsequent laugh.

A carriage was waiting for them in the shade of the trees on the market place, its smart horses and men forming a strong contrast to the untidy town and slipshod idlers. As usual, a game of bowls was in progress, and absorbed all the attention of the local intelligence.

"We have half an hour through the pine trees," said the baroness, settling herself energetically on the cushions. "And, do you know, I am thankful to see you? I thought you would be prevented coming."

She glanced at Denise as she spoke, and with a suddenly grave face leaned forward and whispered:

"The news is bad—the news is bad. All this has been organized by Lory and my husband, who told me, in so many words, that they must have us where they can find us at a moment's notice. In case—ah, *mon Dieu!* I do not know what is going to happen to us all."

"Then are we to be moved about, like ornaments, from one safe place to another?" asked Denise, with a laugh which was not wholly spontaneous.

"I have never been treated as an ornament yet," put in Mlle. Brun, "and it is perhaps rather late to begin now."

Denise looked at her inquiringly.

"Yes," said the little woman quietly. "I am going to the war—if Jane will take care of you while I am away."

"And why should not I go, too?" asked Denise.

"Because you are too young and too pretty, my dear—since you ask a plain question," replied the baroness impulsively. Then she turned towards mademoiselle. "You know," she said, "that my precious stupid is organizing a field hospital?"

"I thought he would find something to do," answered mademoiselle curtly.

"Yes," said the baroness slowly, "yes—because when he was a boy he had for governess a certain little woman whose teaching was deeds, not words. And he is paying for it himself. And we shall all be ruined."

She spread out her rich dress, lay back in her luxurious carriage, and smiled on Mlle. Brun with something that was not mirth at the back of her brown eyes.

"I shall go to him," said mademoiselle. And the baroness made no reply for some moments.

"Do you know what he said?" she asked. "He said, 'We shall want women—old ones. I know one old woman who will come'!"

Mademoiselle was buttoning her cotton gloves and did not seem to hear.

"It was, of course, Lory," went on the baroness, "who encouraged him and told him how to go about it. And then he went back to the front to fight. *Mon Dieu!* he can fight—that Lory."

"Where is he?" asked mademoiselle. And the baroness spread out her gloved hands.

"At the front—I cannot tell you more."

And mademoiselle did not speak again. She was essentially a woman of her word. She had undertaken to find Lory and give him that odd, inexplicable message from the *abbé*. She had not undertaken much in her narrow life; but she had usually accomplished, in a quiet, mouse-like way, that to which she set her hand. And now, as she drove through the smiling country, with which it was almost impossible to associate the idea of war, she was planning how she could get to the front and work there under the Baron de Mélide, and find Lory de Vasselot.

"They are somewhere near a little place called Sedan," said the baroness.

And Mlle. Brun set out that same day for the little place called Sedan; then known vaguely as a fortress on the Belgian frontier, and now forever written in every Frenchman's heart as the scene of one of those stupendous catastrophes to which France seems liable, and from which she alone has the power of recovery. For, whatever the history of the French may be, it has never been dull reading, and she has shown the whole world that one may carry a brave and a light heart out of the deepest tragedy.

(*To be continued.*)



THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

HENRIETTA WINSTON stood before her sister with a flush of annoyance on her face.

"It is very tiresome of Allan," she said; "he knew perfectly well it would spoil my journey."

"You are positively the most absurd person," Mrs. Wayne replied tranquilly, glancing up. "For my part, I consider Allan very thoughtful. I doubt if there is another girl in the world who would not be charmed to have such a traveling companion."

"A professor of psychology!" cried Henrietta. "You forget I am not a girl."

"You are a goose, at any rate," was the consoling answer.

Henrietta went disconsolately down stairs. "I wish I were nearly fifty instead of thirty, then people would stop telling me that I am not like other girls," she sighed. She had so long been accustomed to hear herself spoken of as one who disliked men, who would go a mile out of her way to avoid one, and so on, that she knew the phrases by heart, and she listened to them helplessly, though she knew they were not true. The fact was simply that she did not get on with men. She was shy and self conscious, and she had no small talk.

The Wayne household was in a bustle of preparation for the wedding of the eldest daughter, and Henrietta had been summoned to the drawingroom to give her advice in regard to some decorations.

As she descended the steps the sound of laughing voices came from the upper hall. "I have filled it with rice and rolled it up again beautifully, so that no one would ever guess!" some one was saying.

"Naughty children! I must warn Marian to examine her umbrella," she thought.

"Here you are at last! Do tell us, Henrietta, where this palm ought to go," cried the bride elect, a pretty girl of twenty. "And—I beg your pardon—let me present Professor Brainerd—my aunt, Miss Winston," she added.

Henrietta bowed in her indifferent manner to a tall, somewhat distinguished looking man, then turned her attention so immediately to the palm that the remark he was about to make died on his lips.

The professor was not easily rebuffed; he simply reserved his remark until another time and fell back a little. The scene was a novel one to him, and he gazed with amusement at the laughing, chattering group.

No event of less importance than the marriage of his favorite nephew could have drawn him from his work, and now and then his thoughts went back regretfully to a half finished article on "The Value of Suggestion in Reformatory Work." He watched Henrietta bringing beauty and grace out of what had seemed a hopeless confusion, and reflected that this was the young lady who was to be put in his charge on his journey home. Henrietta was sure he must be bored at the prospect, but she was mistaken; Professor Brainerd had a well ordered mind and never anticipated annoyance.

Later, finding himself in her vicinity, he remarked, "You and I are in much the same position, Miss Winston, I understand; you are aunt to the bride, and I am uncle to the groom."

"Yes," assented Henrietta.

"I am, it seems," continued the professor, "to appear as best man, and the duties of the office are not altogether clear to me. I venture to believe that you are more experienced in such matters."

"I have never been best man," she answered, with a mischievous smile that quite transformed her face. It was, however, but a moment's lifting of the curtain; the next found her overcome at having said so silly a thing to a professor of psychology.



"HURRAH FOR THE BRIDE!"

At the wedding, which was all that could be desired, the professor acquitted himself so well that he may be said to have divided honors with the bride.

"He's awfully nice," remarked one enthusiastic young girl. "You'd never dream he was so clever—about such a stupid thing as psychology, I mean."

"How is it, professor, that you allow your nephew to get ahead of you? Have you taken a vow against matrimony?" asked a saucy young woman.

"I assure you I do not understand it myself, Miss Abbott, and, as the boys say, I am feeling rather left," was his reply.

"How about the power of suggestion, uncle? Why not test some of your favorite theories upon yourself?" asked the groom.

"I have practised auto suggestion with some success," replied the professor; "but whether it could be resorted to successfully in the matter under consideration is to be seriously questioned. Do you not think so, Miss Winston?"

Why did he appeal to her in that deferential manner? Surely he was laughing at her. "I don't know anything about psychology," she said stiffly, to everybody's amusement.

"I believe you are a dangerous person, professor," Miss Abbott exclaimed.

Not until the bride and groom had departed under a shower of rice did it occur to Henrietta that she had forgotten to warn Marian about her umbrella.

"If only my journey were over!" was her last thought as she laid her head on her pillow. Two whole days in the professor's company! How bored he would be!

And yet, after all, it was not so bad. If he felt bored, he did not show it. He kept her supplied with reading matter, and at intervals came and sat beside her and talked. After they had lunched together and taken some exercise on the platform of a little station where the train was detained half an hour, quite friendly relations were established.

The second morning came and went uneventfully until, about noon, they stopped for fifteen minutes in a busy town where a vast amount of train shifting and a great rushing to and fro of passengers went on. The professor proposed a walk, and as a light rain was falling he picked up Henrietta's umbrella. As he did so, it crossed her mind that the handle had an unfamiliar look.



"I DECLARE, THAT LITTLE BRIDE HAS A CHARMING FACE."

After they were outside, the professor struggled for some seconds with the fastening, then raised it triumphantly, only to be caught in a shower of rice. Broad smiles became visible on every side, and almost before the dazed victims themselves knew what had happened the joke had spread. Conductors, porters, train-boys, and passengers grinned more or less

openly, and one merciless newsboy cried, "Hurrah for the bride!"

"It must be Marian's umbrella," said poor Henrietta, with flaming cheeks, "and she must have taken mine."

Suddenly the professor's hand was grasped by an old friend whom he had not seen for years. "Hello! Hadn't heard a word of it! Just home from South America. Must congratulate you—hope to have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Brainerd when I'm in less of a hurry! Good by;" and away the speaker darted after a train that was just moving off.

Professor Brainerd closed the offending umbrella, and they walked back to their coach in the rain and in silence. Really there was nothing to be said. It was of course a good joke, but—— He conducted his companion to her seat, and then rather awkwardly excused himself. Henrietta sank into a corner in absolute misery.



She was aroused presently by a touch on her arm, and the porter handed her a note. Opening it with trembling fingers, she read:

MY DEAR MISS WINSTON:

I am writing this that I may not subject you to any further embarrassment. I only regret what has occurred because of the annoyance it has caused you. The idea it has suggested is a most agreeable one to me. The unusual circumstances in which we find ourselves must furnish my excuse for addressing you as I am about to do. From the first I have felt myself very strongly attracted to you, and while I cannot reasonably hope that upon so brief an acquaintance the attraction has been mutual, I do venture to hope that you may have found these two days of companionship not unpleasant. In another hour our ways divide. I only ask permission to pursue this subject at some future time. At three o'clock I shall join you, and shall expect to read your answer in your face.

Faithfully your friend,
MATTHEW BRAINERD.

Henrietta read like one in a dream. Could he mean it? Was it because he was sorry for her? For once in her life she rose above her doubts. He had found her attractive! Well, what was she to say? She looked at her watch; she had thirty minutes. She tried to collect her thoughts, but they whirled away from her like the trees in the revolving landscape. He had not asked her to *say* anything; he would read her answer in her face. Well, if he could he was welcome to; as for herself, she did not in the least know what her answer would be.

When, a little before the expiration of thirty minutes, the professor appeared, there was an altogether new expression on the face that met his questioning gaze so shyly. Henrietta's smile was timid but not self conscious; humble yet full of dignity, withal expressing a childlike confidence.

"I declare," remarked a man across the aisle, "that little bride has a charming face."

The mischievous umbrella, with a grain of rice still adhering to its tassel, lolled indolently against the velvet cushions as if well satisfied with its work.

Mary F. Leonard.

THE FOLLY OF IT.

HER eyes smiled as Leighton reached her side and turned to suit his step to hers. "Am I late?" she asked. "I had shopping to do."

"A little," Frederick answered, smiling back into her eyes. "You always are, you know."

She laughed.

"We'll dine in state tonight," he went on. "I had a stroke of luck today—a stray check for a story I had forgotten all about; so we need not consider expense."

"Oh, did you?" Her tone told plainly that the rise or fall of his fortunes mattered to her.

In the brilliant café Angela seated herself comfortably in the chair held for her by a bowing waiter and, letting her glance rest for a second on a reflection of herself in the mirror opposite, altered the position of her hat ever so slightly, and then began drawing off her gloves as she turned her attention to the menu list.

When the serious business of ordering was accomplished, she leaned back in her chair and smiled at her companion over the vase of flowers that stood in the center of the table.

"Fred," she said, in the soft tone

women use for words they know will wound, "it has come."

"What?" Leighton spoke sharply.

"What I have been counting on—and dreading." She added the last as if against her will. "Last night John Marchmont asked me to marry him."

Leighton waited for the servant to deposit his cocktail on the table before he replied. "Oh, then I may drink to your future happiness," he said as he lifted the glass to his lips.

"No, not yet. I had to have time to think it over. I am to give him his answer tomorrow night."

"This offer of his was such a surprise, I suppose?" said the man, with a scarcely perceptible tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

"It was a shock—in spite of the fact that I have been hoping for it for months. Now don't be nasty, Fred. You said yourself that I should be a fool not to marry him. We agreed to be sensible; don't spoil it now. I am to have everything I want—houses everywhere and more money than even I can spend."

Her companion laughed. "I doubt that," he said.

"Well, you are not the one to throw stones." She spoke gaily.

"I know," he returned; "we are both cursed in the same way. If we didn't love luxury so well, we could marry and be happy."

"But we do love it," Angela said quickly. "We couldn't live without it, either of us, and you know it."

"Well," said Leighton, "we may as well love it now; we have sold our souls for it."

"You need not be melodramatic about it." The smile that had faded from Angela's eyes still lingered on her lips.

"No, heroics won't help matters, I suppose," returned Leighton.

The daylight outside was fading into dusk, and the diningroom had sprung into brilliancy. Electric lights in opal shades glowed everywhere, bathing all things in a mellow radiance, and on the tables, sparkling with the luster of quaint silver and cut glass and delicate china, the flames of the candles gleamed softly through their gaudy skirts.

"I don't mean to be disagreeable," Leighton said after a little pause, during which the waiter removed the oyster plates and served the soup. "I realize that we are taking the only sensible course, and when it is all over and we are each married to somebody else, I don't doubt I shall be very glad; but just at present I'll admit it's something of a wrench."

"Now you are behaving sensibly," was Angela's encouragement. "Have you made any progress with your heiress?"

"No; and I shall not try until after you are married."

"That will not be long, I fancy," said Angela. "He wants to be married almost at once."

"John Marchmont is a lucky man," Leighton went on. "I don't believe there is a woman in the world so well fitted to be the mistress of his palaces. I don't mean merely on account of your beauty; it is something else, a rare combination of worldly knowledge and unworldly charm, that makes you what you are. Cleopatra must have been like you, I think, except that a good heart goes with your clever head. But you could work a world of mischief if you chose, Angela. It is women like you who change the history of nations."

Angela had been listening intently. "How well you talk when you are interested!" she said. "You almost make me believe in myself. Why can't you write in that convincing way?"

"Lack of inspiration, I suppose," returned Leighton listlessly.

"How well you know how to order a dinner, too!" Angela remarked after a little silence. "Since compliments seem to be in order, I must tell you that I never knew any one so eminently fitted to dispense wealth as your dear, good looking self. Why haven't you John Marchmont's money? Then we could marry and—oh, well, it is better not to talk of it, but couldn't we two get a lot out of life together?"

"Ah, then I could write!" was all Leighton said.

Angela looked thoughtfully at her wine as she turned the glass about in a slow, methodical fashion.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that we are two very superior people? We are really just as much in love as half the couples who marry, and yet, instead of rushing off and laying the corner stone for future hatred by getting married, we sit here eating our last dinner together in a sensible, pleasant way, without even allowing our appetites to be impaired."

"Our last dinner?" queried Leighton. "Won't you let me see you after——"

"After I am engaged to John Marchmont?" interrupted Angela. "No, I shall be true to him in the letter, at least. There is nothing so vile as a treacherous woman; I couldn't be that."

Leighton made no response, but his face darkened.



"DO YOU KNOW, I THINK THAT WE ARE TWO VERY SUPERIOR PEOPLE?"

"Just suppose we had decided to get married," said Angela, in a matter of fact tone. "Instead of living the lives we are both fitted for, we should have to settle down to existence in a Harlem flat. We could afford to pay about thirty five dollars for rent, I think; not a week, mind you, but a month.

"You would have to wear ready made clothes, and I should have to make my own gowns. I used to do that when I was a girl," she added in a lower tone, "and they didn't look badly, either. I had what the dressmakers call 'style.'

"You are in such demand as a visitor at grand houses, Fred," Angela went on, as if she felt that silences were dangerous, "that you have no idea what it costs to live, year in and year out. I've been through poverty in my younger days; that's why I hate it so.

"Then, if we married in spite of our poverty, pride would make us drop all our friends, so there wouldn't be anywhere for us to go, except to walk on Riverside Drive, and to the theater occasionally. Picture yourself sitting in the balcony with your wife dressed in her best ready made silk waist. I saw a lot of them in the store windows on Sixth Avenue today.

"I saw a lot of bric-à-brac, too, as pretty as it was cheap. Nowadays poor people can be dainty as well as rich ones. If one could get over one's horror of imitations——" she broke off abruptly and began another sentence. "Do you know, I think I could make even a twenty five dollar flat look pretty? I have rather a knack for developing resources. I often think about that flat, and the evenings we should spend there, you writing and I——" Angela stopped suddenly as she glanced at her companion's face.

"Why do you want to torture me?" asked Leighton roughly.



"PROMISE THAT YOU WILL NOT MAKE IT HARD FOR ME."

"I am sorry," Angela murmured in a contrite voice. "I did not mean to pain you. I didn't suppose——" She paused and began again: "It's fascinating to dream of you and me in a home of our own with the world shut out, but we should get deadly tired of it and of each other in a month or two. Companionship is all very well until you try to live on it."

"I wonder if it's much harder to live on it than to worry along without it," said Leighton moodily.

"How disagreeable you are tonight!" Her tone was almost cross.

Leighton did not answer, but drank his cordial in silence.

"Have you anything to do tonight?" he asked presently. "Can't we go to some theater?"

"I think not," said Angela; "the more time we spend together, the harder it will be to say good by. I feel this parting more than you will ever know, Fred. If I did not think it the wisest thing to do—but it is. And we shall both remember," she added, softly leaning forward and lowering her voice to a tone that was almost sentimental. "After all, a memory that will last always is better than a dead romance." There was a little catch in her voice as she spoke the last words.

She was drawing on her gloves as the waiter came forward with the check.

"Come," she said, when Leighton had paid the bill; "we must go. You may take me home, but you must not ask to go in."

Leighton rose abruptly and went over to lay her wrap about her shoulders.

"Promise that you will not make it hard for me to let you go," she whispered as he bent over her, "and that you will not try to see me again."

Leighton straightened himself up. "I shall promise nothing of the sort," he said. "I shall call upon you at ten o'clock tomorrow morning, and I want you to be ready to go out with me."

Angela turned to look at him as he stood behind her chair.

"Where?" she asked wonderingly.

"To hunt up that flat," said Leighton.

A new light shone in Angela's eyes as she rose and moved toward the door. "Then you are going to make me marry you, after all?" she said, and her voice was tremulous with gladness. "Well, perhaps it is better so, but oh, the folly of it, Fred—the folly of our marrying!"

"You mean, the folly of trying to live our lives apart," corrected Leighton, as they went out together.

Ina Brevoort.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR ELOPING.



HEN she promised her patron saint to wear an overskirt of sackcloth for six months in consideration of the saint arranging matters so that her mother should get well of the typhus, Maria little reckoned that such filial piety was to help her settle a most weighty and disquieting question. But that is the truth just the same. For had it not been for the heavenly bargain, Maria might never have discovered that Don Juan Sanchez (who comes pretty near being Mr. John Smith in plain English) was not only the most "sympathetic" of the youths who haunted her window, but absolutely the very noblest *caballero* in the whole world.

When Doña Chucha, her mother, fell ill, Maria laid away her crisp percale skirts, gave over dancing and all forms of joyousness without a pang, and remembered the conveniences of a saintly lobby in heaven. Naturally, the *doña* got well, and Maria—suppose we call her Mary, for she was a good girl—and Mary donned the ugly sackcloth, and of course one cannot go to dances or anywhere in sackcloth. Unless there was to be a sacrifice somewhere, what saint would allow himself to be bothered? During those six months Mary stirred no farther abroad than the street window, but the ardent gentlemen who used to wait to see her there from the corner no longer kept their vigil. While she took care of her mother, they had gone to other windows more encouraging; all of them had, except one. Without Mr. Juan Sanchez stood, and at sight of her once more a joy leaped to his eyes and danced there like flame.

She recalled to mind more and more of this Juan back in the days of harp and kettle drum and thoughtless delight, and she wondered now why she had noticed him so little then. But she had no thought of easy surrender, perhaps not of any at all, and as he walked by the window she would slip back into the shadows of the little parlor.

Gradually she allowed him to get near and nearer the window before vanishing, till at last she held right where she was, blushing red, red. He stopped, pitiably embarrassed, but eager for the reward of devotion. He stammered, and she laughed gently, her fugitive eyes the while snapping with mischief, and then they both laughed. And thus John began his sure enough courtship, and thus Mary acknowledged her knight.

Just here old Don Contadino bounded upon the little drama with a roar. But when it came to reasonable objection, he floundered like a disconcerted whale. Juan was eligible, exasperatingly eligible. He was the bright particular index of the rising Mexican generation. Not a hint of the high heeled ranchero about him. His jaunty stroll down life's thoroughfare was being done in a fetching medley of civilized raiment. Moreover, he knew no debts that he was forced to pay. Mary's father was stubborn, that was all. And when he tried to stop the trysts at the window, the young people knew that his opposition was not merely conventional, intending to be overcome. But the peril of the meetings gave them a keener zest.

Now, because lovers are everywhere a resourceful race, there is always a recourse, even in Mexico. One night young Sanchez came to the window with a proposal, not a proposal of marriage, but a proposal of how to marry, which is more practical. Mary did not at first understand, because of the very enormity, and when she did, she trembled with fright. It was too daring, too dreadful. Eloping is not a Mexican institution, but there is a substitute, quite as awfully bold and much more agonizing.



Mary would not think of it at first, then she faltered,



THUS MARY ACKNOWLEDGED HER KNIGHT.

and then of course she changed her mind, and before she could change it back again John had hurried her into signing a certain declaration. Lovers do not generally take the law and authorities into their confidence, but this was the one recourse. John bore her statement to the *jefe politico*, and the *jefe* read therein that she would marry John despite the *disenso* of her father, and the *jefe* did not even blush. This open book of a maiden's heart was routine business to him. He assured himself of the girl's age, the genuineness of her signature, of John's ability to support her, that John had not been married before, and lastly that John had no wife living, and then he turned out a document.

The same night a hack stopped before Don Contadino's, and two men entered. A third waited outside, nervous and agitated. Mary, crouching in her room, heard the ominous fall of the knocker, and shuddered. In a flash old Don Contadino guessed the mission of the intruders, for they were a judge and his clerk. A roll of foolscap was the magistrate's scepter, and he solemnly began to read.

The fiery *don's* eyes bulged. He heard that his child was to become a ward of the court, and that the court, after the required time, was to give her in marriage to the aforementioned Señor Don Juan Sanchez, provided that the two poor young things remained of the same mind. Very legal, and all that, but the fuming Virginius swore that it was desecration of his hearth. He snorted in fury. He refused to believe, a Mexican child is so slavishly obedient. He roared out her name, which brought her and her mother.

"Maria," he bellowed, "this paper —the Señor Juez—thou——"

She had hidden her face in her hands, and that was answer enough. The astounded ranchero stared with lower jaw drooping.

The judge proceeded. With unruffled mien he asked Mary three times if she would marry the said Señor Don, etc., and each time she nodded her head.

The livid *don* swelled with the grandeur of his wrath. As in a dream he heard his child pronounced no longer his. Very well, but first—but first he would—— The savagery of the Indian was a flame and made him forget. He started towards her, half reeling, and raised his hand. The clerk bounded out of danger, crashing the table before him. The judge stepped between, and the father's hand did not strike. It fell instead to his belt, and as he turned on the judge a knife gleamed. The judge motioned him back, and Don Contadino saw that he held a revolver. There followed a curt reproof about the court's outraged dignity, and a promise to summon a squad of gendarmes, unless—— The judge was familiar with his duties, as Don Contadino realized.

"*Bien, señor*," he sneered with a shrug, "take her. But hold, you may take none of my property, eh?"

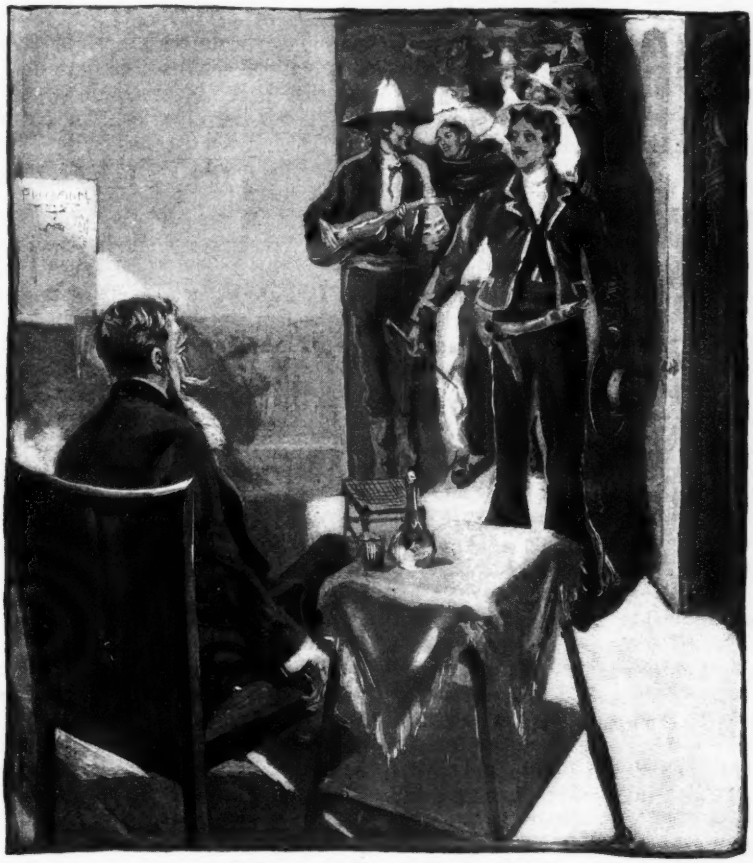
He meant the clothes she wore, and they could not take her away unclothed. The judge inclined his head.

"Your claim is just," he said. "The law can take no account of the small meannesses of a man. My order calls for the girl. Her clothes belong to you."

Don Contadino had little time to grin his triumph.

"Take this packet," continued the judge, now to Mary, and indicating a bundle mysteriously produced by the clerk.

And then, before Mary could realize, she was outside the house and in the hack. Juan himself was there to help her. He remained behind on the walk, and before the judge's warning glance no other greeting passed between them than a pressing of hands. The judge took her to a respectable family, whom Juan was to pay for her care until the marriage.



IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE RED MASK."

"It contains clothing. Now quick, go to your room, change, and leave everything that belongs to your father."

Don Contadino's anger lost itself in awe of the man who had dulled his craft. Now another Indian quality served him—stoicism. It even came to his mind to offer the judge a drink, only the bottle was empty. But for his daughter he had no charity. When she returned, wearing the trousseau provided by her lover, he scowled on her ferociously.

The following night Don Contadino slammed doors and shuffled off down town, muttering curses. During the day he had had to do with cups, and he proposed to have another one. He stalked into a back room of the Red Mask, and sat himself down quite alone. He was feeling the least bit sorry, and very lonesome. A happy face under a gay straw hat peered in, and the *don* burst forth with a command of welcome. The guest came in, grinning sheepishly. Behind him trooped other

youths, who were helping in a little antenuptial celebration.

Don Contadino recognized Juan Sanchez, and he jumped high in wrath. Juan dodged and he careened against a young man behind, who had more respect for his clothes than for another's intended father in law, and who shoved the frothing ranchero away from him. The *don* reeled backward, but he was caught under the arms and jovially jerked to his feet. He turned and beheld Juan. Now in his hazy state Don Contadino could not mentally grasp more than one enemy at a time, and therefore, since the youth afraid of his clothes seemed the arch enemy, Juan must be an ally.

A grin slowly spread over his face and he winked at Juan; that according to his lights sealed a compact to annihilate the other man. Juan agreed, only first they must have a drink, and so they did, and others, till the small affair of extermination was laid over indefinitely. The *don* was overwhelmed with attentions and toasts from the elegant young men. His affections began to ooze and to bubble. Directly he embraced Juan, and challenged everybody to find a worthier son in law, and bragged monumentally, to all of which Juan patted him on the back and called him *papacito*. And why shouldn't the *caballero* be his son in law, what objection, eh? the *don* demanded, and struck his chest and said that he was *muy hombre*.

The celebration proved a charming little function—and the next day Mary returned to her father's house, and that night they had the priest and the judge around, and there was a formal presentation of the betrothed by church and state, and within two weeks an all day wedding, with music and dancing and more to drink than anybody absolutely needed in a fortnight.

Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

WITH A SECOND TO SPARE.



I COULD see but little. Above me was the great belly of the monster engine No. 900 of the D. R. & V. Railroad, which I had been guiding over the rails at more than a mile a minute, now, for a year or more. I was the engineer of the Chicago flier. By straining my eyes backward at an angle I could dimly see the roof of the roundhouse. By casting them down at an equal angle and glancing along the length of my body, I could see the crowd—the heartless crowd of human beings who, with strained faces but evident enjoyment, stared at me as I lay there in deadly peril of the most awful death the mind can imagine. It was useless to appeal to them. They would merely have laughed at me. They were there for the very purpose of satisfying their ferociously morbid intellects with a sight their own imaginations could not conjure up. They hoped to hear me scream in fright. But I did not. I strained at the bonds that held me. Twice I called out: "Nellie—Nellie—be quick!" But that was all. I did not even pray.

It was the work of that fiend Labarre. Only a Frenchman could have thought of that hellish deed. There was a strike on the D. R. & V., and he was one of the ringleaders. As for me, I had opposed the foolish plot to bully my employers. Why should I have done so? They treated me well. They gave me their confidence. They considered me, so they said, the best and trustiest engineer on the road. I was practically certain of promotion in due time to the office of general master mechanic of the road. And then there was Nellie. It makes a difference when a man's married. There was Nellie to care for—Nellie and a little heart that was just beginning to beat.

We had been married about a year, Nellie and I. Oh, the happiness of that year! How good the Lord had been to me! I had the best wife and the best engine in the world. What more could a man want? I was groom to both of them. Had I not been, I would not now have been so near the grave.

Yes, it was all the work of that fiend Labarre. He had been my rival for the hand of my sweet Nellie, and I had won. He was my rival, too, for the position of general master mechanic, for he was foreman of the shops, and he knew that I was destined to win over him in that competition. Indeed, it was certain now, for he had foolishly joined the strikers.

With the help of a few other ringleaders of the strike, he had found it no difficult task to overpower me. In a secret council they had voted that my poor existence was a menace to their union, and had condemned me to death.



NELLIE AND A LITTLE HEART THAT WAS JUST BEGINNING TO BEAT.

They knew well where to find me alone. My trips were made on alternate days. Much of the time when I was off duty I spent looking over my monster pet, No. 900, and cleaning her up in a manner no fireman could imitate. I had brought her in on the preceding day in spite of all the strikers could do, and on the morrow I would take her out again, with her mail and sleeping cars behind her, if the manager told me to.

On these off days I worked on No. 900 from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon. At twelve every day Nellie brought me my dinner. It is dirty work cleaning an engine. If I had stopped to wash, change my clothes, and go home to dinner, I should have had to stay an hour or two later in the afternoon. By having Nellie bring my dinner, I got away early enough to take her out for an airing, to parade her before our friends—for she was as beautiful as a blossoming rose, and I was tremendously proud of her.

As for Nellie, it was her pride to be as prompt as the clock. Her father had been an engineer himself, and from childhood she had been accustomed to "running on schedule time." So it was always her delight to enter the roundhouse just as the bell in the shops began striking twelve. And after she had handed me my dinner, she would walk over to the blackboard and write playfully "Dinner—On Time" upon it. After that she would kiss me, and I would lift her into the cab, where she would watch me while I ate. Dinner over, we would have a chat until one, while I smoked my pipe.

My Nellie was almost childish in her anxiety to be promptly on time. Indeed, Labarre counted on her childishness, for he hoped to marry her when I had been dead long enough, and forgotten. He did not know Nellie. It was on account of this childishness that I gave her the key to the little door that gave admittance to the roundhouse in the early morning, when the great arched doors in front were locked. She was a bride of but a week when I gave the key to her, and she had never yet had an occasion to use it. She kept it only to be prepared for emergencies, she explained to me. How like the daughter of an engineer! But the emergency had never come, and she had had the key in her possession now for many months. Indeed, I doubted if she carried it with her at all by this time. Ordinarily, she entered by one of the great open doors that admit the engines. These are closed only for a few hours in the early morning. They were open now, but she could never pass through the throng, the silent, tense, sullen looking multitude that looked on. It would not be permitted.

After Labarre and his fellow fiends had overpowered me, they bound me securely

to the tracks under my engine and just ten inches by measurement from the giant driving wheels. It was precisely ten minutes of twelve o'clock when this was done. Then Labarre jumped into the cab and pulled the lever slightly. Steam had been kept up at the orders of the manager, who did not know when he might want to use the one engine on the road upon which he could depend. Slowly the steam began to shriek from the cylinders of my pet. Still more slowly, indeed with a movement that was almost imperceptible, the great wheels began to revolve. I understood at once. The devils were not only going to kill me by running my engine over me, but they were going to make me suffer an unheard of torture. I was to be crushed to death by slow degrees. I almost fainted at the thought. The blood rushed to my head. With a supreme effort, I made a great heave, straining at my bonds, then lay helpless.

Then Labarre jumped down from the cab and knelt over me.

"Your time has come," he hissed.

I responded in the affirmative with a glance of my eyes.

"I know this engine as well as you do," he continued. "She is moving precisely at the rate of one inch per minute. In ten minutes the great wheels will touch your body. After that——" The looks of Satan danced in his eyes.

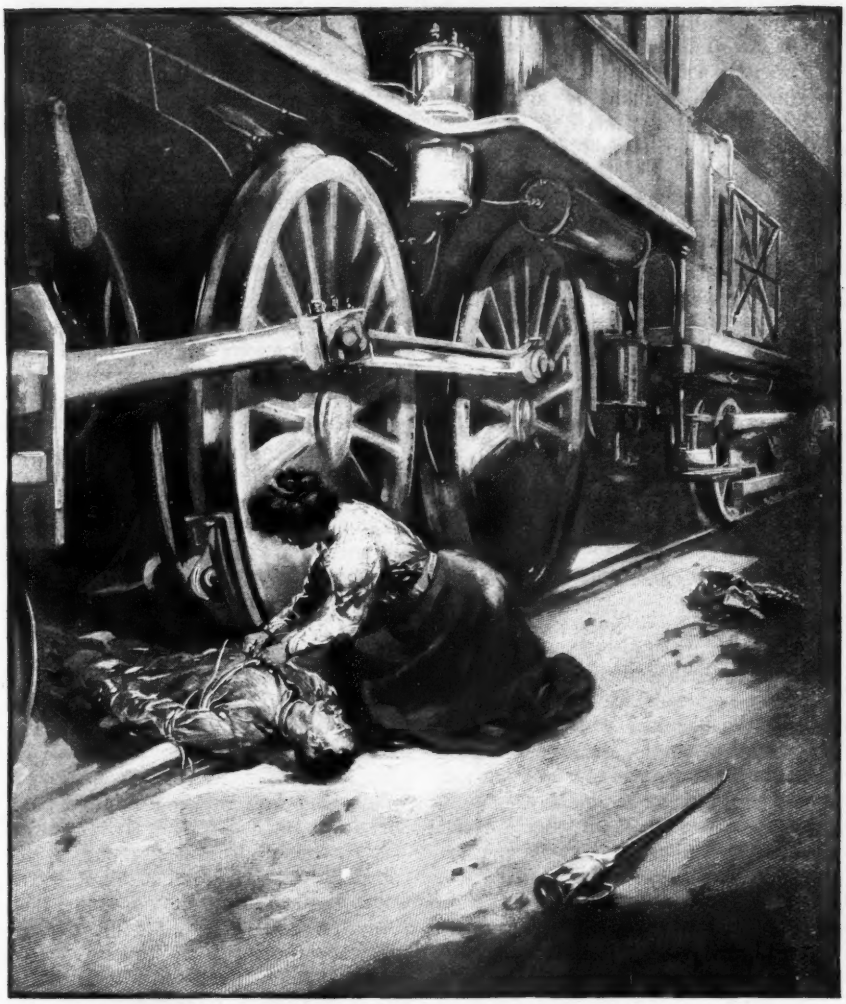
"She is young," he continued. "She will forget. She will be mine yet."

Then he and his accomplices went out to join their fellows.

The steam in No. 900 continued to hiss in a long drawn sigh, as though the engine were a living thing and hesitated at the



SHE WOULD WATCH ME WHILE I ATE.



SHE WAS STOOPING OVER ME AND SLASHING AT MY BONDS.

deed it was about to perform. Slowly as the engine moved, I could see the revolution of the wheels. The distance lessened to nine inches—eight—seven—six. Was there not a soul in that watching throng to feel compassion, to have pity, to save me? At twelve Nellie would reach the roundhouse. But Labarre's fiendish ingenuity had planned matters so that she would be just too late. She could not pass through that watching throng. Was it possible that she had always carried that key—would bring it today? But even if she did, would she even then be in time? At twelve precisely the great driving wheels would touch my body.

The distance had lessened. Four inches—three—two—in a minute my actual physical suffering would begin. After that, rescue would be impossible. I should already be under the wheels.

Half an inch—a quarter—an eighth.

The iron touched. The bell rang the first stroke of twelve. I heard a cry, a shriek, then the rattle of a key in a lock. I could hear the little door fly open, and faintly afterwards the sound of light flying feet.

The great wheel was just taking a first pinch at my flesh when Nellie, with one wild, inarticulate cry, jumped into the cab and stopped the monster that was about

to crush me. A moment later she was stooping over me and slashing at my bonds with the knife from my tool box.

As she did so she dusted my hair plentifully with pearl dust, so that it would appear that it had turned white in the past ten minutes. And then I stood alive again, with Nellie clasped in my arms.

And that multitude, that watching crowd—that throng which I had thought so sullen, so insensate! It went wild with joy. Women wept, men waved their hats. Bouquets were thrown from the boxes. It applauded and cheered. The curtain rose and fell half a score of times. And finally Nellie and I were called before it, and I had to make an impromptu speech—which I had rehearsed quite as carefully as I had the play itself.

That third act carried the play to triumphant success.

Tom Hall.

MULLIGAN'S TREACHERY.

IT was a month after the regiment returned that I chanced to meet Mulligan in Dubuque, and congratulated him upon the distinction he had won for bravery under fire at Iloilo. "But," said I, as I looked into his face, still strangely drawn and pinched from the strain of service in an uncongenial clime, "why do you not wear the medal, old man?"

He caught his breath at the question, and appeared to be embarrassed. "'Tis no midal Oi'm worthy av wearin'," he said at last. "Oi'm thot ashamed av mesilf yez don't know. The midal's bein' ixhibited to the admoirin' gaze av the world, though," he added, brightening for an instant.

I was puzzled, for when I had left the Philippines Mulligan had not been like this. Modesty had been considered the least of his graces, and here he was, hanging his head like the proverbial wood violet. It was almost bewildering. He read from my face the state of mind I was in, and laughed, but it was far from being the old laugh—the laugh that had echoed through the camp on that day when he had led a squad of newly arrived volunteers five miles through forest and jungle to show them the spring of perpetual life. It was a pool of green water he had led them to, rank poison on the very face of it, and he had waved his hand majestically as he told them of the wonderful powers of the water as an agent for the extinguishment of the vital spark in man. "Drink av it, me b'ys," said he, "and yez will be born agin!" Then he had returned to camp, and passed rapidly from one spasm of delight into another until his laughter was exhausted. It was but a poor joke, but it shows how little he required then to give him joy. And now——

"Oi'm seein'," said he, "thot yez don't understand it. Oi'm a changed man, and nobody knows it bitter than thim, loike yersilf, thot knows nothin' about it. The solimnity av loife has come upon me to roost, and me heart has turned to lid in me bosom."

He sighed, and I ventured some poor commonplace upon the sadness of war.

"'Tis not war thot's the trouble wid me," he said; "'tis pace—hor-rible, agonizin' pace. Yez knew me bunky, Phil Garvey?"

"I have seen him many times," I replied.

"'Tis along av him thot Oi'm wallerin' in the swamp av dispond—and a foiner b'y niver braithed the brith av hivin! We wint out togither, wid an oath betwane us to stick through thick and thin. He stuck, but Oi—Oi be—not to put too foine a point upon it—a dirty tr-r-raitor."

"I don't believe it, Mulligan," said I. "I know you too well for that."

"'Tis true all the same, though Oi thank yez kindly for givin' me the loie. There wor a girl in the case, av course—there's always a girl whin min fall out from togither—thot is, whin there's no other rayson at all. Her name wor Illen Killy, and a swater, broighter jewel in calico niver dropped from the bunch av imeralds than her. Garvey loved her and Oi loved her, and there yez have the beginnin' av the story. Which av us the girl loved bist Oi can't say, but Oi'm thinkin' down dape in me heart thot 'twor Garvey. He wor more handsome than me, and the tongue av him twisted out poetry be the yard as natural and unafflicted as a spring runs water.

"Oi remimber will the words he says to me whin we'd started for the other soide av the world to kape up the flag thot Dewey'd raised. 'Mulligan, old man,' says he, his blue oyes lookin' straight inty moine, 'thot blissed girl be aither yours or moine, and we'll be honest wid aich other,' says he. 'There'll be no shenanigin

about it,' says he. 'We'll not talk av her much,' says he, 'for 'tis loike to inginder hard falin's in our brists,' says he. 'We'll foight a square foight, and if yez win Oi'll dance at the widdin' wid a face as full av smoiles as me heart 'll be full av pains. Will yez swear the same to me?' says he. 'Oi will,' says Oi. And Oi did.

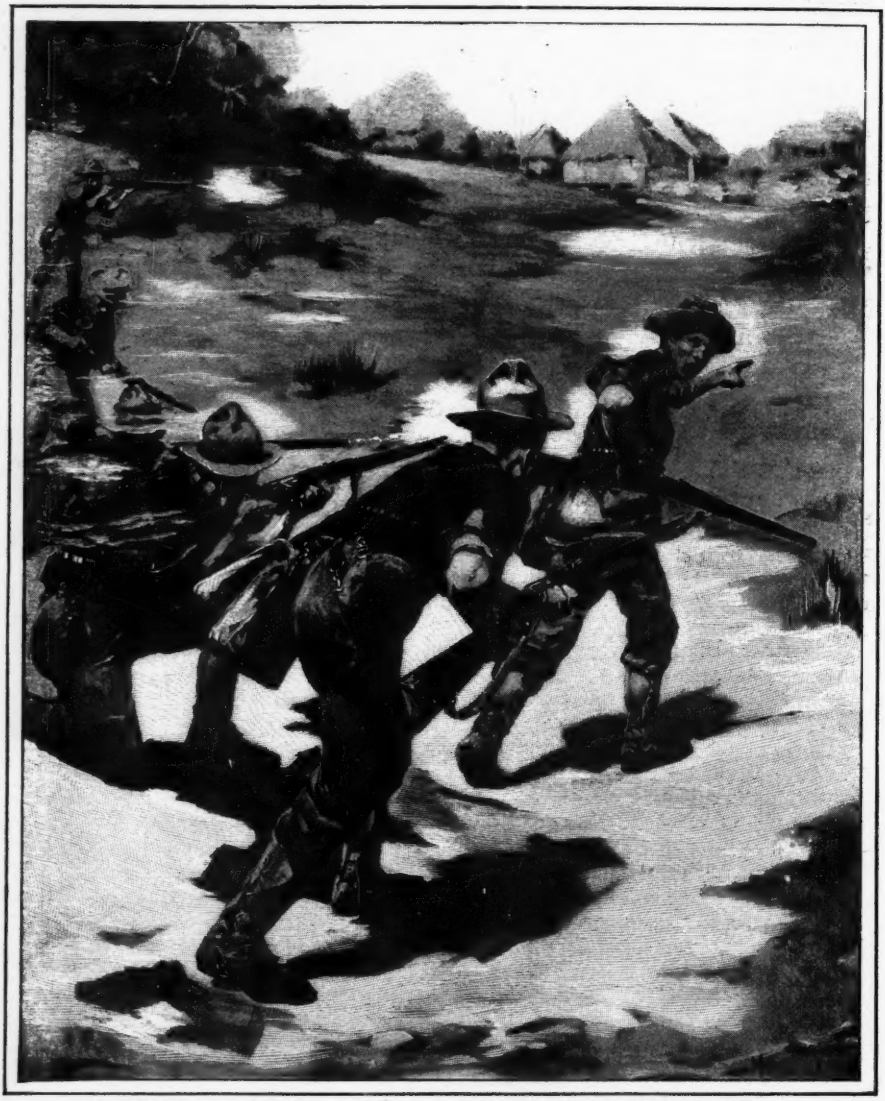
"We'd give the girl good boy togither, for the call wor sudden and we'd not the toime to do otherwoise, though Oi'm thinkin' aither av us 'd have sold our soul to have been alone wid her for just one hour. And thin we wint stippin' away togither for the Lord only knew how long.

"Garvey wor a greater soldier than me, though he wor smaller by an inch and softer in flish. 'Twor somethin he had in his spirit thot 'd been lift out av me, and Oi follied him loike a little brother, though Oi'd have fought the man to a finish thot told me so. He wor a natural born lader, thot b'y. More toimes than one has he told me, after lookin' over the ground, what the orders 'd be the nixt mornin', and it always come out so, ixciptin' whin



"WE'D GIVE THE GIRL GOOD BOY TOGITHER."

the gin'rai made a mistake. He'd spot the wake places in the inemy's loine loike a terrier 'd spot a rat hole. And so we wint along togither, him ladin' and me follyin', thot give me the midal. We wor workin' out in bunches loike, ivery man for himsilf after the order'd been given, for thot's the only way to foight whin the battle



"COME ON, MULLIGAN! THIS WAY, AND WE'LL PAR-R-RALOYZE THIM!"

and niver a word av Illen Killy passin' betwane us.

"Yez riccollect the charge at Iloilo, wid the slant eyed naygers in their jungle loike ants in a hill, runnin' here and there, bumpin' inty one another—millions av thim, but wid a fair loine av battle out in front. 'Twor there the ivint happened faild's all cut to paces wid finces and huts and bushes and trays, and it looked for a minute loike the divils wor goin' to make a disperate stand. But there wor a wake place, and Garvey saw it. 'Come on, Mulligan,' says he, givin' a poetic yill; 'this way, and we'll par-r-raloyze thim!' And away we wint, him ahid and me

behoind. Thin, all av a sudden, he stops, throwin' his hand to his face, waves back and forth, and goes down wid a thud.

"Oi troied to stop, too, but Oi could not. The faver wor in me blood, though a minute before Oi'd been gaspin' wid fear, and Oi wint on and on, yillin' louder at ivery jump, and the whole nayger army takes one look at me and runs loike shape before a dog. Yez know how it is, whin the loine's once broke? The whole thing goes to paces thin. 'Twor only a minute before the definse av thot town wor rolled up as a scroll. They sid—our b'ys afterwards—thot 'twor a very foine ixhibition Oi give, and the colonel presinted me wid official ricognition for it, which wor ilegantly gratifoyin' but divilish painful, for will Oi knows thot 'twor Garvey's spirit that done it all.

"Whin 'twor over Oi looked up the poor b'y. He wor in hospital, wid a bullet hole straight through his hid behoind the oyes, and his hold on loife wor moighty precarious. The doctors kipt sayin' for days thot he could not live at all, but he kipt goin' in spoite av thim, and wor able to be moved wid the rist whin we come home to be mustered out.

"Oi lift him in the hospital in San Francisco, ristin' up a bit before takin' the journey home, and Oi goes on ahid—for once—wid me heart thumpetty thumpin' on me ribs to pay me rispicts to Illen Killy. And thin Oi got the shock av me loife. Illen Killy's no more the beauty thot she wor—no more—no more. Ah, Oi fales loike a wit rag this minute at the remimbrance av her comin' inty the little parlor, where Oi sits be the organ catchin' me brith and wonderin' if Oi'd live till Oi sit oyes on her agin.

"Her face wor marked be a great, rid scar, and her mouth wor pulled down to one soide and one oye wor closed. 'Twor a tay kittle Oi'm thinkin' it wor they sid thot done it, though Oi'm not clear on thot point. It makes no difference at all, any way. 'Twor a disfiguremint av the most disfigurin' koind. Hivins! Oi'll not dwill on it. She looked nothin' loike the girl we'd lift. But whin she spoke—whin she spoke—'twor the same old voice—the same—old voice."

Mulligan's chin sank to his chest, and he covered his eyes for an instant.

"Me duty wor plain before me thin, and Oi struggled long and hard betwane thot and—and somethin' ilse. And as the days wint on Oi got waker and waker, and Oi saw plain Oi wor not goin' to make it. If Oi'd a dollar for ivery groan Oi spit from me bladin' brist durin' thim long, slapeless noights, Oi—Oi think Oi'd go to St. Paul and be a magnate or somethin' loike thot. 'Twor a bitter foight. The marks av it will still be on me whin Oi marches in me coffin to me gr-r-rave.

"Whin 'twor at its worst, Garvey comes home wid his oyes toied up in a big bandage, and Oi mates him at the station wid a soft voice, but wid the heart av a traitor widin me. 'And how are yez, old man?' says Oi to him, supportin' him wid me arm, for he's a bit wavery still on his legs. 'Foine,' says he, 'foine. But, Mulligan,' says he in a whisper, 'Oi'm bloind.' 'What!' says Oi. 'Say thot agin!' 'The oyesight's timporarily gone foriver,' says he. 'But don't till the folks—just yit.' And in thot instant, whoile me arm wor still circlin' his waist and me profissions av sympathy wor interin' his ears, a schame come inty me moind—a schame thot wor dark and full av wickedniss.

"Oi tills him av Illen, and gives him to understand thot she's still the same swate crayture his oyes had lift, and he kapes me talkin' on thot string for a long toime, niver toirin' av it, drinkin' it in as a fish drinks water. Poor, foolish Garvey! Oi tills him thot she's waitin' for him, and he falls inty the trap. 'But,' says Oi, wid a tone av warnin' in me voice, 'marry her quick, me b'y, marry her quick, for there's another felly thot 'd give his chances for hivin to git her.' 'Who is it?' says he, his hand shuttin' inty a fist and his brith jerkin'. 'A good lookin' Oirishman thot—thot yez don't know,' says Oi. 'Tomorrow 'll suit me,' says he. 'Go and spake to her thin,' says Oi.

"He goes, and they wor married the nixt day, sure enough, me standin' for bist man loike the black hippicrite Oi be. And now he's in a state av bliss, is Garvey, unconscious av the horrible scar he's married to, for Oi told the girl not to till him, ilse it moight kill him. 'Tis all moy fault—all moy fault! Had Oi been a true man, Oi'd married her mesilf long ago whin Oi'd the chance and saved me frind!"

"And the medal, Mulligan?" I asked.

"'Tis on Garvey's brist," said Mulligan. "The poor chump thinks 'tis his!"

David H. Talmadge.

RAILROADING AS A PROFESSION.

BY H. G. PROUT, M. AM. SOC. C. E.,
Editor of "The Railroad Gazette."

HOW TO BECOME A RAILROAD MAN, THE DIFFERENT AVENUES TO PROMOTION IN A CALLING WHICH IS TAKING RANK AS ONE OF THE GREAT PROFESSIONS, AND THE PRIZES IT OFFERS TO THOSE CAPABLE OF WINNING THEM.

EVER since the Civil War, railroading as a career has probably been more attractive to the bold and enterprising men and to the ambitious youth of America than any other occupation. There are good reasons for this. It gratifies the love of power which every man who is worth his salt has in him. If he is only a section boss, he still has half a dozen men under him. If he is a train conductor or an engine driver, he is boss of some one or something and has real responsibility. He rises to become a trainmaster, a yardmaster, a division superintendent, a general manager, and finally a president, according to his merit and his luck, and his power always grows. When he is general manager of seven thousand miles of railroad, his actual power is greater and far more absolute than that of the Governor of the biggest State in the Union.

This career, too, gratifies the love of distinction, which again is one of the most powerful springs of human conduct. The division superintendent is a great man in his territory. The general officer, giving final judgment on the affairs of men in his stately office, or moving over the land in his private car, is, in the eyes of the youth of the country, little short of a king. Finally, there are the inducement of comfortable and even handsome salary, and the opportunity to make a fortune by knowledge of allied interests and by acquaintance with men in the market.

Such, then, are some of the sufficient reasons why the enterprising young man is attracted to railroading as a calling, and to my mind they are stronger now than ever before—now that railroading is changing from an occupation into a profession.

Before we pass on, let us stop to say a word about this matter of the officer's private car. Probably an opportunity will not come logically in the development of this article, and yet it is worth while to set the matter straight. If one must travel by rail, a private car is a comfortable and even luxurious vehicle as compared with a public car. But to get your living by traveling, even under the most comfortable conditions, is a hard lot. The monotony, the want of proper exercise, the cramped quarters, and the unrelenting jar, day and night, of the moving train combine to make this a tedious and even unwholesome way of spending time. No man who has done much of it would think of doing it for pleasure.

But no railroad can be well managed unless the superior executive officers spend a great deal of time out on the line. The general manager or the general superintendent can only know his property and his men by constantly moving over the system, and so his private car is at once his house and his office. There he has a simple office outfit, including a typewriting machine, and there, with his shorthand writer, who is usually also his secretary, he carries on routine business. There he sees the division officers, the yardmasters, the roadmasters, and so on down to the Irishman who tamps ties. There he talks with the man who wants a siding built to his mill; with the farmer whose bull has been killed on the track; with the merchant whose freight has been delayed; with the committee of eminent citizens who are scheming for a branch line; and there he gets such rest as he can in the short hours which his exacting life leaves for rest. Generally speaking, then, the private car is not an article of luxury—the visible emblem of wealth and power—but it is a machine to enable the general officer better to serve the public and his stockholders, and the faster to work himself to that physical

breakdown which is so often the end of the railroad man who rises high in his calling.

All of this, however, is a digression. Let us return to the main topic, the opportunities and the attractions which a railroad career offers to the youth of the land.

I know of no other calling at once so interesting, so varied, and so exacting. At the top it is a highly complex profession; at the bottom it is hardly skilled labor. It employs pretty nearly all the other great professions, and it calls into its service many of the arts. It demands learning and executive power, and it demands also skill with the machinist's hammer and the tamping bar. But everywhere, from top to bottom, there must be physical strength to stand sustained hard work, and if one is to stay and rise he must have a sense of duty and must be reliable not only for sustained effort but under a sudden strain.

In what I have to say I shall speak not to the class content to remain clerks and laborers, but to those properly ambitious to rise to the highest offices.

BEGINNING AT THE BOTTOM.

The young man who enters railroading may do so in several ways. He may begin as a telegraph operator, as a clerk in a large station, as a petty station agent, or as a leverman in a signal cabin in a big yard; or he may get a job in the yardmaster's or trainmaster's office. If he is wide awake and has a good head, he may get up through the train despatcher's grade, he may go up through the office of yardmaster, or he may begin in the train service as a brakeman or flagman and advance through the grade of conductor. All of these routes and various others lead to the grade of division superintendent. Once safely landed there, the world is open. The future is only a matter of ability, character, and physical strength.

Many of the best superintendents and some of the best general managers have gone up through the train despatcher's office, and the experience gives them a command of the details of the art of moving traffic which they can get in no other way.

Another road to the top is through the rank of the freight brakeman or of wiper in the round house, to the grade of fireman and then to running a locomotive. By that road one comes to be a road foreman of engines, a roundhouse foreman, a division master mechanic, and a superintendent of motive power; and may thence pass anywhere in the service, depending upon his natural gifts.

It sometimes happens that a boy enters service as a rodman with an engineering party, or gets a job in the road department, and so works up; or again, he might enter as an apprentice in the machine shops. Still another way to start is as stenographer or clerk to some officer in the operating department, say to a division superintendent. This, indeed, is one of the best ways, for it gives the young man a broad and accurate knowledge of the business quicker than any other experience. One disadvantage is that the vacancies are few. Another disadvantage is that unless the young man has more than average ability and energy, he will never be more than a clerk or perhaps a secretary. If he is only an ordinary man, he will not be apt in such a place to be called on to handle men or to take responsibility, and hence he cannot develop or show executive power.

THE CHANCES OF PROMOTION.

Naturally, the great mass of the young men who enter through any of these doors will never go very far, and yet the great mass of superior officers have been recruited from the lower grades. The reason for both of these facts is obvious, if we consider a few figures. In 1898 the total employees on the railroads of the United States were 875,000, but the officers were less than 5,000. That is to say, only one in every 175 of all employees could be ranked as an officer. Among these employees there were 26,845 general office clerks, 131,787 station agents, station men, and telegraph operators, and 170,600 enginemen and trainmen of all classes. Obviously, the competition for the 5,000 places held by what we know as officers must be pretty sharp.

Yet to the young men of talent and force the situation is not so hard as it seems when we say that only one in 175 of the men employed by the railroads is an officer. As a matter of fact, only one in 150, or one in some other pretty large number, is fit to be an officer. Much the greater number of the employees are too

lazy or too dull, or too feeble in character, or too defective on the moral side, ever to be thought of as officers. This does not mean that the employees of the railroads are as a class lazy and dull and morally weak. In fact, they average high as compared with men in other vocations, but, taking the whole human race, the percentage of men fit for responsibility is small. Every man accustomed to administration knows that; and the law of the race holds good for men in the railroad service. Thus the chances of promotion for capable young men are really good. In truth, superior officers are always on the watch for men worth promoting. One of their toughest problems is to find good material to fill the minor offices.

THE QUESTION OF AN EDUCATION.

There is another objection to entering the railroad service through any of the gateways that I have mentioned, and this objection is far more serious than the competition. It is that the youth who begins life in that way must almost always suffer for want of education. In the nature of things, a boy who begins work at fourteen or sixteen cannot have much education, and probably he will never acquire much. In his early life he will always be at serious disadvantage alongside of the man who has equal talent with himself and a better education. As he grows older, his ability and accumulated experience will tell more and more, and gradually the deficiency of education will cease to hinder his progress. But the chances are that the more intelligent he is, the more he will understand and regret his lack of education.

Some of the most cultivated and agreeable men of my acquaintance are railroad officers who began work at fourteen with no schooling beyond the merest rudiments. I know such men who, in range of taste and knowledge, and in manners, will hold their own in any civilized society; and this is true of some of the best of the British railroad officers as well as in our own country. Gentlemen who have been knighted for their achievements and who live in dignity and elegance began when boys as clerks or messengers; but all these are exceptional men. They are men unusually quick of apprehension, unusually strong in mind and body, and naturally gifted with refinement of taste and feeling.

But I am writing for the ordinary youth, not the extraordinary. The ordinary youth will not get a large education unless the foundation for it is laid in boyhood. This, then, is my second objection, and it is the one serious objection to entering the railroad profession by the humbler doors that I have pointed out without a good preliminary education. What shall that education be?

WHAT EDUCATION IS FOR.

The first object of education is to develop character; to make a man honest, courageous, and self reliant; to teach him to fear no man and to shrink from no difficulty. The second object is to teach him to analyze and to reason. The third is to give him command of the general principles which underlie the art or science which he is destined to practice. The fourth is to teach him the probable limits of human knowledge with regard to that art or science, especially that he may not be unduly awed by the attainments of other men. Finally, the last and least important object of education is to give him definite knowledge of the details of the art and science by which he is to get his living. This last object is important and it is often put first; but if a man is to rise high in the world, if he is to be more than a mere subaltern, it is less important than either of the others. The fundamental theory of a subject so great and complicated as education is not to be completely stated in five short sentences. What I say above is incomplete and subject to qualifications, and probably I should not say it in just this way tomorrow, but in the main I am prepared to stand by it.

Obviously, some of the most important objects of education cannot be reached, or can be but partially realized, in any school or college. The boy must get much that is best in his education in his home, and a man must continue to get the best of his education in his work; but the college stands between the home and the work, and prepares for that work as nothing else does in the present stage of the development of human society. What, then, shall be the college education of the boy who is going into railroading?

There are no courses in any of the col-

leges designed specifically to fit a man for the profession of railroading. In various universities there are lectures on some phases of railroad sociology or railroad practice, as, for example, on legislation, on State and national control, on railroad associations, on rates, and on railroad finance. But these do not go far to fit a man for the practice of the railroad profession. In the engineering colleges are many and valuable lectures and recitations on the strictly engineering side of railroading, but on the whole we may say that there is nowhere any course in railroading. A few years ago an effort was made to get such a course established at Harvard, but so far it has not been done. The youth, then, is free to choose.

THE BEST PREPARATION FOR A RAILROAD CAREER.

My advice to him will be to prepare for a first class engineering school, to stay for four years, and to take a degree. If his money does not hold out, let him take three years, or even two years. Perhaps he can go out and work a year and save a little money and then go back and get his degree. This requires uncommon patience and resolution, and it is too much to expect of the average boy; but I consider it the very best way of getting a college education. Indeed, it might be all the better for him to take two years in college, then one year of work, then one year in college and another year at work, and finally go back for his fourth year and his degree. This, however, is not often practicable, for one cannot ordinarily get jobs that will admit of it; but it is worth trying.

The engineering college seems to offer, on the whole, the best preparation for a railroad career that can be got in a college. It comes nearer to fulfilling all the objects of education laid down above than any other college course. It helps toward the first object in so far as it teaches a man, beyond all other educations, to seek for, to live by, and to rely upon the truth. The engineer learns very early that nature cannot be deceived or cajoled. He must learn her laws and follow them, or he fails.

The second object of education is best secured in the study and practice of engineering. The training in mathematics and in the physical sciences teaches one to analyze and reason better than any other training, and in the practice of engineering an error of reasoning leads to swift and visible punishment.

The third, fourth, and fifth objects, as laid down above, are also more nearly realized in the engineering education than in any other. A considerable part of railroad work is actual and direct engineering work. A large part is indirectly engineering work.

Such are some of the reasons why the young man going into railroading will probably do best to choose the engineering college for his preliminary education. Fortunately his room for choice is great. No other country in the world is so blessed as our own in fine engineering schools. We may find them from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the State universities and as special technical schools. The cost of getting an education need keep back no able youth of robust physique. The standards of instruction in these schools are already high and are constantly rising. The professors and instructors engaged in them have a Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, which meets every year and discusses the special problems of their work. I should think that no group of instructors in the land are more enthusiastic and devoted than these men. Within the next few decades their work must have a great effect on the correctness of our national thinking and the efficiency of our national conduct.

AFTER THE COLLEGE COURSE.

When the young man has done his four years of college, he will not be as valuable to a railroad as a man of the same age with only a common school education, who has spent four years at work in the humblest capacity on an actual railroad. He cannot earn as much; but he is ready to start, and he can go as fast and as far as his luck and his ability will carry him. With equal luck and ability, he will soon pass the other man, but he must expect to begin at the bottom.

He will have learned something of his own tastes and capacities, and can judge somewhat as to the department of railroad work in which he is most likely to succeed. If he has fair mechanical ability, he will do well to go into a shop as an apprentice. If he is interested in civil

engineering, and has unusual gifts of observation and contrivance, he will probably find his best field either in the road department or in the department in charge of bridges, buildings, and construction. Here he might enter as a draftsman, as a rodman, or possibly as an assistant engineer. He might even go out as a section hand with a pick and shovel and a spiking maul.

If he is stronger on the executive side than as a scientific man, he may get on faster by entering at once in the transportation department in some of the positions indicated early in this article. Or he may have the tastes and qualities of a trader, and then he will perhaps choose to get into the traffic department in the office of a passenger or freight agent.

It is well for the young man, whatever door he chooses, not to sell himself too cheaply. This is not as to wages. He must not hope to get more than enough to support life, and he will be lucky if he gets that, but he can usually show some discretion in his choice of his superiors. Railroad officers are a good deal like other men. They are not all broad minded or sympathetic with youth and its ambitions, or patient with its many weaknesses. They do not all think of the best way of recruiting the staff of the company; they do not all understand the value of a liberal education in their subordinates. If a young man falls under one of these men, his advance may be impeded or his probation may be disagreeable; but most railroad officers stand ready to welcome and to help young men of education and force of character and intellectual ability. A shrewd choice of superiors, then, is an important first step, but it may not be out of place just here to remind the young man that one of the greatest charms of youth is modesty, and further, the spirit at once modest and courageous is in the best attitude to get wisdom.

A GREAT NEW PROFESSION.

I said early in this article that railroading is changing from an occupation to a profession, and so becoming more attractive to the enterprising and to the educated youth of the land. We have space left for only a word in development of this idea. The dictionaries do not bring out very accurately the difference between a profession and a business. A profession is defined as "an employment requiring a learned education," and again it is defined as "a vocation in which a professed knowledge of some department of science or learning is used by its practical application to affairs of others." All of this is true, and distinguishes, so far as it goes, the lawyer from the barber; but it misses the most important fact of professional life. A man in trade or manufacture is working directly for his own profit. A man in a profession is working directly for the profit of his client, and only indirectly for his own profit. He takes the interests of his client in trust. Having done so, he must guard and further those interests even if he himself suffers in body or in purse. This is fundamental, and no man has any place in any one of the great professions unless he can be depended upon to act by this principle.

Fortunately, the real leaders of the professions do recognize and follow this principle, and so set the standard of conduct for all. In engineering, the great mass of the line of the profession live by it, and I judge the same is true in medicine, in the church, and perhaps in the law. To an outsider it looks as if the average standard of conduct in the law had been degraded by the flood of half educated and vulgar minded men who have been poured into it in recent years; but when we look above the surface of the flood of shysters and "ambulance lawyers" and the like, we find an army of gentlemen who guard the noble traditions which have made their ancient profession great.

I observe that this professional idea is growing fast among railroad men. I should say that it is held, consciously or unconsciously, by most of the railroad officers whom I meet, and that they act upon it instinctively. There are still men among them who take commissions on orders for materials, who accept bribes (and call them Christmas presents) from dealers, and who rig the market at the cost of the innocent holders of the securities of their roads. But these men are becoming relatively rare. The higher education of the young men, which prepares the mind to receive and nourish higher ideals and ambitions, is the most powerful single influence to drive sordid men out of the ranks, and so develop railroading into a real profession.

SOPHIA.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

XXIII (*Continued*).

TWISTING one hand in the other, Sophia turned to the second portrait, and looked and looked with pitiful eyes. What line her train of thought next took her actions showed. She glanced round with a guilty air, perceived a tall, narrow mirror that stood framed between the windows, and went towards it. Furtively assuring herself that she was not watched from the terrace, she viewed herself in it—shamefacedly.

She saw a pale, grave face, barely redeemed from plainness by two speaking eyes and a wealth of hair, that looked somberly into hers, and grew more somber as it looked. "He is more like his old self than I am like *that!*" she thought. "Why did he choose me? Why did he not choose Lady Betty? She is such another now as Lady Anne was then."

She was still peering at herself with pitiful eyes when she heard his voice in the hall, and started guiltily. She would not for the world he caught her in that room, and she darted to the door, dragged it open, and was half way across the long drawingroom when he entered. She felt that her face was on fire, but he did not seem to notice it.

"A thousand pardons that I was not with you before, child!" he cried pleasantly. "I'd business, and—no, I must not touch you, for I have been nearer than was pleasant to one of your friends with the smallpox."

"You have run—no risk, I hope?" she said faintly.

"Not a whit!" he answered, striking his boot with his whip and looking round the room as if he seldom entered it. "I have had it, you know. I've also had the whole story of your adventures from Betty, whom I met as I was going to my room a while ago."

She was agitated; he was at his ease. "I am sorry that we managed so clumsily," she murmured.

"You managed very bravely, I think," he answered lightly. And then, "This is your part of the house, you know, Sophia. You must make what changes you please here."

"Thank you," she said. "You are very good."

"These rooms have been little used since my mother's death," he continued, again looking round. "So I have no doubt they want refurnishing. You must talk it over with Lady Betty. And that reminds me. I saw your brother slipping away a few minutes ago, and he had something the air of following her." And Sir Hervey laughed and sat down on one of the stiff backed chairs. "All the same, I think he ought to be told," he continued thoughtfully, tapping the toe of his boot with his whip.

Sophia smiled faintly. "You think he is taken with her?"

"Who would not be?" Sir Hervey answered bluntly. "Maid or mistress, I can see he'll be head over ears in love with her before twenty four hours are out!"

Sophia sat down. "It's her fancy," she said languidly. "Of course, if you wish it, I will tell him."

"No, no, child, have it your own way," he answered with good humor. "I suppose she is prepared to pay for her frolic."

"Well, I think—she likes him."

"And 'twould do very well on both sides."

"I suppose so."

Sir Hervey rose. "Then let be," he said; and he wandered across the room, taking up things and setting them down again, as if he did not think it quite polite to leave her, yet had nothing more to say. Sophia watched him with growing soreness. Was it fancy or was it truth that he had never been so cold, so indifferent, so little concerned for her, so well satisfied with himself, as now? A change, she knew not what, had come over him. Or was it that a change had come over her?

She wondered and at length plunged desperately into speech. "Is it true," she asked, "that those people who treated us so ill yesterday are coming to see you today?"

"Those of them who are householders are coming," he answered soberly. "At four o'clock. But I do not wish you to see them."

"You will not—be too severe with them?"

"I shall not be more severe, I hope, than the occasion requires," he answered.

But his tone was hard, and she felt that what she had heard was true. "Will you grant me a favor?" she blurted out, her voice trembling a little.

"I should like to grant you many," he answered, smiling at her.

"It's only that you will not send them away?" she said.

"Send them away?"

"I mean, send them off their farms," she explained hurriedly. "I was told—Tom told me that you were going to do so; and that

Copyright, 1899, by Stanley J. Weyman.—This story began in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

some had held the land for generations, and would be heartbroken as well as ruined."

He did not answer at once, and his silence confirmed her in her fears. "I don't say that they have not deserved to be punished," she urged. "But—but I should not like my coming here to be remembered by this. And it seems out of proportion to the crime, since they did me no harm."

"Whatever they intended?"

"Yes."

He looked at her gravely. "What led you to think," he said, "that I had it in my mind to punish them in that way?"

"Well, Tom told me," she explained in growing confusion, "that you might do it to—might think it would please me. He said that any one in your place—I mean——"

"Any one newly married?"

Sophia's face flamed. "I suppose so," she murmured—"would do it."

"To please his bride? And you agreed with him, Sophia? You thought it was probable?"

"I thought it was possible," she said.

He walked across the room, came back, and stood before her. He looked down at her. "My dear," he said soberly—and she winced under the altered tone of his voice—"you will learn to know me better in a little while. But let me tell you at once that the purpose you have mentioned never entered my head; and that I am, I hope, incapable of it. There are people who might entertain it, I don't doubt—and might carry it out to please a mistress or gratify a whim. There are, I know. But I am not one of that kind. I am too old to misuse power to please a woman, even the woman I have chosen. Nor," he continued, stopping her as she tried to speak, "is that all. In the management of an estate we do not act so hurriedly as you appear to think. Old tenants, like old wine, are the best, and where it is possible we keep them. I have sent, it is true, for those who were guilty yesterday, and I shall see that they are made to smart for it, but not to the extent of loss of home and livelihood."

"I am sorry," she muttered.

"There is no need, child," he answered. "But while we are on this, I may as well deal with another matter. I found your note and the jewel case on my table, and as you wish, so it shall be. I might prefer, indeed I should prefer," he continued prosaically, "to see my wife properly equipped when she goes into the world. But that's a small matter; Lady Coke will always be Lady Coke, and if you will feel more free and more happy without them——"

"I shall," she muttered hurriedly, "if you please."

"Why, so be it. They shall be returned to my goldsmith's as soon as a safe conveyance can be found. I wish, my dear," he added good naturedly, "I could rid you of all troubles as easily."

"I am much obliged to you," she muttered. And could have shrunk into the floor with shame, seeing herself a horrid creature, imposing all, taking nothing, casting all the burden and all the stress and all the inconvenience of their strange relations on him. In town and on the road she had fancied that there was something fine, something of the nature of abnegation and dignity, in the return of the jewels and in her determination that she would not go decked in them. But the simplicity with which he had accepted her whim, and waived his wishes for hers, tore away the veil of self deception, and showed Sophia the childishness of her conduct. She would not wear his jewels, but his name and his title, his freedom and his home, she had not scrupled to take from him—with scarce a word of gratitude, with scarce one thought for him.

The very distress she was feeling gave her, she was certain, a sullen air; and must set her in a worse light than ever. Yet she was tongue tied. He yielded freely, handsomely, generously; and that bare, that cold, "I am much obliged to you," was all she could force her tongue to utter. She was beginning to feel that she was growing afraid of him—when he spoke.

"There is one other matter," he said, "I wished to name. It touches Mrs. Stokes. She has been here a number of years, and I dare say, like this room, smacks a little of good Queen Anne. If you think it necessary to discharge her——"

Sophia started. "I?" she said.

"To be sure—I should, at the worst, pension her. But she has served us faithfully, I believe—beginning, I think," Sir Hervey continued with a slight touch of constraint, "by whipping me when I needed it—and she would be distressed, I fear, if she had to go. If you could contrive to do with her for a while, therefore, I should be much obliged to you."

Sophia had risen and moved a little way from him. "Did you think I should discharge her?" she said, without turning her head.

"Well," he answered, "I did not know, my dear. Young housekeepers——"

"Why did you think I should discharge her?" she cried, interrupting him sharply. And then, "Pray forgive me," she continued hurriedly, yet stiffly, "I—you hurt me a little in what you said of—the tenants. I only ask you to believe that I am as incapable of dismissing an old servant for a trifle as you are of behaving unjustly to your tenants."

He did not appear to notice her emotion. "Thank you," he said. "Then we understand each other. Of course, I don't wish you to feel this an obligation. Mrs. Stokes is growing old——"

"It is no obligation," she said coldly. And then, "I think it will be more pleasant on the terrace," she said; and she moved towards the door.

He held it open that she might pass through, and followed her into the hall. He little dreamed that, as she walked before him, she was wondering with anxiety, almost with terror, whether he would go out with her or leave her at once; whether this was all she was to see of him, day by day. The doubt was not solved; as they entered the shady hall by one door, Lady Betty darted into it from the terrace, her face scarlet and tear stained, her hat crushed, her eyes glowing with anger. They were so near her she could not escape them; nor could she hide her disorder. "Why, Betty," Sophia cried in horror, "what is it? What in the world is the matter?"

"Don't ask me!" my lady cried furiously. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! You —your brother has insulted me! He has held me, and kissed me against my will, the wretch! And he laughed at me! He laughed at me! Oh I could kill him!"

XXIV.

It must be confessed that the flicker of skirts with which Lady Betty ran down the steps, on her way to her airing—still more, a certain toss of the head that was its perfect complement—gave her mischievous soul huge delight; for she had watched a French maid, and knew them to be pure nature, and the very quintessence of the singing chambermaid's art. It is not impossible that as she executed them she had a person in her eye, and meant him to profit by them; for by and by she repeated the performance at a point where two paths diverged, and where it formed the fitting close of a very pretty pause of indecision. Tom was here so hard on her heels that ordinary ears must have detected his tread; but that my lady heard nothing was proved by the fact that she chose the more retired track, and tripped along it, humming and darting from flower to flower like some dainty insect let loose among the bracken.

She plucked at will, and buried her shapely little nose in the blossoms; she went on, she stopped, she went on again; and Tom let her go until the path, after winding round a low spreading oak that closed the view from the house, began to descend into a wide sunny dell, where it ran, a green ribbon of sward, through waist high fern, leaped the brook by a single plank, and scaled the steeper side by tiny zigzags.

There, on the hither side of this summer hollow, sleepy with the warm hum of bees and scent of thyme, Tom overtook her; and never, sure, was any one so surprised and overwhelmed as this poor maid. "La, sir, I declare you frightened my heart into my mouth!" she cried, pressing a white hand to her bodice and looking timidly at him from the shelter of her straw hat. "I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir," with a courtesy. "I would not have come here, if I'd known, for the world."

"No, child?"

"No, sir, indeed I would not!"

"And why not?" Tom asked. "Why should you not come here?"

"Why?" she retorted, properly scandalized. "What! Come where the family walk? I should hope I know my place better than that, sir! And to behave myself in it!"

"Very prettily, I am sure," Tom declared, with a bold stare of admiration.

"As becomes me, sir, I hope," Betty answered demurely; and to show that the stare had no effect upon her, turned her head primly away.

"Though you were brought up with your mistress? Or was it with your late mistress?" Tom asked slyly. "Or have you forgotten which it was, Betty?"

"I hope I've never forgotten any one who was kind to me," she whispered, her head drooping so that he could not see her face. "There's not many think of a poor girl in service; though I come of some that ha' seen better days."

"Indeed, Betty, is that so?"

"So I've heard, sir."

"Well, you count me among your friends, Betty?"

"La, no, sir!" with vivacity; and she shot him with an arch glance. "I should think not, indeed! I should like to know why, sir?" And she tossed her head disdainfully. "But there, I've talked too long! I'm sure her ladyship would not like it, and, asking your pardon, sir, I'll go on."

"But I'm coming your way."

"No, sir!"

"But I am," Tom persisted. "Why shouldn't I? You are not afraid of me, child. You were not afraid of me in the dark on the hill, when we sat on the tree together, and you wore my coat."

Betty sighed. "'Twas different then, sir," she murmured, hanging her head, and tracing a pattern on the sward with the point of her toe.

"Why?"

"I'd no choice, sir."

"Then you would choose to leave me, would you?"

"And I didn't know that you belonged to the family," she said, evading the question, "or I should not have made so free, sir. And besides, asking your pardon, you told me that you had seen enough of women to last you your life, sir. You know you did!"

"Oh, d——n!" Tom cried. The reminder was not welcome.

Betty recoiled virtuously. "There, sir," she cried, "now I know what you think of me! If I were a lady you'd not have said that to me, I'll be bound. Swearing, indeed, For shame, sir! But I'm for home, and none too soon!"

"No, no!" Tom cried. "Don't be silly!"

"It's yes, yes, sir, by your leave," she retorted. "I'm none such a fool as you'd make me, and that shows me what you think of me."

And turning abruptly, she began to retrace her steps with an offended air. Tom called to her, but fruitlessly; she did not answer or pause; he had to follow her, feeling small—and smaller with every yard. A little farther and they would be again within sight of the house.

The track was narrow, the fern on each side grew waist high; he could not intercept her without actual violence. At length, "See here, child," he said humbly, "if you'll turn and chat a bit, I'll persuade you it was not meant. I'll treat you every bit as if you were a lady. I swear I will!"

"I don't know," she cried. "I don't know that I can trust you." But she went more slowly.

"'Pon honor, I will," he protested. "I swear I will!"

She stopped at that and turned to him. "You will?" she said. "You really will? Then will you please"—with a charming shyness—"pick me a nosegay to put in my tucker, as my lady's beaux used to do? I should like to feel like a lady for once," she continued eagerly. "'Twould be such a frolic as you gentlefolk have, sir, when you pretend to be poor milkmaids and make syllabub, and will not have a bandbox or a hoop petticoat near you."

"Your ladyship shall have a nosegay," Tom answered gaily. "But I must first see the color of your eyes, that I may match them."

She clapped her hands in a rapture. "Oh, how you act, to be sure!" she cried. "'Tis too charming! And for my eyes, sir, it's no more than matching wools." And she looked at him shyly, dropping a courtesy the while.

"Oh, isn't it?" he retorted. "Matching wools, indeed, sweet. Wool does not change, nor shift its hues! Nor glance, nor sparkle, nor ripple like water running now on the deeps, now on the shallows! Nor mirror the clouds, nor dance like wheat in the sunshine! Nor melt like summer, nor freeze like the arctic! Nor say a thousand things in a thousand seconds!"

"La! And do my eyes do all that?" Betty cried, opening them very wide in her innocent astonishment. "What a thing it is, to be sure, to be a lady! I declare, sir, you are quite out of breath with the fine things you've said. All the same, they are blue in the main, and I'll have forgetmenots, if you please, sir. There's plenty in the brook, and while your honor fetches them I'll sit here and do nothing, like the gentlefolks."

The brook ran a hundred paces below them, the sun was hot in the dell, but Tom had no fair excuse. He ran down with a good grace, and in five minutes was back again, his hands full of tiny blossoms. "They're like a bit of the sky," said Betty, as he pinned them to her bodice.

"Then they are like your eyes, sweet," he answered, and he stooped to pay himself for the compliment with a kiss.

But Betty slipped from him, without betraying—save by a sudden blush—that she understood. "Now it's my turn," she cried gaily. "Do you sit, and I'll make you a posy!" And humming an air, she floated through the fern to a tree of wild cherry that hung low boughs to meet the bracken and foxgloves. She began to pluck the blossom, while Tom watched her and told himself that never was sweeter idyl than this, nor a maid more entrancingly fair, nor eyes more blue, nor lips more inviting, nor manners more daintily sweet and naïve. He sighed prodigiously—for he swore that not for the world would he hurt her, though it was pretty plain how it would go if he chose, and he knew that

> Pride lures the little warbler from the skies!
> The light enamored bird deluded dies.

And—and then, while his thoughts were full of this, he saw her coming back, her arms full of blossom.

"Lord, child!" he cried. "You've plucked enough for a Jack o' the Green!"

She shot an arch glance at him. "It is for my Jack o' the Green," she murmured.

He ogled her, and she blushed. But he had his misgivings when he saw that she was making a nosegay as big as his head. Presently it was done, and she found a pin and advanced upon him. "But you're not going to put that on me!" he cried. He had a boy's horror of the ridiculous.

She stopped, offended. "Oh," she said, "if you don't wish it——" And, her lips pouting and the tears rising, she turned away.

He sprang up. "My dear child, I do wish it!" he cried. "'Pon honor, I do!" he protested. "But it's—it's immense."

She did not answer. Already she was some way up the slope. He ran after her, and, half vexed, half pleased, told her he would wear it, begged her to pin it for him.

She stood, looking at him languidly. "Are you sure?" she said.

He vowed he was, by all his gods, and still pouting, she pinned the flowers to the breast of his coat. Now, if ever, he thought, was his opportunity. Alas, the nosegay was so large, the cherry twigs of which it was com-

posed were so stiff and sharp, he might as well have looked at her over a hedge! It was provoking, it was provoking in the last degree; and so were her smiling lips. And yet he could not be angry with her. The very artlessness with which she had made up the huge cabbage and fixed it on him, was one charm the more.

"There!" she said, stepping back and viewing him with innocent satisfaction. "I'm sure a real lady could not have managed that better! It does not prick your chin, does it?"

"No, child."

"And it isn't in your way? Of course, if it is in your way, sir——"

"No, no!"

"That's well. I'm so glad." And with a final nod of approval—with that, and no more—Betty turned, actually turned, and began to walk towards the hall.

Tom stood, looking after her in astonishment. "But you are not going?" he cried.

"To be sure, sir," she answered, looking back. "My lady 'll be waiting for me."

"What? This minute?"

"Indeed, sir, indeed, sir, yes; it is late already," she said. "But you can come with me a little way—if you like," she added modestly. And she looked back at him.

He was angry. He had even a faint suspicion that she was amusing herself with him. But he could not withstand her glance; and as she turned for the last time, he made after her. He overtook her in a few strides, and fell in beside her—sulkily. His vanity was touched, and willing to show her that he was offended, he maintained a cool silence.

On a sudden he caught the tail of her eye fixed on him, saw that she was shaking with secret laughter; and he felt his cheeks burn. The conviction that the little hussy was making fun of him, that she had dared to put this great cabbage upon him for a purpose and to mock him, burst on him in a flash, and pricked his vanity to the very quick. His heart burned as well as his face, but if she thought to have all the laughing on her side he would soon teach her better. He lagged a step or two behind and stealthily tore off the hateful nosegay. The next moment his hot breath was on her neck, his arm was round her; and despite her scream of rage, despite her frantic, furious attempt to push him away, he held her to him while he kissed her twice.

"There, my girl," he cried, as he released her with a laugh of triumph. "That's for making fun of me!"

For answer she struck him a sounding slap on the cheek; and as he recoiled, surprised by her rage, she dealt him another on his ear.

Tom's head rung. "You cat!" he cried. "I've a good mind to take another. And I will, if you don't behave yourself."

But the little madcap's face of scarlet fury, her eyes blazing with passion, daunted him. "How dare you?" she hissed. "How dare you touch me? You creature! You——" And then, even in the same breath and while he stared, she turned and was gone, leaving the sentence unfinished; and he watched her flee across the sward, a tumultuous, raging little figure, with hanging hat, and hair half down, and ribbons that flew out and spoke her passion.

Tom was so taken by surprise he did not attempt to follow or detain her. His sister's maid to take a kiss so? A waiting woman? A chit of a servant? And after she had played for it, as it seemed to him, aye, and earned it and over earned it by her impudent trick and her confounded laughter! He had never been so astonished in his life. The world was near its end, indeed, if there was to be this pother about a kiss or two. Why, his head hummed still, and his cheek would show the mark for a day to come. Nor was that the end of it, or the worst. If she went to the house in that state and published the thing, he would have an awkward five minutes with his sister. Hang the prude! And yet, what a charming little vixen it was!

He stood a while in the sunshine, boring the turf with his heel, uncertain what to do. At length he felt that anything was better than sneaking there, after the fashion of a boy who had played truant and feared to go home; and he started for the hall. He would not allow that he was afraid; but as he approached the terrace he had an uneasy consciousness, first of the house's many windows, and then of an unnatural silence that prevailed about it, as if something had happened or something was preparing. To prove his independence he whistled; but he whistled flat, and stopped.

In crossing the terrace, he met no one; and he plucked up spirit. After all, the girl would not be such a fool as to tell. And what was there to tell? A kiss? What was a kiss? But the moment he was over the threshold of the hall, he knew that she had told. For there in the cool shadow stood Sophia waiting for him; and behind her, Sir Hervey, seated on the corner of the great oak table, and whistling softly.

Sophia's tone was grave, even severe. "Tom," she said, "what have you been doing?"

"I?" he cried.

"Yes, you, young man," his brother in law answered sharply. "I see no one else."

"Well, what's the pother?" Tom asked sulkily. "If you mean—about the girl, I kissed her, and what's the harm? I'm not the first that's stolen a kiss."

"Oh, Tom!"

"And I shan't be the last."

"Nor the last that'll get his face smacked," Sir Hervey retorted grimly.

Tom winced. "She has told you that, has she?" he muttered.

"No," Sir Hervey answered; "your cheek told me."

Tom winced again. "Well, we're quits, then," he said sullenly. "She needn't have come Polly Peachaming here."

Sophia could contain herself no longer. "Oh, Tom, you don't know what you have done!" she cried. "You don't, indeed. You thought she was my maid. You took her for my woman that night we were out, you know, and she let you think it."

"Well?"

"But she is not."

"Then," Tom cried in a rage, "who the devil is she?"

"She's Lady Betty Cochrane, the duke's daughter!" Sophia cried.

"And the apple of his eye," Sir Hervey added with a nod. "I tell you what, my lad, I would not be in your shoes for something."

Tom stared, gasped, seemed for a moment unable to take it in. But the next, a wicked gleam shone in his eyes, and he smacked his lips. "Well, Lady Betty or no, I've kissed her," he cried. "I've kissed her, and she can't wipe it off."

"You wicked boy!" Sophia cried. "Do you know that she was my guest, under my care, and you have insulted her? Grossly and outrageously insulted her, sir! She leaves tomorrow in consequence, and what am I to say to her people? What am I to tell them? Oh, Tom, it was cruel! It was cruel of you!"

"I'm afraid," Sir Hervey said with a touch of sternness, "you were rough with her."

Tom's momentary jubilation died away. His face was gloomy. "I'll say anything you like," he muttered doggedly. "Except that I'm sorry, for I'm not. But I'll beg her pardon humbly. Of course, I should not have done it if I'd known who she was."

"She won't see you," Sophia answered with disdain.

"You might try her again," Sir Hervey suggested, taking the culprit's side. "Why not? She need not see Tom or speak to him, unless she wishes."

"Well, I'll try," Sophia answered; and went and presently came back. Lady Betty would stay; and of course she couldn't forbid Sir Thomas Maitland his sister's house. But she desired that all intercourse between them should be restricted to the barest formalities.

Tom looked glum. "Look here," he said, "if she'll see me alone, I'll beg her pardon, and let us have done with it."

"She won't see you alone; it is particularly that she wishes to avoid."

"All right," Tom answered sulkily. But he made up his mind that before many hours elapsed he would catch my lady and make her come to terms with him.

He was mistaken in this, however; as he was, also, in his expectation that when they met she would be covered with shame and confusion of face. When the time came it was he who was embarrassed. My lady appeared, and was an icicle; stiff, pale, and reserved, she made it clear that she did not desire to speak to him, did not wish to look at him, and much preferred to take things at table from any hand but his. Beyond this, however, she did not avoid his eyes, and in hers was no shadow of consciousness. Tom's own face grew hot—where she had slapped it; he chafed, fretted, raged; but he got no word with her. He was shut out, he was not of the party—she made him feel that; and at the end of twenty four hours he was her serf, her slave, watching her eye, consumed with a desire to throw himself at her feet, ready to anticipate her wishes, as a dog those of his master, anxious to abase himself, no matter how low, if only she would give him a word or a look.

Even Sir Hervey marveled at her coldness and perfect self control. "I suppose she likes him," he said, as he and Sophia walked on the terrace that evening.

"She did, I fancy," Sophia answered, "before this happened."

"And now?"

"She does not like him—I'm sure of that."

"But she may love him, you mean?" Sir Hervey said, interpreting her tone, rather than her words.

"Yes, or hate him," Sophia answered. "It is the one or the other."

"Since he kissed her?"

"Yes, I think so;" and suddenly Sophia faltered. She felt the blood begin to rise to her cheeks in one of those blushes, the most trying of all, that commence uncertainly, mount slowly, but at last deepen into pain. She remembered that the man walking beside her, talking of these others' love affairs, had never kissed her! He must think, he could not but think, of their own case. He might even fancy that she meant her words for a hint!

He saw her distress, understood it, and took pity on her. But the abruptness with which he changed the conversation, and by and by withdrew, persuaded her that he had read her thoughts; and long after he had left her, her face burned.

The whole matter, Tom's misbehavior and the rest, had upset her—she told herself that this was what ailed her. Nor was she quick to regain her balance. She was restless. She found the house, new as all things in it were to her, dull and over quiet; she found Lady Betty, once so lively, no company; she found Tom snappish and ill tempered. And she blamed Tom for all; or told herself that town and the opera and the masquerade had spoiled

her for a country life. She did not lay the blame elsewhere. Even to herself, she did not admit that Sir Hervey—polite and considerate as he was, to the point, indeed, of leaving her much to herself—would have pleased her better had he been more attentive. But she did think—and with some soreness—that he would have been wiser had he given her more frequent opportunities of seeing him, and of learning to be at ease with him.

She did not go farther than this even in her thoughts until two days after Tom's escapade. Then it happened that, feeling dull herself, she came on Tom moping on the terrace and undertook to rally him on his humor. "If you would really be in her good graces again, 'tis not the way to do it, Tom. I can tell you that," she said. "Laugh and talk, and she'll wish you. Pluck up a spirit, and 'twill win more on her than a million sighs."

"What's the good?" he muttered sourly.

"Well, at any rate, you do no good by moping."

Tom sat silent a while, his head buried between his hands, his elbows resting on the balustrade. "I don't see that anything's any good," he muttered at last. "We're both in one case, I think. You know your own business, I suppose. You knew, I take it, what you were doing when you got married in such a hurry, but I'm d——d"—with sudden violence—"if I understand it! Three weeks married and put on one side for another!"

"Tom!"

"Oh, you may 'Tom' me, you don't alter it," he answered roughly. "I am hanged if I understand, or know what's afoot. Here are you and I sitting at home like sick cats, and my lord and my lady up and down and in and out, as thick as thieves! That is what it comes to! 'Tis vastly pretty, isn't it?" Tom continued with a cynical laugh. "I think you said she was under your protection. Oh, Lord!"

So far sheer astonishment had robbed Sophia of speech. But with Tom's last word, her sense of her duty to herself and to her husband awoke, and found her words.

"You wicked boy!" she cried with indignation. "You wicked, you miserable boy! How dare you even think such things, much more say them, and say them to me? Never hint at such things again if you wish to—to keep your sister! Sir Hervey and I understand each other, you may be sure of that!"

"Well, I am glad you do," Tom muttered. "For I don't." But he spoke shamefacedly, and only to cover his discomfiture.

"We understand each other perfectly," Sophia replied with pride, and drew herself to her full height. "For my friend, she is above your suspicions—as far above them as, I thank God, is my husband! No, not another word, I have heard too much already. I don't wish to speak to you again until you are in a better mind, sir."

She turned from him haughtily, crossed the terrace with her queenliest step, and entered the house. She was panting with excitement, her head was in a whirl, but she would not think; and to avoid thought—thought that might lower herself in her own eyes, thought that might wrong her husband—she hastened through the hall to the still room; and finding that the ash keys which she had ordered to be done with green whey had been boiled with white, was sharp with the maid, and tart with Mrs. Stokes.

Thence, in a bustle, up the wide staircase, and along the corridor under portraits of dead Cokes, to her room; but there thought seemed inevitable, and feverishly tying the strings of her hat, she hurried down again. She would walk.

But at the outer door she paused, seeing that Tom was still there. She was unwilling to pass him, lest he read in this sudden activity the sign of disturbance. And the pause was fatal. A moment she stood irresolute, fighting with herself and her cowardly impulses. Then she opened the door of the grand drawingroom, and gliding like a culprit down its shadowy length, opened the door of the smaller room, and closed that, too, behind her. This room was little used in the daytime, and though the windows were open, the curtains were drawn across them. She raised the corner of the nearest curtain—stealthily, fearing to be observed—and turned to look at Lady Anne's picture: the lodestone that had drawn her hither as the candle draws the moth. But she never looked; for, as she turned, she met her own face, pale, anxious, plain, yes, plain, staring from the mirror at her shoulder—and what use to look after that? To look would not make Lady Anne less comely, or herself more fair. She let the curtain fall.

But she stood. Some one was passing the open window. A voice she knew spoke; a second voice answered. And where she stood Sophia heard every word as if they had spoken in the room.

XXV.

THE first speaker was Lady Betty, and her words appeared to be an answer to a question. "Well, 'tis as you like," she said. "But if you'll be guided by me, you'll not tell her. Then when you go, it will put the finishing touch to our — friendship" — with a shy laugh—"if that be your wish, sir. On the other hand, if you tell madam, who is beginning to be jealous, take my word for it, there's an end of that! And there's this besides. If you tell her, it's not to be said what she will do, I warn you."

"She might insist on going?" Sir Hervey's voice answered. "That's what you mean?"

"If she knew, she would go. I think she would, at any rate. At the best, there's the danger. On the other hand, say nothing to her, and here's the very opportunity you said you desired. Of course, if you are weakening," Lady Betty continued, in the tone of one ready to take offense, "and don't desire it any longer, that's another matter, sir?"

"My dear girl," Sir Hervey cried eagerly, "have not I done everything to show her that she is indifferent to me? Do you want any other proof? Have not I——" and then his voice died abruptly. The two speakers had turned the corner of the house, and Sophia heard no more. But she had heard enough. Too much!

It is sadly trite that that we cannot have we want. It is an old tale that it is for the sour grapes the mouth waters, and not for the bunch within reach. A thousand kindnesses, the hand ever waiting, the smile ever ready, gain no response; until a thousand rebuffs have earned their due, and the smile and the hand are another's. Then, on a sudden, the heart learns its own bitterness. Then we would give the world for the look we once flouted, for the kind word from lips grown silent. And it is too late.

In the gloom of the inner drawingroom, where she sat with fingers feverishly interlaced, Sophia remembered his constant thoughtfulness for her, his watchfulness over her, both proved by a hundred acts of kindness and forethought. By a word at a drum when she was strange to town and knew few. By countenance and a jest when Mme. Harrington snubbed her. By the recovery of a muff of value, and her sister's, before it was known that she had lost it. By the gift of a birthnight fan, which she had never carried; and the arrangement of a party to which she had not gone. By a word of caution when her infatuation for the Irishman began to be noticed; by a second word, and a third. Through all he had been patience, she had been scorn. Now, on a sudden, she was in the dust before him. The smile that had never failed her in a difficulty, nor been wanting in a strait, had its value at last; and she felt that to read it once more in those eyes she would give the world, herself, all!

But too late! She had lost his love as she deserved to lose it. It was her own doing. She had but herself to thank that this was the end. Only, she whispered, if he had had a little, a very little more patience! A day even! If he had given her one day more. That, or left her to her fate!

Fearful at last of being found there, seated before his picture, she wandered out into the hall, and stood, marking the silence that prevailed there; listening to the dull tick of the tall clock that stood in the corner; watching the motes that danced in the dusty bars of sunshine. With pathetic self pity, she found in these things—and in the faint taste of dry rot that told of the generations that had walked the old floor—the echo of her thoughts. Such, so quiet, so still, so regular, so far removed from the joy of the world, was her life to be henceforth. "And I am young! I am so young!" she whispered.

If he had only when he met her in Clarges Street left her to her fate! Nothing worse could have happened to her than this which had happened; and he might have wedded Lady Betty in innocence and honor. The fault was his, and yet it was hers, too. A wild infatuation had brought her to the brink of ruin; an impulse of chivalry, scarcely less foolish, had led him to save her. The end for both must be misery. For him, God knew what! For her, loneliness, and this silent, empty, ordered house with its faint dead perfume, its aroma of long stored linen, its savor of the dead and the bygone.

As she stood in the middle of the floor, thinking such thoughts, the shadow of a bird flitted across the patch of sunshine that lay within the doorway. It startled her, and she looked up. That moment Lady Betty, swinging her hat by its strings, and gaily humming an air, appeared on the threshold, hung an instant as in doubt, and then, whether she espied Sophia standing in the shadow and did not wish to meet her, or she changed her mind for some other reason, she turned, and left the doorway empty.

The sight was too much for Sophia's composure. That airy laughing figure poised in sunshine, and her own brooding face, seen lately in the glass, suggested a comparison so dreary as to fill her heart to bursting. She crept to the oak side table that stood in the bayed recess behind the door, and leaning her arms upon it, hid her face in them. She did not weep, but from time to time she shivered, as if the June air chilled her.

She had sat in this position some minutes when a faint sound recalled her to herself. Ashamed of being found in that posture, she looked up sharply, and saw Lady Betty in the act of crossing the hall. Apparently the girl had just entered from the terrace and thought herself alone, for when she had reached the middle of the floor, she stood weighing a letter in her hand as if she were in doubt what she should do with it. Her eyes traveled slowly from the long oak table to an almoner; and thence to a chest that stood beside the inner door. In the end she made up her mind to place the letter on the chest, and, gliding to the door, she did so, arranging its position with peculiar care. Then she turned to go out again by the terrace door; but she had not taken two steps before her

eyes met Sophia's. She uttered a low cry, and stood, arrested.

Sophia did not speak, but she rose, crossed the hall, and as the other with a rapid movement recovered the letter from the chest, she extended her hand for it.

"It is for me," she said sternly. "Give it me."

For a moment Lady Betty confronted her, holding the letter hidden. Then whether Sophia's face, pale and quiet as it was, cowed her, or she really had no choice, she held out the letter. "Yes, it is for you," she faltered. "But——"

"But," Sophia answered, taking her up with quiet scorn, "I was not to know the bearer. I am truly obliged to you." Again for a moment the two women looked at each other. And Lady Betty's face grew slowly scarlet. "You have his confidence," Sophia continued in the same cutting tone. "It's fitting you wait, miss, and take the answer."

"But he's gone," Betty stammered.

"Then I do not think you will take the answer," Sophia retorted. "But you will wait nevertheless." And she broke the seal as she spoke, and began to read the contents of the note. They were short. A moment and she crumpled the paper in her hand and dropped it on the floor. "A very proper letter," she said with a sneer. "There's no fault to be found with it, I am sure. He is my affectionate husband; I can be no less than his dutiful wife. It's no part of a dutiful wife to find fault with her husband's letter, I suppose."

"I don't know what you would be at," Lady Betty muttered, beginning to look frightened.

"No? Well, that's what I am going to explain—if you'll sit, miss."

Lady Betty shrugged her shoulders, but seated herself under protest, an uneasy look in her eyes. Sophia sat also, on the farther side of the small oak table; but for a full minute, notwithstanding her promise to explain, she did not speak. When she did, her voice had lost its bitterness, and was low and weary and passionless. "There are two things to be talked about, you and I," she said, drumming slowly on the table with her fingers. "And, by your leave, I'll speak of myself first. If I could set him free, I would! If the worst that could have happened to me in Clarges Street, the worst that he had in his mind when he married me, were the price to be paid, I would pay it today. He should be free to marry whom he would; and if by raising my hand I could come between him and her, I would not! Nay, if by raising my hand I could bring them together, I would! And that though when he married me he did me as great a wrong as a man can do a woman!"

Suddenly, without warning, Lady Betty burst into irrepressible sobbing. "Oh!" she cried, "do you hate him so?"

"Hate him?" Sophia answered. "Hate him? No, fool, I love him so!" And then in a strain of bitterness the more intense as she spoke in a tone little above a whisper: "You start, miss? You think me a fool, I know, to tell you that! But see how proud I am! I will not keep from the woman he loves the least bit of her triumph! Let her enjoy it—though 'tis an empty one, for I cannot free him, do what I will! Let her know for her pleasure that she is fairer than I, as I know it! Let her know that she has won the heart that should be mine, and—which will be sweetest of all to her—that I would fain have won it myself and could not! Let her—but you are crying, miss! And I'd forgotten. What's all this to you?" with a change to quiet irony, "You are too young to understand such things. And of course 'twas not of this that I wished to speak to you; but of yourself, and of—Tom. Of course—Tom," with a faint laugh. "I'm sorry that he misbehaved to you in the park, and have had it on my mind ever since. There's but one thing to be done, I am sure, and that is what your own judgment, Lady Betty——"

"Sophy!" Lady Betty cried in a strangled voice.

But Sophia continued without heeding the remonstrance—"pointed out to you. I mean, to return to your mother without loss of time. It is best for you, and best for—Tom," with a crooked smile. "Best, indeed, for all of us."

Lady Betty, holding her face aloof, was busy drying her tears; her position such that it was not possible to say what her sentiments were, nor whether her emotion was real or assumed. But at this she looked up, startled, and met her hostess' eyes. "Do you mean," she muttered, "that I am to go home?"

"To be sure," Sophia answered coldly. "'Tis only what you wished yourself three days ago."

"But—but Sir Tom hasn't—hasn't troubled me again," Betty quavered.

"Tom?" Sophia answered in a peculiar tone. "Ah, no. But—I doubt if he's to be trusted. Meanwhile, I gather from the letter you gave me that Sir Hervey will not return until tomorrow noon. That being so, we must act without him. You will start at daybreak tomorrow. I shall accompany you as far as Lewes. Thence Mrs. Stokes, who has been once in London, and Watkyns, with sufficient attendance, will see you safe to her grace's house. You are in my care——"

"And you send me home in disgrace!" Betty cried sharply.

"Not at all," my lady answered with coldness. "The fault is Tom's."

"And I suffer! Do you mean, do you really mean," Betty protested in a tone of astonishment, "that I am to go back tomorrow—at daybreak—by myself?"

"I do."

"Before Sir Hervey returns?"

"To be sure."

"But it is monstrous!" Betty cried; grown indignant; and in her excitement she rose and stood opposite Sophia. "It is absurd! Why should I go? In this haste, and like a thing disgraced! I've done nothing. I don't understand."

Sophia rose also, her face still pale, a fire smoldering in her eyes. "Don't you?" she said. "Don't you understand?"

"No."

"Think again, girl. Think again!"

"N-no," Betty repeated; but this time her voice quavered. Her eyes sank before Sophia's, and a fresh wave of color swept over her face. There is an innocent shame as well as a guilty shame; a shame caused by that which others think us, as well as by that which we are. Betty sank under this, yet made a fight. "Why should I go?" she repeated weakly.

"Not for my sake," Sophia answered gravely, almost with pity. "For your own, child. Because I have more thought for you, more mercy for you, more compassion for you, than you have for yourself. You say you go in disgrace? It is not true, but were you to stay, you would stay in disgrace! From that I shall save you, whether you will or no. Only——" and suddenly stretching out her hand she seized Betty's shoulder and swayed the slighter girl to and fro by it—"only," she cried with sudden vehemence, "don't think I do it to rid myself of you! To keep him, or to hold him, or to glean after you! If I could give him the woman he loves, I would give her to him, though you were that woman! If I could set her in my place, I would set her there, though her foot were on my breast! But I cannot. I cannot, girl! And you must go."

With the last word she let her hand fall again; but not so quickly that Betty had not time to snatch it to her lips and kiss it—with an odd, strangled cry. The next instant the girl flung herself on the bench beside the table, and, hiding her head on her arms—as Sophia had sat hiding hers a while before—gave herself up to unrestrained weeping. For a few seconds Sophia stood watching her with a cold, grave face; then she shivered and, silently turning, left the hall.

Strange to say, the door had barely fallen to behind her when Lady Betty stealthily raised her head and looked round, her eyes shining through her tears. As soon as she had assured herself that she was alone, she sprang to her feet and, waving her hat by its ribbons round her head, spun round the table in a frantic dance of triumph, that swept the hall from end to end, yet found it all too small for the exuberance of her joy. Pausing at last, breathless and disheveled, "Oh, you dear! Oh, you angel!" she cried with fervor. "You'd give him the woman he loved, would you, ma'am—if you could? You'd set her foot on your breast, if 'twould make him happy? Oh, it was better than any play that ever was, it was better than Goodman's Fields, or Mr. Quin, to hear her stab herself, and stab herself, and stab herself! If he doesn't kiss her shoes, if he does not kneel in the dust to her, I'll never believe in man again! I'll die a maid at forty and content! I'll—but oh, la!" And Lady Betty broke off suddenly with a look of consternation. "I'd forgotten that! What am I to do? She's a dragon. She'll not let me stay till he returns, no, not if I go on my knees! And if I go, I lose all! Oh, la, sweet, what am I to do?"

She thought a while, with a face full of mischief. "Coke might meet us in Lewes," she muttered, "but that's a chance. Or I might tell her—and that's to spoil sport. I must get a note to him tonight, but she'll be giving her orders now, I expect; and it's odds the men won't carry it. There's only—Tom, and that's putting my hand in very far!"

She thought a while, then rubbed her lips very hard with her handkerchief, and, laughing and blushing, looked at it. "Well, it leaves no mark," she muttered. "And if he's very rude I can pay him as I paid him before."

Apparently her mind was made up to the risk, for, jumping up, she set herself busily to search among the dog leashes and powder horns, holsters and tattered volumes on farriery, that cumbered the great table. Presently she unearthed a pewter ink pot and an old swan quill; and bearing these—and a fly leaf ruthlessly torn from a *Gentleman's Magazine*—to the table in the bay window, she sat down and hastily scrawled a few lines. She folded the note, when written, into the shape of a cocked hat, bound it deftly about with a floss of silk torn from her hat ribbons; and having succeeded so far, lacked only a postman. She had a good idea where he was to be found, and having donned her hat and tied the strings more nicely than usual, went out on the terrace, where she was not long in discovering him. He was kicking his heels on the horse block under the oak, between the terrace and the stables.

No one knew better than her ladyship how to play the innocent; but on this occasion she had neither the time nor mind to be surprised. She tripped down the steps, crossed the intervening turf, and presenting herself before him, opened her fire.

(To be continued.)

The Stage



THE CAREER OF ETHEL BARRYMORE.

On a certain Wednesday toward the close of the run of "The Tyranny of Tears" at the Empire Theater, the small part of the maid, not down on the program, was filled by a young girl who had never before appeared on the stage. The event may some day be pregnant with interest to the theatrical historian, for she came of a family of players, and we all know the power of heredity in this line of work. The girl, scarcely more than a child, was Louisa Drew, daughter of John Drew, and if she makes the same rapid progress as her cousin, Ethel Barrymore, in five years she will be a leading woman in one of the Frohman companies.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that Miss Barrymore, just twenty one, is the eldest of three children born to Maurice Barrymore (at present playing *Rawdon Crawley* with Mrs. Fiske) and Georgia Drew, who died in the zenith of her powers, some seven years ago. Ethel was born in Philadelphia, and much of her childhood was spent under the care of her grandmother, Mrs. John Drew. The finishing touches to her education were put on at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, from which she emerged in the autumn of 1894 to begin her professional career in her uncle's company.

The play was "The Bauble Shop," and the part, *Lady Kate*, had been created in this country by Elsie de Wolfe. The next



FERNANDA ELISCU AS "MICAH DOW" AND MAUDE ADAMS AS "BABBIE" IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



FRANK A. CONNOR, LEADING MAN IN THE NUMBER 2 "ZAZA" COMPANY.

From a photograph by Flodin, Worcester, Mass.



GEORGE DEVOLL, TENOR WITH FRANK DANIELS IN "THE AMEER."

From a photograph by Endean, Cleveland.



ARNOLD DALY, APPEARING AS THE CRAZED LOVER IN "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

From his latest photograph by Fowler, Evanston.

season the young player replaced Agnes Miller as *Zoe Nuggetson* in "The Squire of Dames," and after that came her first creation of a rôle, *Priscilla*, the maid at the Ingle, in "Rosemary." This was a decided hit, and after that Miss Barrymore's name meant more



GERTRUDE BOSWELL.



ALETHE CRAIG.

TWO MEMBERS OF "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS" COMPANY.

From photographs by the Rose Studio, Providence.



ETHEL IRENE STEWART, WHO HAS A LEADING PART IN "CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP."

From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.



PORTIA KNIGHT, AN OREGON GIRL WHO HAS BEEN WITH FREDERICK WARDE AND SOTHERN.

From a photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York.



HELEN WALTON, IN "BARBARA FIDGETY" AT WEBER AND FIELDS'.

From a photograph by Barrett, New York.



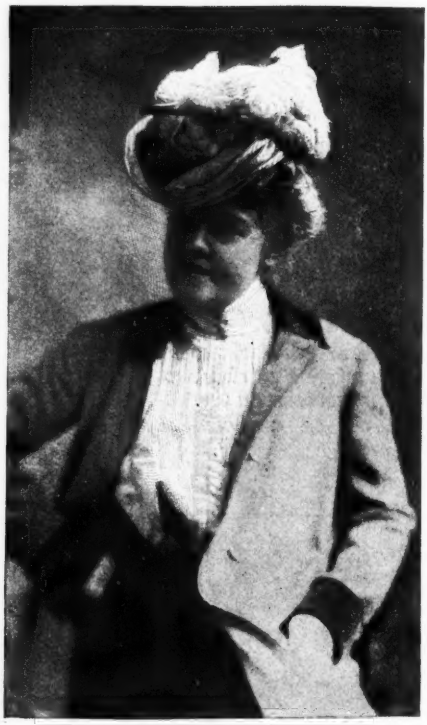
ETHEL BARRYMORE, LEADING WOMAN IN "HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR."

From her latest photograph by Savony, New York.



EUGENIA MANTELLI, CONTRALTO WITH THE MAURICE GRAU OPERA COMPANY.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.



MARIE CAHILL AS "PHYLLIS ARGYLE," ONE OF THE "THREE LITTLE LAMBS."

From a photograph by Glines. Boston.



JUDITH BEROLDE, APPEARING AS "MADGE LARRABEE" IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.



DOROTHY MORTON AS "MAIA" IN "A GREEK SLAVE."

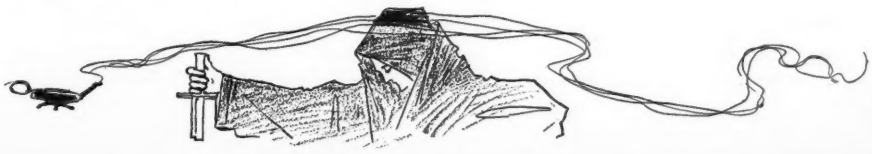
From her latest photograph by Dupont, New York.

on the bill than simply that she was the niece of her uncle. In 1897 she went abroad to join Henry Irving's company, and had the honor of appearing with him as *Annette* in "The Bells" at the Memorial Theater at Stratford on Avon. Not long afterward came news of her engagement to marry Irving's son Laurence, and close upon its heels a denial of the report, only to be succeeded by the rumor that a new betrothal was on, this time to Gerald du Maurier, son of the novelist, and originator in London of *Zou Zou* in "Trilby."



BLANCHE WALSH AS "FEDORA," IN SARDOU'S PLAY OF THAT NAME.

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.





KATE UART AS "MIRZAH" IN "THE AMEER."
From a photograph by Eudean, Cleveland.

But Miss Barrymore returned home in the fall of '98, still unwed and apparently with but little thought of taking a husband.

Last winter she played the *Duke's* sister with Annie Russell in "Catherine," a rôle far too small for one who had shown the talent she had already demonstrated; and this season Mr. Frohman atoned by making her leading woman in "His Excellency the Governor," on tour. And she has succeeded admirably, it is said, in following Jessie Millward in the character of *Stella*, who must always either dominate the scene or else fail utterly to realize the woman who simply will not be put down.



MABELLE GILLMAN, LATE OF DALY'S, NOW FEATURED IN "THE CASINO GIRL."
From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



WILLIAM F. COURTENAY, LEADING JUVENILE IN DANIEL FROHMAN'S STOCK COMPANY AT DALY'S.
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

OPERATIC FACTS AND RUMORS.

The new year had scarcely dawned before a report calculated to interest all opera lovers began to circulate in New York. A scheme



NORMA KOPP AS "FANNY" IN "THE AMEER."
From a photograph by Eudean, Cleveland.

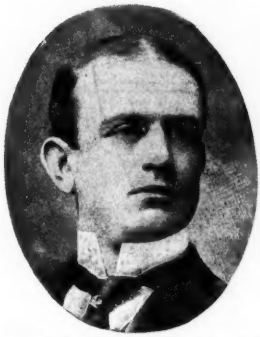


ETHEL SANBORN, IN THE STOCK AT DALY'S.
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.



PERCY HASWELL, LEADING WOMAN WITH CRANE.
From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

was on foot, it was asserted, to give in the early part of next season, at the Metropolitan Opera House, a series of performances of grand opera in the vernacular that should be of as high grade as Maurice Grau's polyglot ones. When these lines are read, it is probable that the project will either have dissolved into the thin air on which so many similar



WALTER ALLEN, A PRIME FAVORITE IN THE MURRAY HILL STOCK COMPANY.
From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.



EDWIN T. EMERY, APPEARING IN HIS OWN PLAYLET, "AN UNEXPECTED VISIT."
From a photograph by Klein & Guttenstein, Milwaukee.



WILLIAM H. LEWERS, APPEARING AS "GEORGE JESSOP," IN "MISS HOBBS."
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

undertakings are built, or else be in a fair way to realization.

It is not denied that the success of the Castle Square forces in three cities of the country has suggested the feasibility of an enterprise that met with dire disaster the last time it was attempted, by Mrs. Thurber, with her American Opera Company, in the eighties. But if the Grau prices for seats are charged, Grau singers, or others of equal grade, must be secured, or the new attempt is likewise booked for fiasco. Society can



BELLE ARCHER, WHO HAS TAKEN THE LATE CAROLINE MISKEL'S PLACE IN THE NAME PART OF "A CONTENTED WOMAN."

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.



hardly be depended upon to lend its countenance to two different ventures within the same half year, and the Grau company will follow the contemplated innovation about the 1st of January.

A middle course might be adopted, say that of present Saturday night rates for American singers who have recently scored well in Europe and have not been heard here in some time. There is Lillian Blauvelt, for example, who went abroad some three years ago with the reputation of being the most popular concert singer in the country. She sang in opera soon afterwards, but returned to the concert platform and achieved splendid recognition for her work both in London and on the Continent. She was married a little over a year ago to a New York broker, but has not yet returned home.

Another soprano who might be available is Margaret Reid, who once made a hit at the Metropolitan under Abbey as *Ophelia*, and who has lately been attracting favorable notice as a prima donna at Continental opera houses.

However, whatever plan may be followed, the outcome will be awaited with interest. England and America are the only countries of the first rank that get along without what may be termed national opera. The work of the Castle Square people has undoubtedly ripened public taste for such a project in our own land. Whether the people are willing to put their hands in their pockets and pay three, four, or five dollars for the best when they are now getting good value for one—that is the problem which confronts the promoters of the new scheme, and which gives them more to think about in the weighing of pros and cons than even Mrs. Thurber had at the outset of her ambitions.

A notable event of the present Grau season was Mme. Eames' first essay of the title rôle in "Aïda." The costumes she had provided for the part so dazzled the critics' eyes that her singing of it became almost a secondary consideration. Mme. Mantelli, a well liked contralto of the organization, was the *Amneris*, and added to the brilliancy of the performance. She appears with almost as great frequency as Mlle. Bauermeister, being the *Siebel* in "Faust," the *Stephano* in "Romeo and Juliet," and the *Azucena* in "Trovatore."

Eugenia Mantelli, of whom we give a portrait, is an Italian of the Italians, having been born in that center of all things musical, Milan. She sang for a year or so in South America, and made her first appearance here with the Abbey-Grau forces some five seasons ago.

"Carmen," with Calvé, is still potent as Mr. Grau's trump card, but on her second appearance in the character the great prima donna's interpretation was found noticeably less boisterous than on the first presentation of the season. Then she sacrificed tempo, plot, everything—including poor Alvarez' temper—to the high spirits that possessed her. She absolutely refused to be captured and killed in the final scene until it suited her. Audiences may enjoy an exhibition of this sort as an insight into a great artist's moods, but it is a modern slaughtering of the innocents to make a Roman holiday to her poor fellow players, who, judging by the sequel, have rebelled and protested to some purpose.

"DAVID HARUM" AND WILLIAM H. CRANE.

The announcement that Crane is to appear in a dramatization of the late Mr. Westcott's novel must be a blow to the members of his company. Unless they are content to be mere lay figures and listeners, it is difficult to make out what part they will play in the performance.

"Crane as *David Harum?* Just the man for it!" This appears to be the universal opinion, and then the comment runs on: "But what sort of a play can be made out of such a story? *David* is for all the world just like one of the end men in a minstrel show, who uses the rest of the company simply as 'feeders,' to draw out his stories by judicious interjections of 'Well, what *did* you do?' or 'How do I think you got the better of him, Mr. Bones? I can't imagine. You will have to enlighten me.'" In short, Crane as *David Harum* featured in a vaudeville entertainment would seem to be a big card, but for legitimate dramatic fare it smacks of putting the public on slim diet.

The foregoing, it is to be understood, is the aspect the matter presents to the lay mind *in prospectu*. We are living in the heyday of hits achieved by popular novels put to dramatic use. Of course, one fails now and again—"The Gadfly," for example, recently tried by Crane's former partner, Stuart Robson. But very well known stories, in which comedy is a prominent feature, are not likely to fail, in the present temper of the public taste, no matter how ill adapted they may seem to stage purposes. A familiar title has no small drawing power, and when to this is coupled a player with the following of Crane, it will be seen that Charles Frohman assumes but little risk in putting forward the combination.

In this connection, and in view of the fact that for the past two seasons not one of Mr. Crane's new plays has hit the bull's eye, it may be of interest to quote some of his opinions on play making, as expressed in print some few years ago. Particularly apropos at this time are his remarks concerning plays by novelists.

"Occasionally," he said, "we read of some successful novelist having, in what proves to be a rash hour, written a play. As a writer of entertaining fiction he is a success, and in his play we expect a great deal. We find, however, that his work is full of nothing but words. The public say it is too talky, and the critics add that it is devoid of action. This is not hard to understand. The art of the novelist is that of elaboration; that of the playwright, condensation. In the successful play the dialogue is concise, and a great deal is expressed with little show of words."

He went on to say that to his mind the men who edit copy in the big newspaper offices should prove good play writers and adapters of dramatic works, as condensation comes natural to them.

THE NEW LEADING JUVENILE AT DALY'S.

Speaking of Crane, his leading man, William Courtleigh, is often confounded with William Courtenay, the new juvenile in Daniel Frohman's company at Daly's.

The latter is the younger of the two, being only twenty three, and last season created *Christian* in "Cyrano" with Mansfield, with whom he spent three years doing juvenile rôles, such as *Reginald* in "Beau Brummell." He is of Massachusetts birth, and his first appearance on the stage was made when he was sixteen, in Portland, Maine, as *Willie Hammond* in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." During the early part of the autumn he played *Arthur Gower* in "Trelawny" on the road, and then, for the opening of the new stock at Daly's, was assigned to the rôle of *George Langton*, created in London by C. M. Hallard, of whom we gave a portrait in December. This part bears the distinction of being the only one among the principals in "The Maneuvers of Jane" which has no tinge of the sneaking, the spying, the mean, or the disagreeable.

Mr. Courtenay, by the way, succeeds Mr. Courtleigh in the Frohman forces, although he will scarcely play the same line of parts just yet.

In connection with George Devoll, the handsome tenor of the Frank Daniels company, there is quite an interesting story to tell. He comes from New England, is possessed of ample means, and finds himself on the stage not because he was fascinated by the life, but merely through the chance meeting with an old friend and an invitation to attend a rehearsal. The old friend was Kirke La Shelle, and the opera rehearsed "The Ameer." Mr. Devoll, who went abroad five years ago to cultivate his voice simply for his own gratification, had declined an offer from Sir Arthur Sullivan, of a part in the latter's new opera, "The Rose of Persia," but he was so taken with the music of "The Ameer" that he finally yielded to Mr. La Shelle's persuasions, and decided to make a trial of an actor's career. He was cast for *Ralph*, the English officer, and has pleased audiences everywhere with his work. For himself, he says that he has been agreeably disappointed in life before the footlights and may decide to continue in it for another season.

* * * *

Besides Mr. Devoll, we print this month portraits of two other members of "The Ameer" company. One of them, the soubrette of the troupe, Norma Kopp, hails from the same town as Edna May, Syracuse, and has been with Frank Daniels three years, playing *Abydos* in "The Wizard of the Nile" and the *Nautch Dancing Girl* in "The Idol's Eye." Previous to that she had been appearing in the part created by Della Fox in "Wang." Of music she makes a fad, being able to play the piano, the violin, and the guitar, and to these three she has recently added the 'cello.

Kate Uart, the company's contralto, is a New Yorker. She was the *Queen* in "The Wizard" and the *Chief Priestess* in "The Idol's Eye," and is well known to theatergoers throughout the country, having crossed the continent eleven times. Her early life was spent in Paris.

* * * *

Two musical comedies, the rights for which were held by Mr. Daly at the time of his death, have since been brought out in New York, but neither duplicated the hits made by "A Gaiety Girl," "The Geisha," "The Circus Girl," and "A Runaway Girl," pieces of the same caliber produced, in the order named, by Mr. Daly himself. Whether "A Greek Slave" and "Three Little Lambs" would have met a different fate in the metropolis if presented under the Daly auspices must remain an open question, although in all frankness it should be said that the cast Mr. Whitney provided for "A Greek Slave" was a dead weight from under which few attractions could escape. For "Three Little Lambs," on the other hand, Mr. Knowles had a number of good people, but the book lacked the clearness to which audiences had become accustomed in the imported article. The snap and sparkle it contained were furnished almost wholly by the performers.

We give a new portrait of Mabelle Gillman, who made such an admirable *Alice*, the maid, in "A Runaway Girl," and who, at this writing, is cast for the name part in "The Casino Girl," a Lederer production. Mr. Daly heard of her while his company was playing in San Francisco, her recitations at the school she attended having carried her fame into the theatrical circles of the city. Although she

had never been on the stage in her life, he engaged her at once and brought her to New York. She was one of the tea house girls in "The Geisha" and understudied Violet Lloyd as *Mollie Seamore*. Early in the present season she played a prominent rôle in "The Rounders."

* * * *

Speaking of "Three Little Lambs," our portrait of Marie Cahill shows her in the character of one of the trio. She is from Brooklyn, and one of her early parts was *Patsy* in Hoyt's "A Tin Soldier." Later she appeared as *Santuza* in "Excelsior, Jr.," afterwards taking Fay Templeton's place in the title rôle. She was *Do Honey Do* in "The Lady Slavey," and then went to London, where she played in "Morocco Bound." On her return she enacted the cockney girl in "Sporting Life," and last season, after Mabelle Gillman left "A Runaway Girl," Miss Cahill took her place opposite Powers as *Alice*, and later was assigned to *Louisa Jupp* in "The Great Ruby." She abounds in good spirits, her dancing is wonderfully agile for so large a woman, and her work in "Three Little Lambs" has gained her a secure hold in the regard of theatergoers.

* * * *

If it were made a penal offense to write a play with a moral to it, we might be spared further inflictions of the "Degenerates" stamp. The cleverest of the English playwrights have evidently decided that they may go to any lengths in setting forth the so called social evil upon the stage, provided only they tuck in a lesson in righteousness at the end. "The Degenerates" is even more objectionable than its running mates in filth because its loathsomeness is not made palatable by the brightness of dialogue we had learned to expect from a man like Sydney Grundy, who has given us "Sowing the Wind" and "A Marriage of Convenience." But perhaps, as he had set out to fit his star with a transcript of her own life, he wished to keep as close to facts as he could. His latest output, therefore, is dull as well as witless, and the one strong situation it holds is worn thin from long service in other dramas.

Mrs. Langtry gains for the comedy (for so the unsavory ragout is called on the bill) a success of curiosity. Her new gowns are attractions for her own sex, and men still seem anxious to see the woman who is credited with having once caught the fancy of the Prince of Wales. To her credit be it said that she never pretended to be much of an actress; as a beauty, she still has the well poised head set on the graceful shoulders, but her mouth is hard. She herself seems to realize this, as she so often stands with her back to the audience. And her voice! Cold as ice and as mechanical as a marionette.

Among the members of the English company Mrs. Langtry has brought with her, the best work is done by Frederick Kerr, as leading man. With Charles Wyndham last season, he created *George Gunning*, in "The Tyranny of Tears," played here by Arthur Byron.

* * * *

A shining example of the part chance plays in affairs of the theater is furnished by "Brother Officers," the second bill of the season at the Empire. It has proved a winner of the dark horse type, for it is by a new hand at play making, and created no particular stir when it was produced in London. Henry Miller included it in his repertoire last summer in San Francisco, and it was doubtless this circumstance that suggested it to Charles Frohman when he was searching for a stopgap to bridge over the space between the fiasco of "My Lady's Lord" and the completion of Clyde Fitch's new piece. Some of the people who had appeared in the Trevor play in California were obtainable—Margaret Anglin, Mrs. Whiffen, and Edwin Stevens—so the affair was rushed through rehearsals and put on three weeks after Esmond's fantastic hodgepodge first saw the light.

The result was a hit both with critics and people. And yet, judged by accepted standards, "Brother Officers" is by no means a good play. Its vital interest does not begin until after half past ten o'clock, its people come on and go off so mechanically that one can almost see the playwright at work manipulating the strings, and, to crown all, the leading man does not get the leading woman for his wife. Why has the piece taken, then, you ask? Because of its atmosphere, and here chance again steps in.

* * * *

If "Brother Officers" had been brought forward directly after a play like "Liberty Hall," say, it would scarcely have been acclaimed as warmly as when, on this occasion, its New York introduction was made on the night following Mrs. Langtry's arrival in "The Degenerates." The theme of Captain Trevor's comedy is the comparatively new one of a soldier's honor among soldiers, not the tirelessly threshed over twaddle about a woman's honor among men. The innovation came as a refreshment and put audiences in the spirit to overlook technical shortcomings.

The action lies almost wholly in the hands of four people, although the cast contains the names of fifteen. Faversham has added a fresh bay to his wreath by his work as *Lieutenant Hinds*, the humbly born officer who finds himself in fine company on account of having won the Victoria Cross. Miss Anglin, who takes Jessie Millward's place for the nonce, will be remembered as coming to the front only last season in "Cyrano," and her

Baroness Roydon, in the current play, seemed to please those who sat in judgment on it. Mention is deserved by an exquisite back drop painted for the second act, showing an English river in the early evening.

* * * *

"I hope the curtain will stay down a long time." Such was the remark of a young woman between the acts on the occasion of her first attendance on an Ibsen play. The audience attracted to the series of performances of the modern drama projected by John Blair is certainly better calculated to hold the attention of the keen observer than are the majority of the goings on upon the Carnegie Lyceum's little stage. For surely a set of people who can appreciate the Ibsen drivel are as remarkable in their way as some exhibit endowed with a sixth sense would be.

"Ghosts," noticed in this place last July, was worse than indecent; it was vile. "The Master Builder," if not so outspokenly decadent, is yet so completely wrapped about with madmen's fancies and incomprehensible balderdash that one is never sure where its author is going to bring up. But those who have seen his other outpourings will readily give him the benefit of the doubt, which you may be sure is not on the side of cleanliness.

* * * *

It is reported that Mr. Blair was strongly opposed to including this Ibsen piece in the repertoire. At any rate, he has since broken away from all connection with the series and has become leading man for Grace George in her new play, "Countess Chiffon." The course, however, is to be continued without him on the dates announced in New York, Washington, and Boston, and, although it is not so expressed, with Florence Kahn as the stellar light. She is the young woman from the school of acting, who attracted so much favorable attention at the two previous performances that Richard Mansfield has engaged her for his leading woman next season.

To revert to the Ibsen piece, one end at least is served by this showing of Norwegian idiocy so close upon the English imported "Degenerates." If the native made American drama is limited in quantity, in quality it is at least free from grotesque excrescences and putrefying sores.

* * * *

With the start of her engagement at the Criterion Theater, Miss Adams has appeared in "The Little Minister" just seven hundred times, and even although the New York public had an entire season of the play, they have not yet manifested any signs of tiring of it. The scene view we present is from the third act, where *Babbie* learns that her association with the minister is destroying his influence for good over *Rob Dow*, *Micah's* father. The part of *Micah* was created by Jessie Mackaye, at present enjoying success as a soubrette with De Wolf Hopper in London, and is now filled by Fernanda Eliscu, a Roumanian by birth, who, like Miss Mackaye, stepped into the character direct from her studies in a school of acting. At one of the school public performances she received some very complimentary notices for her work as the wife who turns on a brutal husband in a play of the tenements called "Liz."

* * * *

An interesting fact in connection with the career of Walter Allen, whose portrait we give, is that for eight years he was a member of the Emma Abbott opera company, playing comedy rôles in all the lighter operas of her repertory. His next engagement was with Lotta, and then we find him chief assistant to Seabrooke in "The Isle of Champagne," whence he transferred his services to Frank Daniels. He has been a leading favorite with the Murray Hill stock since its inauguration in the fall of 1898.

This company, by the way, has reached an assured stage of prosperity, and the months of last season when it was a toss up between closing down or bankruptcy seem to its members now like the memory of some horrid dream. With the packed houses has come fresh inspiration for their work, and also the possibility of alternates, to obviate such another sad occurrence as the sudden collapse of their late leading woman, Hannah May Ingham.

* * * *

"Broadway to Tokio" has brought the New York into popularity again. The management classes it as "a spectacular fantasy," and such a definition is aptly descriptive of the medley of ballets and specialties that make up its three hours and a half of action. Electric lights are employed with picturesque effect in the costumes of the dancers forming the Fireflies' Revel, while the cherry blossom fête in Tokio surpasses in artistic beauty anything of the sort yet attempted. For the rest, a scene in a Pullman car and Fay Templeton's cake walk appear to please the public most. Otis Harlan, of "Black Sheep" fame, also Joseph Sparks and Ignacio Martinetti (both recruited from May Irwin's company), are among the other "top liners," to use the vaudeville phrase.

If presented in a theater proper, "Broadway to Tokio" would doubtless weary the spectator, with no cohesion in its story to lure the interest on. But the freedom of a music hall permits man to smoke and be at ease while the curtain is up, and when it is down men and women both are at liberty to seek recreation in the promenades.

MUSSEER'S EXPERIMENT.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

In Two Parts—Part I.

A TYPICAL SUBURBAN EXPERIENCE — HOW THE CITY CLERK AND THE FRENCH TEACHER DISCOVERED A LACK IN AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE, AND HOW THE THRIFTY FRENCHMAN PROPOSED TO COMBINE A PUBLIC SERVICE AND A PROFITABLE BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

ONE pleasant Saturday afternoon, as Peter Treadwell was on his way to his suburban home, he found himself seated beside his friend and neighbor, "Musseer," the teacher of French and music, who had chanced to take the same train.

"Musseer," said Peter thoughtfully, "I am glad to see you, because I wanted to ask your advice about a little financial matter, as I have great faith in your business acumen. I have recently come into a little money—about five thousand dollars—which I would like to invest so that it will pay me an appreciable income. I can't afford to risk it in any speculation, and if I put it into government bonds it will yield me but a few dollars a year. Can you suggest anything?"

"My dear friend," said the Frenchman, "I think that I can show you how to invest that money in a way that will pay you about fifty per cent a year, and the investment, moreover, will be right in your own village, where you can keep an eye on it."

"Why, that means more than doubling my income!" cried the bookkeeper. "I am afraid it can't be safe, or it wouldn't pay as much as that. What is it?"

"If I were to tell you now," replied the music teacher, "you would not believe me; I am afraid you would not even take the trouble to investigate the subject for yourself. As I hope to make as much as you do out of it by managing the business myself, I cannot afford to take such a risk with you. If, however, you will come with me tomorrow, I will try to prove to you that my estimate is a modest one. I have a horse that I am permitted to use for his keep, and if you like I will call for you tomorrow morning early. By night I promise you that you will think exactly as I do in regard to this enterprise that I have to suggest."

Peter readily agreed to the proposition, although he believed in the bottom of his heart that the whole thing was merely some "crazy dream" on the part of Musseer, who was generally regarded in the community as a visionary crank—a distinction frequently accorded to a man of superior taste and knowledge.

At half past nine in the morning the Frenchman drew up in front of the Treadwell residence, bowed with stately grace to Mrs. Treadwell, who was seated on the front porch deep in the delights of the Sunday newspaper society page, and addressed himself in French to her daughter, whom he regarded as one of the stupidest of his many stupid pupils. Peter came hurrying out of the house to join him, pausing for a moment to tell his wife that he was going out for a drive and would not return till late in the afternoon; then the two started, and a moment later were bowling swiftly along the smooth highway.

"I suppose," said Musseer, as the horse settled down to a steady pace, "that you are well aware of the important commercial principle that there is no better business to be found than that of supplying people with what they want at a profit to yourself."

"Yes, but the thing is to find something that they want and cannot get elsewhere, so that you may have a monopoly of the business," interposed Treadwell.

"Precisely so. Well, first of all, I am going to prove to you that there is something which nearly every well to do person within twenty five miles of here wants, and which, nevertheless, cannot be had this side of New York. By the way, as we shall be all day on this trip, we must have our luncheon somewhere. Do you happen to know of a good little inn or eating house or hotel within a dozen miles of here, where we can get something to eat at noon?"

"No, I can't say that I do," replied the other, after a few moments of thoughtful consideration. "There's a place called the Bilkmore House on the River Road. I've never stopped there, but they do a big business, and I should think we might get something pretty good there. At any rate, we can drive in and have a look at it to see how we like it."

"And that is the only place in this whole region that you can recommend?" inquired

Musseer. "Surely there must be plenty of roadside hotels hereabouts, for it seems to me the whole county is out on pleasant afternoons, bicycling or walking or driving."

"I can't even recommend the Bilkmore," said Peter, "but it's the best known place about here, and plenty of people do go there every Saturday and Sunday. We're sure to find a crowd there."

"Well, we'll try it at any rate," said Musseer, and half an hour later they entered the grounds of what had once been a country gentleman's residence and was now used as a hotel and eating place. A huge sign dangling from the limb of a superb elm tree over the road bore the legend:

BILKMORE HOUSE.

CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
ALES AND LAGER BEER.

SNOOZER'S JERSEY CITY BREWERY.

A double row of stately oaks bordered the driveway leading from the gate to the house. Every tree had been coated to the height of six feet with whitewash, and defaced with tin advertisements of mineral waters, sarsaparilla, cigars, and other commodities dispensed on the premises. The lawn, which had been in its time one of the best kept in the county, was overgrown with grass and weeds and littered with empty bottles, bits of paper, and other refuse. The trees needed pruning, the hedge needed trimming, the house needed painting, and the whole place stood sadly in need of a tasteful directing hand.

Seated on the broad piazzas and at little tables scattered about in front of the lawn, were perhaps two score of men and women out for a day's drive or bicycle ride, who had paused at the Bilkmore for a little rest and refreshment. Two white aproned waiters of repulsive aspect, who looked as if they might have learned their trade in a Coney Island pavilion, moved to and fro among the guests, shouting the orders for drinks to the bartender, who stood just inside an open window, and keeping a sharp lookout lest any one should escape without paying his reckoning.

As they drove in a surly ruffian, who seemed to be partially under the influence of liquor, seized the horse's bridle so roughly that the spirited animal reared in fright, and Musseer sharply commanded the hostler to stand aside. An altercation then followed, the man claiming that as he did the work about the grounds for nothing, for the sake of the tips that he earned by looking after horses and carriages, he had a right to take charge of every animal that arrived, no matter what the owner's views on the subject might be. To this the Frenchman made answer in such sharp, high pitched tones that the proprietor of the house actually came out from the barroom, where he had been hard at work all the morning listening to his visitors' accounts of a recent prize fight. On learning the cause of dispute, he took sides with his hostler, explaining that it was his privilege to look after every rig that was brought to the place, and that no one else, not even an owner of a horse, was permitted to interfere with him in the discharge of his duties. Musseer listened to this Solomon-like decision, then raised his hat in ironical salute and drove rapidly away.

"That's a nice place for a man to spend a quiet hour in," he remarked as they speeded along the shady river road. "Don't you know another place where we can find something to eat? The crowd is certain to be great today, and if we want a decent luncheon we must order it in advance."

"We might try the Eagle Hotel, just above here," said Treadwell doubtfully; "but I'm afraid you won't be satisfied with it."

The Eagle Hotel, like the Bilkmore, had been in its day a private house, and there were traces of its former high estate in its wide piazzas, finely proportioned rooms, and great open fireplaces with high carved wooden mantels. It was a distinctly attractive place, and one much better kept than the Bilkmore. Its landlord had made many "improvements," in the shape of a bar built into the room which had once served as a library, and a system of heating by means of hideous coils of pipes which enabled him to dispense with wood fires and their incidental "bother." The walls were hung with choice bock beer lithographs and pictorial signs celebrating the virtues of various brands of cigars, liquors, and "soft drinks," as all unhealthy, sizzling, non intoxicating beverages are termed in barroom parlance.

In the back parlor there was a cheap piano, badly in need of tuning, and on the music stool sat a young man whose duty it was to play jangling tunes for any guests who might desire to sing or dance. Like the hostler at the Bilkmore, he subsisted entirely on the tips given him by patrons of pronounced saltatory or musical tastes, and earned his board and lodging by helping now and then in the barroom and doing various odd bits of work about the place. He struck up a lively tune as the two travelers entered the room, and played until the Frenchman bribed him with a quarter of a dollar to desist. Peter thought the outlay an extravagant one for a man of Musseer's thrifty habits, but the latter assured him with much gravity that if he could go through life spending every dollar of his income to such good advantage, he would be the happiest man in the world.

"Now, let us see what we can get for luncheon," he added as he glanced at his watch. "We can't expect anything very

elaborate, but surely they should be able to give us something plain and simple—a bit of cold roast beef, for example, and a salad of the kind that can be found in every garden."

They consulted the landlord, who was in the barroom, busily watching the cash register, but he shook his head at the suggestion.

"There's not a bit of cold beef in the house," he said; "but we serve a table d'hôte dinner for seventy five cents, at one o'clock. No, we haven't got such a thing as a salad in the house. The vegetable man didn't come yesterday."

Musseer positively refused to entertain the table d'hôte proposition for a single moment, and so, after a brief consultation, the two friends resumed their drive, turning their faces in the direction of the village of Ruthersack, which was known to possess at least a score of hotels and eating houses. Their horse snuffed suspiciously as they drew near to the first of these places of refreshment, and the Frenchman, having surveyed it with a critical eye, drove slowly by without stopping. It was a cheap, newly built, and hideously ugly house covered with brewery signs and infested with loafers, of whom fully a score were seated on the front piazza, while a dozen buzzed about the barroom door, for Sunday is a busy day for the country loafer, who knows that he may miss a treat at any moment if he be not continually awake and stirring.

Three other hotels were passed in succession, each one, if possible, more sloppy and beery and repulsive than its predecessor, and then Musseer turned to his companion and said, "What a delightful thing it is to live in a civilized country! Just think how terrible it would be if we were in a desert and could not get anything to eat!"

"I should think," rejoined Treadwell, "that some man would know enough to open a decent place somewhere about here. There are thousands of bicyclers and people on foot, in carriages, and on horseback, who come out every afternoon, and I'll bet they would spend their money freely if they could get anything for it. By the way, you haven't told me what your scheme is. Suppose you unfold it now while we're looking for a place to take lunch in."

But Musseer shook his head. It was useless, he said, to discuss a business venture before luncheon. That meal finished, he would explain to him his project for going into a profitable business. While he was talking, he stopped the horse in front of a laborer's cottage which bore a sign announcing in large, rude letters, that iced milk could be obtained for five cents a glass; and there behind a rough pine counter, just outside the basement kitchen door, stood two children supervising the business. The Frenchman called to one of these by name, and the child came forward with two glasses of ice cold milk.

"How much better this is than those fizzling temperance drinks that they sell in all these barrooms around here!" exclaimed Peter, as he finished his glass and held it out to be refilled. "I should think this man would do a pretty good business here with his iced milk. Any way, he has the sense to sell it unwatered. It's a good while since I've drunk any as rich as this."

"He does do a good business," rejoined Musseer. "He's an Irishman named Flaherty, and he's employed as flagman at the railroad crossing down the road. When he began he used to buy all his milk, but now he's got three or four cows of his own. The cows graze on the roadside, and he's got a field behind his house that gives him enough hay for their winter keep. His wife does the milking and the children do the selling, and you'd be surprised to know how much money he banks every Monday morning."

"Well, it must be quite an addition to his income—two or three hundred dollars a year, I should think," remarked Treadwell.

"My dear friend," rejoined the Frenchman, "that man's sales of milk during eight months in the year amount to between two and three hundred quarts a week, for he buys a good deal in addition to what his own cows yield him. He has his own ice house, which he fills himself in the winter, at a very slight cost. It is seldom indeed during the eight months that constitute the outdoor season in this part of the world, that he fails to deposit forty dollars or more in the bank every Monday morning. The chances are that that boy who is ladling out the milk over there will be a student at Harvard in less than ten years, while his daughter may one day become the mother of a future line of aristocrats."

They drove on in silence, while the words "forty dollars a week" went whirling around in Peter's amazed brain. Here was this unlettered Irishman, who worked hard as a railroad switchman from Sunday to Sunday, and yet contrived, with the aid of his wife and children, to make during his leisure hours more than Peter could by a full week of toil. Of what use was education, then, if Flaherty could do so much better than he could?

He was still wrestling with this idea when his companion suddenly stopped the carriage beside a handsome surrey which had been drawn up under the shade of a widespreading oak. The occupants of the vehicle, a gentleman and a lady, both of middle age, and two young girls, were eating sandwiches and fruit from a hamper that they carried with them, and from the cordial manner in which they addressed Musseer, the young ladies speaking

in French and the father and mother in English, it was evident that he stood very high in their esteem. They nodded pleasantly to Treadwell, whom Musseer presented as one of the best of his American friends, and the poor bookkeeper could not help wondering what his wife would say could she see him in such fine company. For this white haired woman and her simply dressed, sweet faced daughters were, as he well knew, possessors of the great stone mansion at the north end of Ruthersack, and members of that charmed circle that takes up so much room in Mrs. Treadwell's beloved society page. It seemed strange to find persons of such wealth and distinction picnicking like gipsies by the roadside.

"Won't you have one of our sandwiches, or some grapes?" said one of the young ladies to Musseer. "We can't offer you such a luncheon as you gave us last summer, but we do the best we can. At any rate, you must make allowance for the fact that we are not French."

"Moreover, we do a great deal better with our own grapes and sandwiches than we could in one of these horrible places that they call hotels or road houses," chimed in the father. "When we finish our own lunch I am going to drive on to the least offensive of them, and have the horses fed and watered, while my wife and the girls make a call on an old lady that lives near by. I can't go with them, because I must stay in the stable and see that the landlord doesn't steal the horses' oats from the bin."

"Don't you know any nice Frenchman with a wife who understands cooking and housekeeping as well as yours does, who would consent to open a little hotel somewhere around here?" continued the daughter. "There are half a dozen of us who go out riding or driving or bicycling every fair afternoon, and do you know, there is not a place within twenty miles of here where it is possible for us to stop for a few minutes and get a cup of tea and some slices of bread and butter."

Here the mother interposed, saying with much earnestness: "Why, when I think of the charming little old fashioned inns that are scattered all over England, and of the delicious cookery that can be found in almost every village in France, no matter how small, I feel that it's time for some one to come and do a little missionary work in this part of the world. I really do not believe that there are a dozen places within twenty miles of New York in which you can get a cup of tea with a few slices of bread and butter properly served. We are going to stop at this Irishman's shanty, half a mile further on, and get a glass of his iced milk, which is really the only honest refreshment that you can find in the whole county, so far as I know."

The two friends drove on. A few moments later, Peter Treadwell turned to his companion and said, "I wish we'd brought our lunch with us, for I am getting awfully hungry; besides, I'm crazy to hear what your scheme is."

By way of reply Musseer stopped the horse beneath a convenient tree, drew out a brown paper package from under the seat of the buggy, then alighted and fastened the horse to the fence, having first taken pains to remove the headstall. Then, while waiting for the animal to cool off—for Musseer understood horses in spite of his nationality—he said to his companion, "Well, have you found out yet what everybody in this region is looking for?"

"Well, they all seem to me to be looking for something to eat," replied the bookkeeper innocently.

"Precisely so," said Musseer, "and my scheme is simply to supply them with what they are looking for—in other words, to give them something to eat and drink that shall be well cooked and well served."

(To be continued.)

DREAM RIVER.

SUCH a tiny, rippling river,
Poppy fields on either side,
Snow white swans, so stately, sailing
Down the lily bordered tide;
Water lilies, golden chaliced,
Filled with heaven's dewy balm,
Wafted from the starlit branches
Of the night's o'ershadowing palm.

Such a shining, silver river,
Seaward set from vales of sleep,
Winding through the emerald valleys
White with slumber's drowsy sheep;
Tide that bears upon its bosom
Shallops manned by fairy crew,
And in one—a precious burden—
Drifts my dreaming heart to you!

Clarence Urmy.

LITERARY CHAT

AN OMITTED INTRODUCTION TO "THE BLACK RIDERS."

By S—PH—N CR—NE.

If this were Merely read to you,
You might not Know that it was Poesy—
Divine Poesy!
You might indeed Regard it as Plain prose—
Disjointed, jerky, Gasping prose,
Smooth flowing as a Cable Car Conversazione.

But lend me your eyes to Aid your ears!
See how each line begins With a capital,
Not to mention many a Mid-line word.
See how, Every now And then,
There is a mystic Meaningful line on a page.
A lonely line At the top of A page,
A single sentinel guarding a page—
As
"Ah me!"
Or
"Oh!"
Or mayhap
"Nemesis, let be!"
Or even
"Memory, pass, that I may sleep!"

Observe, moreover, the color of the paper
This is Printed on.
When was dull, plodding prose in league with
the Oculist?
When was she
(I am now personifying prose,
Another proof that this is poesy,
Figurative Poesy)
Set up on sheets the color of burned violets,
On sad, ashes-of-violets sheets,
On sheets darker than the dear misery of
youth?

No!
Prose is printed on paper white
Or cream
Or some common color
That ink may make a slight impression on.
This is poetry.
Prose isn't printed this way.

AMERICAN SUCCESSES AT HOME.

There could scarcely be more instructive reading for the aspiring young American novelist than the booksellers' reports. They might not do so much toward forming his style as the prescribed courses in Addison and Macaulay, but if he has any "head for figures," as the country folk say, they will exert a subtle influence upon his choice of subjects.

It is not very long since we took our current literature with one eye anxiously turned toward England. A story writer who had succeeded in winning the stalwart Britons to his circulation was promptly read by Americans, while native talent received deserved encomiums from the critics and taught school to eke out a living. All the great successes were English. The American booksellers' reports showed that the leaders in sales were the "Robert Elsmeres," the "Heavenly Twins," the "Yellow Asters," the "Dodoes," the "Ships That Pass in the Night," and the whole army of English successes. A new Kipling volume was an event for the American trade. Meantime the fine, careful, accurate writing of Howells, Charles Egbert Craddock, Octave Thanet, and the rest of the American realists was accorded the highest praise and met with sales not comparable to the English books.

But now we have changed all that—temporarily at least. The booksellers of New York, Chicago, Boston, Albany, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Philadelphia—of every large city of every section, in fact—report that their greatest sales during last fall were "Richard Carvel," "David Harum," and "When Knighthood Was in Flower"—stories by American writers. When "Janice Meredith" appeared, it also took its place among the best selling books.

English successes—Ellen Thornycroft Fowler's "A Double Thread," Richard Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street," Harold Frederic's "The Market Place," and Beatrice Harraden's "The Fowler"—met with an American approval which was but lukewarm. Even Rudyard Kipling, in the "Stalky and Co." tales, fell sadly short of his customary reception.

All this should be very instructive to the aspiring young American novelist, if he aspires to the jingling reward of coin as well as to the flattering assurances of critics that he is doing well. It shows him that the old cry against the American public—that it would read only what the British public liked—is false. The American public, evidently, will read first what it likes itself; second, what has the seal of foreign approval. And the booksellers' lists state unmistakably that it likes heroic tales, adventurous tales, humorous tales, and that it will enthusiastically encourage the writers of such literature.

The aspiring young American novelist will probably resent this taste at first, and will speak of it sneeringly as proof of a childish and undeveloped mind. He will be wiser to solace himself with the thought that his is a country abounding in material for just such literature as his countrymen enjoy; and that its history, full of stirring incident and heroic

action, has by no means been exhausted for fiction by the recent efforts of Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Paul Leicester Ford.

ON ILLUSTRATORS WHO DO NOT ILLUSTRATE.

The following plaint comes from an author who has a grievance against the noble army of artists:

Why is it that the average illustrator is so careful not to illustrate? He may be ever so good a draftsman, his men may stand firmly on their feet and his women look perfectly natural—that is, about to speak—but if *you* read the story you will find that *he* didn't take the trouble to.

Thus, when the gifted author says, "Miss Paulton was spending the winter in Samoa, and as she had beautiful toes she followed the native fashion and went barefoot," he'll have her foot incased in a Smithkins three dollar shoe; and if the story is one of the current Revolutionary successes, and "Randolph Witherspoon leaned on his flintlock musket," the artist will give him a Krag Jorgensen.

Suppose it to be a novel of society in New York. "As the mustangs sped madly by, dragging her to certain destruction, she leaned out of the window of the Fifth Avenue stage imploring help." So runs the text, but the illustrator pictures a languid Fifth Avenue belle leaning luxuriously back on the cushioned seats, while the high stepping chestnuts speed decorously along.

It is always a shock to the author to find that his illustrator hasn't read his story. He fancies the busy artist, although overrun with orders, deeply immersed in his three volume novel in order to become saturated with the spirit of the tale and draw the characters that the author had in mind when he wrote about them.

But to judge from many of the pictures of the day, the average draftsman hastily skims through a few pages of the book or else reads a review of it, and then he clothes whatever model happens to be in his studio with whatever clothes may be handiest, and if he is a good picture maker, which is quite different from being a good illustrator, he goes it blind and trusts to his reputation to see him through.

But some day the authors will rise in their wrath and will ruthlessly expose him and say "Ah, ha!" in their throats, and then will he be good? Nay, nay; for the illustrator who does not illustrate is coeval with the first printed picture.

MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS.

There is no occupation on earth more pleasant than the writing of a regular, old fashioned book review. To sit down in front of a volume and say just what it amounts to, where it fails and where it succeeds, with no one to interrupt or argue; to spread out one's opinions luxuriously at full length, and to know that the self indulgence will be greeted, not with penalties, but with financial increase, is to come as near having one's cake and eating it, too, as mortals can very often accomplish.

Book reviewing is the very refinement of egotism. Man comes measurably near it when he pays an intelligent doctor to listen to his symptoms in detail, and spend an hour hovering over his physical being. "I ate those truffled eels, and this is the result," he prefaces. The reviewer does the same with his mental symptoms. "I read that book, and this is its effect on me," is the starting point of his discourse.

In daily life we seldom get a whole chance to express our opinions. We are afraid of boring people, or they are afraid of our boring them, and stray, unrepresentative fragments are all we can slip in between the tedious comments of others. In a review our ideas may be set forth in their perfect symmetry, with a leisurely decoration of adjectives, and a little paragraph of irrevocable sentence at the end, over our unshrinking signatures. In no branch of art can one find such perfect self expression as in the writing of book reviews.

There is only one drawback—nobody can be hired to read them. "We don't want your old symptoms; amuse us!" is the cry. That is the one flaw in an otherwise perfect occupation.

Not long ago a publisher who made a business of publishing all sorts of books, most of them worthless, and all at the expense of the authors, failed, and a vast number of his clients were compelled to look elsewhere for a market for their offerings. The result of this failure has been disastrous to the staff of readers employed in the various publishing offices, for the market has been literally flooded with the worthless manuscripts of the silly men and women who had been in the habit of paying to have their books published in order that they might pose as authors.

The stories which are now in circulation among the readers—they are not likely to reach the public—are described as fearfully and wonderfully made. Very few of the so called "authors" developed by the system which finally found its own grave in hopeless bankruptcy, know how to spell, punctuate, or write the English language. Moreover, it is probable that not one of them really wishes to learn such dry and trivial details of the profession of letters. They have been in the habit of sending in their manuscript, accompanied by a good round check, with instructions to have the printer "fix it up," and have then gone forth rejoicing that they were really literary.

* * * *

We recently received from J. W. Bucy, 69 Columbia Avenue, Cumberland, Maryland, what proved on examination to be a verbatim copy of a story published in MUNSEY'S about four years ago. It is to be said to the credit of American honesty that attempted swindles of this sort are exceedingly rare, in proportion to the vast number of manuscripts offered to publishers. We publish this in the hope of making them still rarer.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

A PERSONAL CHAT WITH OUR READERS BY MR. MUNSEY.

I HAVEN'T done much recently in the way of keeping up these chats, but just now I have something special to tell you about. It is this. The name of THE QUAKER is to be changed to THE JUNIOR MUNSEY. THE QUAKER, you know, is one of my magazines and is the youngest of the quartet. This change in name will take place with the April number, which will be issued on March 15.

THE JUNIOR MUNSEY—this has more or less of a juvenile sound for a fact, but all juniors are not juveniles. THE JUNIOR MUNSEY has attained its majority; it has now reached the plane in point of character of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE itself.

This statement suggests what THE JUNIOR MUNSEY is like; but I find that people as a whole don't get hold of a suggestion—don't get quite the same grip on it they do on a detailed description, so I will go a bit into details. In a word, THE JUNIOR MUNSEY

THE JUNIOR MUNSEY.

is to be just as nearly a duplicate in character of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE as it is possible to make it.

In the first place, let me say that I would rather kill THE JUNIOR MUNSEY outright, and kill in addition THE PURITAN and THE ARGOSY, than maintain in them a hurtful competition to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. I don't believe that THE ARGOSY has ever injured MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE in the slightest degree. It is on totally different lines. And THE PURITAN, too, is on such different lines—is so wholly a class magazine, a woman's magazine—that I can't find it has ever injured the circulation of THE MUNSEY. The thing to consider, then, in bringing THE QUAKER up to the plane of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE in point of merit was, how can this be done without injury to THE MUNSEY itself? This was the first and most important consideration that confronted me.

I argued that safety lay in making THE JUNIOR just such a magazine as MUNSEY'S. And by this I mean giving it the same departments—"In the Public Eye," "Literary Chat," "Storiettes," and "The Stage," and in other respects making it as nearly like MUNSEY'S as it is possible to make one magazine like another. I reasoned that if THE JUNIOR were in point of merit exactly as good a magazine as THE MUNSEY, though different in its general scheme of contents, it would be pretty apt to hit the fancy of some readers better than MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. And if this were so there would be the even probability that it would draw from the circulation of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and this I would not allow. But being on exactly the same lines as MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, there would be no excuse for any reader changing from THE MUNSEY to THE JUNIOR MUNSEY.

Safety, therefore, consisted in practically duplicating MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE; but this was only half of the problem. The other was the fact—the great big fact, I may say—that in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE we have been working on winning lines—have been giving the people what the people wanted. This being so, it seemed to me possible that two magazines a month, the one issued on the 15th and the other on the 30th, might be welcome to our readers. In fact, we have had many requests for this very thing. My conclusion was that THE JUNIOR MUNSEY, built on the lines of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, would much more speedily run up to a large circulation than it would on other lines, which would necessarily be more or less experimental.

Through THE JUNIOR MUNSEY, then, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE practically becomes a semi monthly, though each magazine is independent in itself—each has its own entity. This is a way of arriving by safe and easy stages at a decision as to whether a semi monthly or weekly magazine of first rate grade has a place in this country today or not. THE JUNIOR MUNSEY is at best an experiment. It is nothing but an experiment. If the people want it on its present lines I shall continue it and shall aim to make it an exceptionally interesting magazine. If, on the other hand, I see no reason to suppose the people do want it, I shall stop it or change it about as I see fit and with apologies to no man.

The first number of The Junior Munsey will be the April issue, ready March 15. *The Junior will appear on the* 15*th of each month, The Munsey on the* 30*th.*

ETCHINGS

THE BACHELOR GIRL.

ONE may laugh at the love lorn and lonely old maids,
And pity their husbandless state,
Since their hopes one by one they have tenderly laid
In the narrow graves fashioned by fate;
But the other, who loses not maidenhood's way
Of setting men's hearts in a whirl,
She is not an old maid, though she's thirty today;
She is simply a bachelor girl.

Distinguish between them sure any one can,
'Tis not a mere matter of years;
The one places gaiety under a ban
When the very first wrinkle appears;
The other keeps youth in her heart through the maze
And the daze of life's unceasing swirl,
And she wears not conventional spinsterhood grays,
So we call her the bachelor girl.

She's piquant and pretty, she's witty and wise,
Conversant with music and art,
And she looks on the world through her optimist eyes
As more than a conscienceless mart.
Tea tipples and tabby cats both she taboos,
That hall mark of spinsters, the curl;
Oh, may her sweet presence the world never lose—
Hurrah for the bachelor girl!

Roy Farrell Greene.

THE ANNUAL FEVER.

WE'RE hunting a house—do you know of one
With bath and a furnace and closets and gas;
Well, cistern, and faucets, and plenty of sun,
And a plat in front having lots of grass?
A garret where traps can be stored away,
And a nice back yard for Bobbie and Sue,
And a barn for the horse and oats and hay,
And a summer kitchen and woodshed, too.
We're hunting a house—and it must be where
The children can easily walk to school;
Not too far out from the court house square,
But still the location must be cool.
The paper and paint must be fresh and clean;
The place in the best condition be.
Perchance you've a house that should be seen.
Please tell us where we can get the key.

We're hunting a house—as the one we're in
For fully a year has sheltered us,
Hence now it is time that we begin
To have our annual "moving" fuss.
The season is here, and a vague unrest
Has driven the people by hundreds mad;
So we will change to a neighbor's nest—
And others will enter the one we've had.

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE LISPING LASS.

THERE'S naught in tobacco, there's nothing in song,
There's naught in the wine filled glass,
That is half as delightful, right or wrong,
As the lips of a lisping lass.

There's naught in the rose so sweetly red
As in lips where the words scarce pass—
Nothing in poetry ne'er so well said
As by lips of a lisping lass!

Tom Hall.

A USELESS INVENTION.

"An English girl has invented a method of sending kisses by mail."—*Exchange.*

THE English maid, demure and shy,
A recluse, with a downcast eye,
Fast tethered to some chaperon,
May wish a kiss when all alone,
When not a man or youth is near
To stir her heart with trembling fear.

So on her scented *billet doux*
She prints her lips to send to you
Their impress through the lettered mail,
Where neither *u* nor *i* prevail;
And cheats as easy as can be
The masculine *m-a-l-e*.

But our dear girls—what would they say
To kisses made in that queer way—
Mere paper frauds sent to eclipse
The tender touching of the lips?
No patent here need go on that
Device—for it would fall so flat.

Our maidens, knowing its depth of bliss,
Stood by the plain old fashioned kiss;
Although sometimes it spoils their curls,
These more than lovely, rosy girls
Don't want a different kiss to be;
They like the old style—and so do we.

Joel Benton.

3000 YEARS

FROM THE SYRIAN SANDAL TO





Queen Quality

$3.00

TRADE MARK

STREET BOOT favorite model.



PATENT KID MANNISH same model in Kibo Kid and Brown Kibo Calf.

Evolution in Footwear.

From the crude sandal of three thousand years ago to that masterpiece of shoemaking—*"Queen Quality"*—is a long leap.

This triumph in footwear shows results in beauty, comfort, service, never before achieved.

All styles one price **$3** (Oxfords, **$2.50**). Fast color eyelets used exclusively.

Only One Dealer in Each Town.

OUR CATALOGUE shows our many styles, sent **Free** with address of local dealer. Shoes sent prepaid for **$3.25** (Oxfords, **$2.75**).

P.S.—In Canada and all countries where duty is paid: Boots, $3.75; Oxfords, $3.

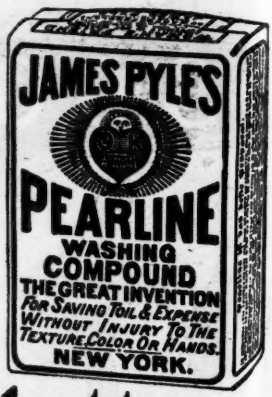
OUTING BOOT for golf, wheeling, and storm wear.



LIGHT SPRING BOOT, in Kid and Brown Kibo Calf.

THOS. G. PLANT CO. 1 BICKFORD ST. BOSTON.

Soap (a good one) Powder



Pearline is the Original Powder—The Best—the largest seller among intelligent people and the mark for all imitations and substitutes. The difference in the price of **Pearline** and the cheapest imitation is nominal. One garment ruined would consume the saving of a year.

is better—handier—more economical than Soap



NATURE'S REMEDIES

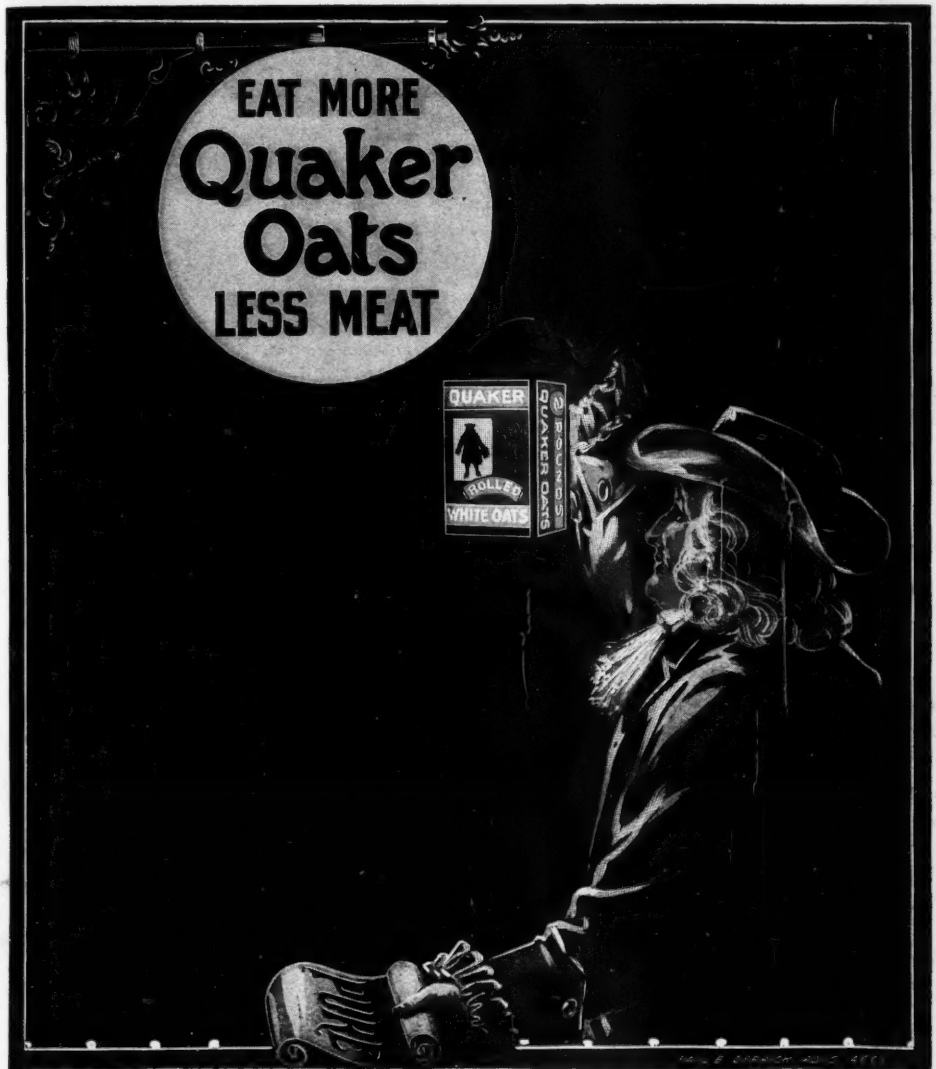
For Thirst - WATER
For Hunger - FOOD
For Debility -
SCOTT'S EMULSION

How many of us eat the lean and leave the fat: yet the fat is the most nourishing part of the meat. From it we get warmth, strength, vitality; without it we become pale, hollow-cheeked, and languid, an easy prey for consumption. Cod Liver Oil is even more strengthening and nourishing than the fat of meat; but many people "would rather die than take it." But why upset the stomach and tax the digestion with either when you can avoid both and get better results by taking

SCOTT'S EMULSION?

In it you get Cod Liver Oil, Glycerine and the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, so perfectly blended that it is pleasant to the taste and so easy to digest that young babies and most delicate invalids take it regularly. Nothing equals SCOTT'S EMULSION in nourishing properties; Nothing strengthens and builds up the wasted system so quickly; nothing is so good for delicate children, anemic girls, and emaciated mothers. It enriches the blood; it invigorates mind and body. IT IS NATURE'S BEST REMEDY FOR DEBILITY.

At all druggists; 50c. and $1.00 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.



A SIGN OF HEALTH.

In the light of all that science has said and done to prove the mistake (often fatal) of eating too much meat. No one can afford to disregard the often repeated warning, "Eat less meat and more Quaker Oats."

Dr. Alexander Haig, England's recognized authority upon food, in his book on "Uric Acid in Causation of Diseases," throws much valuable light on the dangers of excessive meat eating, he says:

Man has been misled by the stimulating properties of animal tissues and their extracts into an exaggerated belief in their food values. Beef tea is nearly as pure a stimulant as a glass of wine.

Quaker Oats makes a healthful diet for it contains all of nature's required food elements in ideal proportions; is palatable, appetizing, digestible and satisfying.

Quaker Oats makes not only the best breakfast porridge in the world, but also delicious and wholesome Bread, Muffins, Cakes, Soups and Puddings. At Grocers in 2-lb. Pkgs.

Write for our Cereal Cook Book, edited by Mrs. Rorer. Free Postpaid.

THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO., Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The RESILIA SHOE



For Men, - - $5.00
For Women, - 4.50
Catalogue.

Rebounding rubber centresole.
Ventilates shoe at every step.
Prevents jar to nerves and spine.
Conforms to every curve of foot sole.
Spreads wear uniformly over shoe outsole.

The Resilia Shoe Co.
172 Tremont St.
Boston

We Have No Agents or Branch Stores. All Orders Should be Sent Direct to Us.



New Spring Suits, $5.

IF you wish something decidedly new in a dress or skirt, and entirely different from the ready-made garments which you find in every store, write for our Catalogue and Samples. There are hundreds of firms selling ready-made suits and skirts, but we are the only house making fashionable garments to order at moderate prices.



Our catalogue illustrates an exquisite line of exclusive designs which are shown by no other firm:

Tailor-Made Suits, $5 up.

New Skirts in the latest Paris cut, $4 up.

Wash Suits, $4 up.

Wash Skirts, $3 up.

Rainy-Day Suits and Skirts Made of double-face materials.

Bicycle Suits and Skirts, Jackets, Riding Habits, Golf Suits and Skirts.

We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades.

WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES EVERYWHERE.

If, when writing, you will mention any particular kind or color of samples that you prefer, we shall be glad to send you an assortment of the kind you wish.

Write to-day for Catalogue and Samples—we will send them to you *free* by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

THE GABLER PIANO.



The honest value and artistic merit of Gabler Pianos are known to the piano trade from Maine to California.

Forty thousand Gabler Pianos are now being played in American homes, and we do not believe any owner is dissatisfied.

Gabler Pianos are remarkable for their durability—for their full, rich tone quality, and for the length of time they stand in tune. There are tangible reasons for these qualities.

1st: The materials used are the finest that can be bought with money and skill.

2d: The members of the firm are themselves practical piano makers, and their personal attention is given to the product of their factory.

3d: No expense in time or money is spared in the making.

The Gabler is a moderate-priced piano, and we assert positively and unequivocally that no other piano, sold at its price, is as good as the Gabler.

Write for descriptive booklet and catalog.

Ernest Gabler & Brother,

216 East 22d Street, - New York.

A Few Gabler Representatives.

M. Steinert & Sons Co., Boston, New Haven, Providence.
James Bellak Sons, - - Philadelphia.
E. F. Droop & Sons, - - - Washington.
James B. Bradford, - - Milwaukee.
W. J. Dyer & Bro., - - - St. Paul.
Bollman Bros. Co., - - - St. Louis.
McKannon Bros. Music Co., - - Denver.

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES N.Y.

Have you a Piano that you do not use?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture?

The Pianola

is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study or practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding, and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any grand or upright piano and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it. At the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price, $250.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers

Send for catalogue R.

The Aeolian Company

18 West Twenty-third Street, New York

Sauer says:

"I can freely say that the Pianola gives me more pleasure than I have had from thousands of so-called treats of pianistic effort."

Moszkowski says:

"Any one hidden in a room near by who will hear the Pianola for the first time will surely think that it is a great virtuoso that plays."

Paur says:

"The playing of the Pianola in my house last evening was a treat as well as a surprise.

"Nothing of the kind I have heard before can approach it.

"In the hands of a competent player all the shading, crescendo, as well as modification of tempi, are remarkably accurate."



Pianola in use with Grand Piano

The Pianola is a piano-player by means of which *any one* can play the piano.

Boston, Mass.: The M. Steinert & Sons Co., 162 Boylston Street
Philadelphia, Pa.: C. J. Heppe & Son, 1117 Chestnut Street
Chicago, Ill.: Lyon & Healy, Wabash Avenue and Adams Street
Baltimore, Md.: Wm. Knabe & Co., 22-24 East Baltimore Street
Washington, D. C.: Wm. Knabe & Co., 1422 Pennsylvania Avenue
Cleveland, O.: The B. Dreher's Sons Co., 371 Superior Street
Detroit, Mich.: F. J. Schwankovsky, 238 Woodward Avenue
San Francisco, Cal.: Kohler & Chase, 26-30 O'Farrell Street
Portland, Ore.: M. B. Wells Co., Aeolian Music Co.
Montreal, Can.: L. E. N. Prette & Co.

Fleming & Carnrick Press, New York



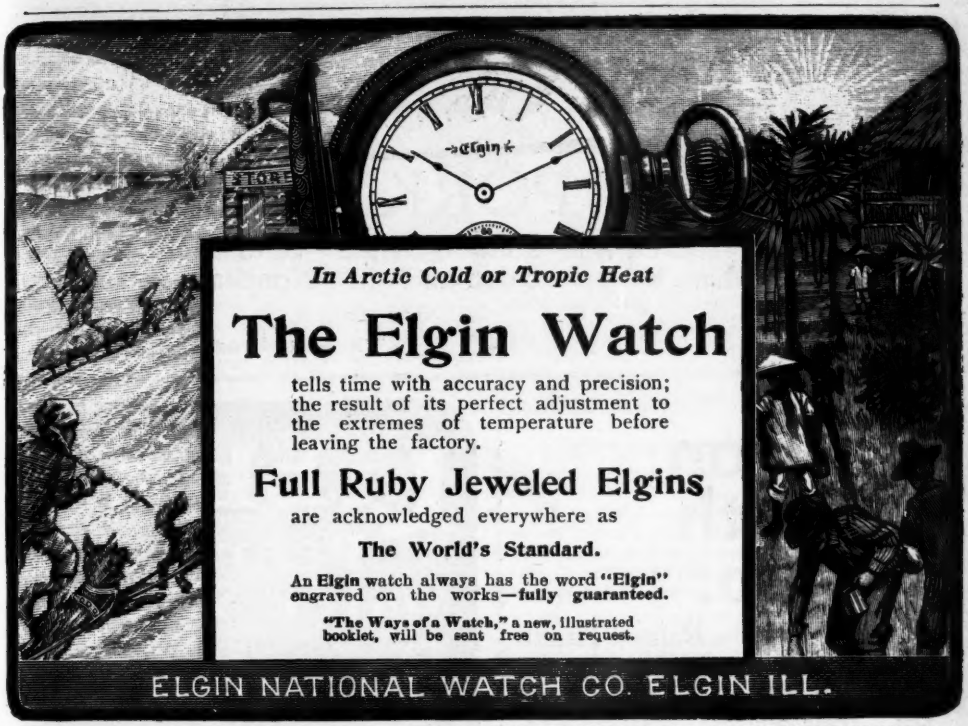
Don't Humor a Humor !

How can you, when you see how it makes its presence known, especially in the Spring, by weakness, languor, THAT TIRED FEELING, boils, pimples, eruptions, and what not ? IN MARCH, APRIL, MAY, when it causes so much disturbance, is a good time for taking measures to be rid of it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

ERADICATES ALL HUMORS
PURIFIES AND ENRICHES THE BLOOD AND TONES THE SYSTEM AS NOTHING ELSE CAN.
BUY A BOTTLE TODAY.

C. I. HOOD & Co
LOWELL, MASS.



In Arctic Cold or Tropic Heat

The Elgin Watch

tells time with accuracy and precision; the result of its perfect adjustment to the extremes of temperature before leaving the factory.

Full Ruby Jeweled Elgins

are acknowledged everywhere as

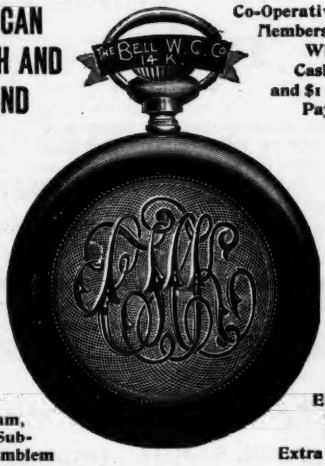
The World's Standard.

An **Elgin** watch always has the word **"Elgin"** engraved on the works—**fully guaranteed.**

"The Ways of a Watch," a new, illustrated booklet, will be sent free on request.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO. ELGIN ILL.

AMERICAN WATCH AND DIAMOND CLUB



Co-Operative Plan Members Secure Wholesale Cash Prices and $1 Weekly Payments.

Any Monogram, Special Subject or Emblem Engraved to Order without Extra Charge.

Any Size, Ladies' or Gents', Open or Hunting Case.

Join one of our Clubs and secure a High-Grade Watch—from $25.00 up—or Diamond—from $40.00 up. Privilege of $1.00 per week, or $5.00 per month payments.

Our co-operative plan secures you the net wholesale cash price, and the benefit of the easy Savings Bank method of payment. Besides, you have the use of watch or diamond while paying for it.

Watch or diamond shipped on receipt of first payment and references. Catalogue and testimonial letters tell all about it. Address

THE WALKER-EDMUND CO., MGRS.,
70 ORIEL BUILDING. CINCINNATI, O.

FOR MARCH BIRTHDAYS



14-K Gold Ring, $2.75. Real bloodstone, the birth-month stone for March, signifying courage.

1048, Birthday Coffee Spoon, $1.00. **1047,** Tea Spoon, same design, very heavy, $2.50.

3885, Neck Clasp, $1.00. Same, gold finish, $1.35.

3879, Sash Clasp, a cluster of six violets, $3.50; gold finish, $4.50.

3315, Hat Pin, 75 cents.

3303, Brooch, made of same size violet, 75c.

Illustrations actual size. Articles are Sterling Silver.

The Violet is the flower for March. The flowers for other months are shown in our complete catalogue "L." Sent free.

Daniel Low & Co.

223 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.



Van Camp's BOSTON BAKED

PORK and BEANS

Prepared with Tomato Sauce. Sold by all grocers, where the public demands it. None as satisfying.

BOOKLET FREE.

VAN CAMP PACKING CO., 306 Kentucky Av., Indianapolis, Ind.

Ralston Health Club.

If members of the Ralston Health Club (past or present), or any persons interested in its work, will send their address, they will receive official information of value, and a large sample package of Malt Breakfast Food. This is the only breakfast cereal combining the health-giving properties of malt and the strength of the choicest entire wheat. It is most delicate and delicious.

Sold by high-class grocers.

THE MALTED CEREALS CO.,

Interesting Booklet on request. BOX 129 Burlington, Vt.

Libby's Peerless Wafer Sliced Dried Beef

The one way to know *how good* a good thing *is*, is to

Try It.

Our Peerless Wafer Sliced Dried Beef is one of our thirty varieties of perfectly packed canned foods and comes to you as fresh, dainty and deliciously flavored as the moment it was sliced.

Put up in convenient sized key opening cans.

Ask your grocer. If not in stock, he will order it at your request.

Drop a postal for New Edition free "How to Make Good Things to Eat"

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO, ILL.

52 Gold and Prize Medals Awarded for Excellence

By Special Royal Warrant to Her Majesty the Queen

JOHN DEWAR & SONS, Ltd., Distillers. PERTH, Scotland. LONDON, England.

Dewar's Scotch Whisky



These Jugs are handsome specimens of the famous English Doulton Ware, and make a very attractive addition to the sideboard. They contain **Dewar's Special Old Scotch Whisky,** remarkable for Aroma, Purity, and the Mellowness which age alone can give, distilled from the finest malted Barley procurable. *Send for Catalogue No. 5.* Packed in unmarked cases.

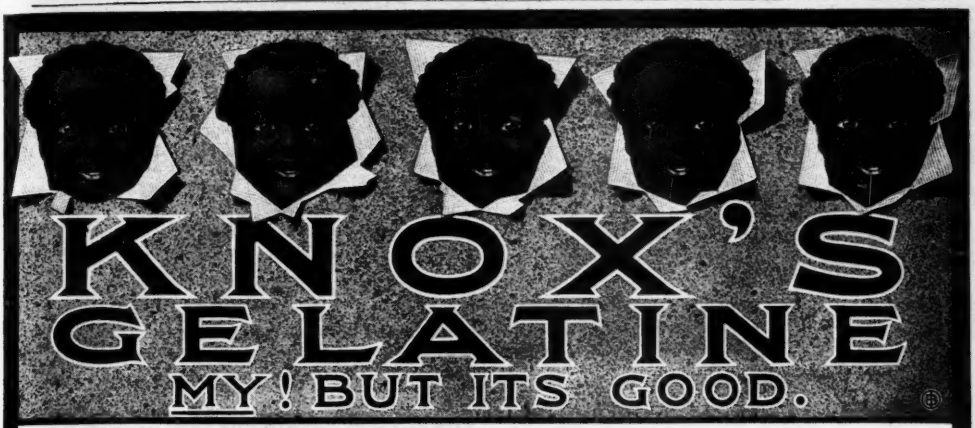


Bobbie Burns Jug, $2.00 Cash or P. O. Express Prepaid.

FRED'K GLASSUP, Sole United States Agent.

JOHN DEWAR & SONS, Ltd., (Dept. 5) 22 West 24th Street, New York, N. Y.

Sphinx Jug, $2.00 Cash or P. O. Express Prepaid



KNOX'S
GELATINE
MY! BUT ITS GOOD.

I Challenge Competitors on these Points:

1. Absolute Purity. Exclusively calves' stock.
2. Granulated. Measured with spoon, like sugar.
3. Dissolves quickest—in two minutes.
4. "Sets" quickest—in half an hour.
5. Makes more jelly—two full quarts to package.
6. Clear and sparkling—needs no clarifying.
7. Pink Gelatine (for fancy dessert) in every package.

Will You Oblige Me in This?

Send for my 32-page book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." I will mail it FREE. It contains seventy inexpensive receipts.

Send me 5 cents for book and full pint sample.

If your grocer does not keep it, send me his name and 15c. for full 2-quart packet and book. Two for 25c. Money returned if unsatisfactory.

I shall be glad to answer any questions relative to the use of Gelatine.

CHARLES B. KNOX, 12 Knox Ave., Johnstown, New York.

B B

BURNETT'S VANILLA



Is the kind to buy. You may place implicit confidence in the purity and strength of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts. Their reputation covers half a century.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO.,

AS you regard your health and that of your household, don't let your grocer sell you a substitute. Insist that he supplies you with the genuine—Burnett's.

36 India St., BOSTON, MASS.

50 YEARS A LEADER

Hood's Tooth Powder

Is the most delicious dentrifice you can buy. It thoroughly polishes and

Cleanses

The teeth, removes all fragments of food which lodge between them, neutralizes all disease germs, and prevents decay. It also

Hardens

The gums, giving them healthy color, and never makes them spongy nor makes the teeth yellow as liquid dentifrices do. It

Beautifies

The mouth, sweetens the breath and leaves a delightfully cool, refreshing sensation.

☞ *The sale of Hood's Tooth Powder has been very large in New England for many years. Friends say it is so good it ought to be more widely known. We will send you a free sample and book on care of the teeth for your address on postal card. Price of regular bottle 25c., mammoth size, 50c., of druggists, or of us by mail.*

C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Medicated Soap

Has delicious natural fragrance, absolute purity, healthful medication and antiseptic power. It soothes and heals chapped hands, makes dry rough skin moist and smooth, destroys microscopic germ life in sores and ulcers, allays inflammation in salt rheum, scrofula, etc. Excellent in toilet and bath.

A Mother's Story.

'I have always used white castile soap for bathing my four children, and they have all been troubled with a little white scaly substance on the head, which I was obliged to soften with vaseline. The past three weeks I have been using Hood's Medicated Soap on the youngest child, which has entirely removed this trouble, and the baby's scalp and skin are as soft and smooth as velvet. Had any one told me Soap would do for my baby's scalp and skin what Hood's Medicated Soap has done, I could not have believed it."

Trial Size 10c. Full Size 25c.

Of druggists, or by mail of C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sample free.



THE ONLY
ELECTRIC MASSAGE ROLLER

Patented in United States, England, France, Canada, Germany, Cuba, etc.

Ready for Use at all Times. No Charging. Will last forever.

SILVER, $3.00 EACH; GOLD, $4.00 EACH. Mail or Office.

A PERFECT COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER.

Will Remove Wrinkles and All Facial Blemishes Positive

Most effectual in Muscle and Tissue building; also for Reduction of Corpulency. Will develop or reduce any part of the body. For Rheumatism and all Circulatory and Nervous Diseases a specific. The reputation and professional standing of the inventor (you are referred to the public press for the past 15 yrs.) with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee. Circular upon application.

Dr. JOHN WILSON GIBBS CO., 1370 B'way, N. Y.

"A new beautifier which is *warranted to produce a perfect complexion*, removing wrinkles and all facial blemishes. It is most effectual in building up tissues, as well as reducing unsightly corpulence. A very pretty addition to the toilet table."—*Chicago Tribune.*

(Rollers magnetized or attached to batteries are not electric rollers.)

THE ONLY ELECTRIC ROLLER. ALL OTHERS ARE FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS...

"This delicate Electric Massage Beautifier removes all facial blemishes. *It is the only positive remover of wrinkles and crow's feet.* It never fails to perform all that is expected."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"The Electric Massage Roller is certainly productive of good results. *I believe it the best of any appliances.* It is safe and effective." HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, *New York World.*



"Can take a pound a day off a patient, or *put it on.*"—*New York Sun*, August 30, 1891. Send for lecture on "Great Subject of Fat," and Blank.

No Dieting. No Hard Work.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' OBESITY CURE

For the Permanent Reduction and Cure of Obesity.

Purely Vegetable. Harmless and Positive. **NO FAILURE.** Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment, **$5.00.** Mail, or office, **1370 Broadway, New York. REDUCTION GUARANTEED.**

"The cure is based on Nature's laws."—*N. Y. ... rald*, July 9, 1893.

"On obesity Dr. Gibbs is the recognized author..."—*N. Y. Press*, 1890.

Beware of Imitators and fraudulent Magnetized Rollers.

A Sample Free will demonstrate to you that

Milk Weed Cream



Cures Complexion Faults.

It **feeds** the skin; puts purity in place of pimples; gives fairness of face for freckles; takes away tan; banishes blotches.

Bernhardt, the "divine Sarah," says of Milk Weed Cream: "Marvelously good for the Skin and Complexion. It removes all spots from the face." **50 cts.** per jar; at druggists, or by mail, or, **Will you have a Sample sent for Two Cents—a Stamp?**

FRED'K F. INGRAM & Co.

54 TENTH STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

BEST & CO.

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Little Feet That Toe-In.

This awkward habit can be completely cured by wearing our "Toe-In" Shoes. Nothing unsightly—look like any other shoe.



Prices, $2.00 to $3.50, according to size.

Also shoes to prevent or cure "Bow-legs," Flat-foot," and to strengthen Weak Ankles.

Cost but a trifle more than ordinary shoes.

So superior is our assortment of styles and sizes—so certain are we that we can always fit the foot and suit the customer, that we encourage people to make our Shoe Department a test for all the store.

If you have never enjoyed the advantages of clothing children here, suppose you begin with Shoes.

Our Catalogue, sent for 4c. postage, tells how it can be done by mail. Has over 1,000 Illustrations.

60-62 West 23d Street, - New York.

CARPETS, Rugs and Draperies

From the Famous Maryland Mill at 40 to 60 per cent. below retail prices



IT IS your own fault if your Carpets, Rugs and Draperies are not prettier, more stylish and cheaper than your neighbor's. The way to accomplish this is to drop us a Postal for our 16-color lithographed catalogue, which shows every color, flower and figure of a carpet as plainly as though you were looking at the goods—this also applies to our Rugs, Art Squares, Portières, Lace Curtains and Bed Sets.

184 different patterns of goods are shown in this exquisite book, so that there will be no difficulty of your not having a large assortment from which to choose. With this book in your possession you will know in advance exactly how a Carpet will look on your floor or a Curtain at your window or doorway.

Our Carpets range from 32c. to $1.17 per yard. Here are a few specimen bargains:

Victoria Wilton Velvet Carpet,	$1.10 per yard
Baltimore Brussels Carpet,	.56 per yard
J. H. & Son's Woolen Ingrain Carpet,	.47 per yard
Maryland Smyrna Carpets, 12x9 feet,	15.75 each
Sultan Tapestry Portieres,	2.95 per pair
Irish Point Lace Curtains,	2.10 per pair

A quality sample of each grade of carpet is mailed for a 2-cent stamp. Price of samples may be deducted from your carpet order.

We Prepay Freight, Furnish Wadded Lining Without Charge, Cut and Sew all Carpets Free

We also issue a 204-page catalogue of everything to eat, use and wear, which contains some exceptional Furniture bargains. Our catalogue of Men's Made-to-Order Clothing, with large cloth samples attached, is now ready. Which book do you want? Address this way:

JULIUS HINES & SON

Department C25. BALTIMORE, MD.

JUST ONE SUPPORTER

That makes the waist round

Curves it in at the back and



3 Grades

Wide Web black or white **60c**

Wide web fancy frilled, black, white, cardinal, blue or pink - - **75c**

Heavy Silk Web, large pad if desired, **$1.25**

Made of satin with four bands of best lisle or silk elastic

permanently reduces the abdomen

To GET and KEEP a PERFECT FIGURE you *must wear* the Combined Belt and Front Pad

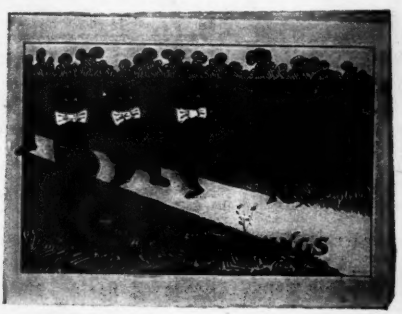
Foster Hose Supporter

See that the name FOSTER is on every pair.

First-class Dealers sell them; if yours does not, write us. When ordering be sure and give your **height** and **waist** measure.

THE FOSTER HOSE SUPPORTER COMPANY,

4111 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Handsome booklet, "Three Black Kittens," free for 2 cts. postage.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys Warranted to Out-wear Two Pairs of Ordinary Stockings

Ask your dealer for Black Cat Stockings. If you can't get them, samples sent for 25 cents a pair. Give size and state if for boy, girl, lady or gentleman. Address

CHICAGO-ROCKFORD HOSIERY CO.

KENOSHA, WIS.

EARN A BICYCLE

By selling Baker's Teas, Coffees, Extracts, Spices, Toilet Soap, Etc., among your friends. Baker's goods are well known, and it is easy to sell them. Sell $60 worth for a Boys' or Girls' Bicycle; $65 worth for a Youths' or Maidens' Bicycle; $70 worth for a Ladies' or Gents' Bicycle; $100 worth for Gypsy King or Queen, highest grade Bicycle (you can send in orders for about $15 worth at a time); or sell $18 worth for a Peek-a-Boo Camera; $7.50 worth for a Crescent Camera; $12 worth for a Willow Rocker; $21 worth for a Book Case; $37.50 worth for a Decorated Dinner Set; $22.50 worth for a Shot Gun; $9 worth for a Flobert Rifle; $15 worth for a Solid Silver Watch and Chain (Ladies' or Gents'), or for a Toilet Set, or pair of Lace Curtains, or for a Boys' Suit of Clothes, or Crown Combination Game Board of 20 Games, or Ladies' Mackintosh. Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Premiums, price list, order sheet, and particulars.

W. G. BAKER (Dept. L), Springfield, Mass.

Turkish Rocker



$29.50 buys this restful Turkish Rocker, No. 677, direct from factory, sent "On Approval," to be returned *at our expense* if not positively the best leather rocker ever sold at such a price.

COVERED with best quality machine-buffed **genuine** leather. Has genuine hair cushions, tufted back, spring rockers, and ball-bearing casters. Choice of maroon, olive green, or russet color leather. At retail a similar rocker costs $45 to $60.

Ladies' Mahogany Desk



$9.75 buys this dainty desk direct from the factory sent "On Approval," to be returned *at our expense* if not positively the best ladies' desk ever sold at so low a price. A dainty birthday, holiday, or wedding gift.

FRONT is figured mahogany, tastily inlaid with pearl and white holly. Has French legs both back and front, two locks. Small drawer inside, places for paper, pen, ink, etc. Bottom of large drawer is of pretty bird's-eye maple. This desk is polished like a piano, and from a dealer will cost $15 to $20.

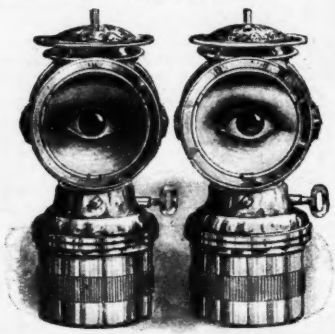
Write for our Complete Catalogue "B."

THE FRED MACEY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Makers of Office and Library Furniture.

"A Beautiful Pair of Lamps"

may be slangy, but not when said of



SOLAR LAMPS.

They are beauties, and better still, they SATISFY. Their success is due to a patented system of generating the Acetylene Gas, which cannot be used by other lamp makers.

Send for our handsome booklet, "Solar System." It's worth it.

BADGER BRASS MFG. CO.,
Station E. Kenosha, Wis.

The Benedict Little Cigar

When the sale of a one cent cigar grows, in less than a year, from nothing to such a volume as to necessitate the erection of a factory 132 by 182 feet by five stories, don't you think you too would like to try it?

That is the record of the Benedict.

This delicious little cigar is 3¾ inches long, slender enough to be nicely proportioned, and has a clear Havana filler.

100 prepaid for $1.00. The $1.00 will be returned in case of dissatisfaction.

BENEDICT & COMPANY, 319 East First St., Dayton, Ohio.

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES



Summer residence of Rudolph H. Kissel. Designed by Mrs. Kissel.

Summer Camps and Cottages

harmonize with nature and melt into the landscape if colored with the soft moss-greens, bark-browns, rock-greys, etc., of

Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains.

They are not like paint; they don't shine, or cover up the wood-grain, as paint does, but they are far handsomer, one-half cheaper, easier to apply, and preserve the wood better than paint.

Send for stained wood samples, and litho-watercolor reproductions of stain effects.

SAMUEL CABOT, Sole Manufacturer, 74 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

Agents at all Central Points.

"A HOME AFTER YOUR OWN HEART"



Do you want to know how a modern house should be built containing all the advantages of superior construction and elegancy of finish? Our new books, **"MODERN HOMES,"** show many different plans for all kinds of houses; no two alike. Each house has distinctive features and perfect floor plans. Views of exteriors, **IDEAS OF EXQUISITE INTERIOR EFFECTS** and exact guaranteed cost. **SEND FOR THEM.** We prepare special plans from your own ideas for any kind of a building you may desire, at any cost, and have a large corps of experts at our different offices so as to give complete architectural services, including superintendence, in any direction. We can please you.

Write for our books to-day. "MODERN HOMES," one book for **$1.00**; two for **$1.50**; three for **$2.00**.

CENTURY ARCHITECTURAL COMPANY.

MAIN OFFICE:

801 American Trust Bldg., Cleveland, O.

FANCY CHAIRS AND TABLES,

DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO USER.

No middle men. Buy ours only and you have the best. **$5.00 and up.** Sent on approval, express paid, to be returned if not satisfactory. Artistic catalogue free.

COLONIAL FURNITURE CO.

23 S. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.





No. 828—Cut-under Stanhope. Leather top, "long distance" axles, rubber head springs, Bradley shaft couplers, etc. Price complete with shafts, $110. As good as others sell for $75 more.

Don't Waste Money

When you buy a vehicle or harness from your local dealer you are compelled to pay about 30 per cent more than is actually necessary. The bulk of this increased price is represented in his profit. **Buy direct from the factory and save it.**

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

And are the Largest Manufacturers of Vehicles and Harness in the World Selling to the Consumer Exclusively.

We have sold in this way for 27 years. We make 178 styles of vehicles and 65 styles of harness. You may not be accustomed to this method of doing business, but it will save you money. Don't buy anything in this line until you get a copy of our large free illustrated catalogue.



No. 82—Single Goddard Harness with genuine rubber trimmings, $31—same as sells for $45

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO., G. B. Pratt, Secy., ELKHART, INDIANA.

In Selecting a Handle Bar

THERE ARE TWO IMPORTANT POINTS TO CONSIDER

SAFETY

Don't risk your life on a wheel equipped with a cheap bar.

CAUSE,
BROKEN BAR.

RESULT,
BROKEN LIMBS or NECK.

The KELLY Adjustable

Is not an experiment. It is made of forged parts; no casting or stamping.



COMFORT

Have a handle bar that you can adjust to sit erect, or lean at any angle with no change in pitch of grips.

THE STANDARD BAR OF THE WORLD

Has 25 positions—15 inches adjustment. You can't sit in a position on the wheel that you can't adjust this bar to fit.

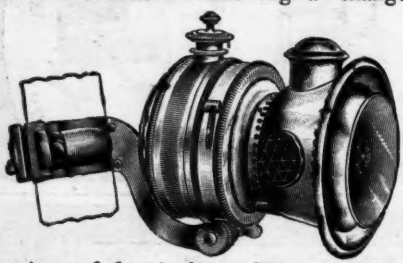
INSIST. Your dealer will put one on your wheel.

THE QUESTION OF HANDLE BARS IS WORTH LOOKING INTO. SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

THE KELLY HANDLE BAR CO., - CLEVELAND, OHIO.

O.K.1900 Acetylene Lamp

Is the latest and best. It is small, compact, light and exceedingly handsome. The bracket is reversible allowing a change in



elevation of four inches. The water supply which is generally a source of trouble in Acetylene Lamps, is under perfect control. It has ground glass lens, lava-tip burner, and all material and workmanship is of the highest grade. The carbide is loaded in a bag, quick and clean to handle. The light is clear, strong and steady. Retail price $2.50. If your dealer don't have it, we will send it express prepaid to any point in the U. S. for this price. Descriptive booklet sent free.

SEAL LOCK CO. 160 Washington St., Chicago.

HAIL! THE MAJESTIC!



THE KING OF ACETYLENE LAMPS.

ITS MAIN POINTS OF SUPERIORITY ARE:

The reflector is protected by glass, keeping it always clean. Both the reflector and the glass protector are easily removable. The water supply is under easy control. The amount of carbide needed is readily gauged. No other lamp is so easily lighted. Ask your dealer to show you a Majestic, or write for booklet telling all about it to

EDW. MILLER & CO., Dept. C, MERIDEN, CONN.



PRICES $5 TO $12, EXPRESS OR FREIGHT PREPAID.

Racine Cabinet For Turkish Baths

THE RACINE CABINET is a strong double-walled room, rubber-coated inside and outside and fitted with a door. When ready for use, the walls are rigid, yet by merely tipping the cabinet you fold it in a second into a 6-inch space.

A patent alcohol stove heats the cabinet to 150 degrees in three minutes. For a vapor bath, pour a pint of water into the vaporizer. For medicated baths, put the proper drugs in the water. We send 35 formulas with the cabinet.

The Racine cabinet places in your home all the benefits of the best Turkish bath rooms. Not an essential feature is lacking. You save breathing hot air, save the risk of expos ure afterward, save time and expense. The cost is but 3 cents per bath.

For the cure of rheumatism, kidney and blood diseases, no other treatment can approach it. The hot air bath forces the impurities that cause the disease out from five million pores at once. In all sanitariums the Turkish bath is the most important treatment. All who value cleanliness, complexion and health will eventually own one of these cabinets. The quieting, refreshing, invigorating effects of the bath are the pleasantest sensations possible. One bath will always stop a cold.

The Racine Cabinet is guaranteed to be the best one on the market. Not in any way similar to the worthless affairs now advertised for this purpose. We sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Sold direct to users at from $5 to $12, express or freight prepaid; alcohol stove, vaporizer and face steaming attachment included. Send to-day for our handsome illustrated catalogue, and order from that.

RACINE BATH CABINET CO.,
BOX B, RACINE, WIS.

ACME HYGIENIC MATTRESS



ON AIR—the most resilient force known to science—this Patented. mattress depends for its luxury and healthfulness in use, having an air space the length and width of the mattress containing spring section with 88 steel springs intercoiled into woven wire fabrics at top and bottom. Around this is our **antiseptic filling**—fleecy layers of elastic non-absorbent **Acme Hygienic felted cotton.** The air under pressure with the springs results in a remarkable elasticity making the mattress hygienic, pneumatic, self-ventilating and of downy softness, any size to fit any bedstead, freight prepaid for **$15.00**



For **$7.75** we will include a **Substantial Brass Trimmed, White Enameled Metal Bed,** like cut (your choice of widths—3, 3½, 4 or 4½ feet), and one of our celebrated patent reinforced **"ACME" Bed Springs,** same as adopted by the U. S. Army. Adjusts itself automatically to varying weights. A light and heavy person lying side by side will not roll against each other. Where **all cash—$22.75**—is sent with order we **pay freight on entire outfit.** Shipment will be made with the express understanding that if, in your judgment, the mattress alone is not worth in use more than the cost of the whole outfit, and better than any other mattress, no matter how costly, you can have your money back. Booklet A shows other outfits and tells what users say about this mattress.



ACME HYGIENIC COUCHES

cost no more than others, wear better and are more comfortable—made in over 180 designs at all prices; catalog tells about them

No. 190—ACME Hygienic Couch, base of solid oak, handsomely embossed and finished. Has 40 double steel springs, oil-tempered, intercoiled into steel woven wire fabrics, reinforced by truss rod device and heavy helical springs, strengthening the frame and giving additional resiliency to the spring section, all in plain view from bottom as shown. Full spring edge seat and head. Upholstered in Best Corduroy or Velours (any color). Deeply tufted and filled with moss. **27 inches wide, 6 feet 2 inches long.** Price, freight prepaid **$11.95**





ACME SEWING MACHINE

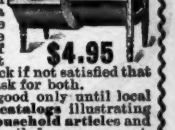
Improved Ball-Bearing



$3.95

Costs as much to build, has all the improvements, and will do as much work and as great a variety as the highest priced machine sold. Our new **"ACME"** operates on ball-bearings, runs as fast, with less noise and less effort, and is more durable than any other machine. We **warrant it satisfactory to the user in use** for 10 years. To introduce this machine in your neighborhood we will, for a limited time, send our No. 3 style, as illustrated, with a complete set of attachments and instruction book, together with one of our celebrated **"Acme" Kitchen Cabinets,** as described below, on receipt of..... **$18.75**

Our Kitchen Cabinet saves running to and from the pantry when cooking. It is 23 in. wide, 48 in. long and 30 in. high. Built of maple, nicely finished, and will last a lifetime. Contains two large bins for flour and sugar (each holding 60 lbs.), two large drawers and a bread and meat board. While above special offer is in force, we will send the Sewing Machine alone on receipt of **$15.95** or the Kitchen Cabinet on receipt of **$4.95.** Order today. Your money back if not satisfied that the machine alone is worth the price we ask for both.



$4.95

Above special introductory offers are good only until local dealer puts Acme goods in stock. **Our catalogs** illustrating more than **800 up-to-date substantial household articles** and containing more than **1000 prices,** will be mailed you on request.

ACME SPRING BED CO., 421 W. 43d St., Chicago.



A Breakfast for Thirty People in a Two pound Package.

One cup full Ralston Breakfast Food cooks enough for five persons—there are six full cups in every package.

Sliced dates and Ralston Breakfast Food make a delicious dessert. Our "Little Book of Ralston Recipes" tells of other dainty dishes. A coupon in every package secures a copy.

A Ralston Breakfast Free If your grocer cannot supply you with Ralston Breakfast Food, send us his name, and we will mail you a sample free. It cooks in 5 minutes and in a single boiler, too.

PURINA MILLS,

"WHERE PURITY IS PARAMOUNT."

741 GRATIOT ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

S·H·&M·

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

SKIRT BINDINGS.

Why take up the time of a good dressmaker with poor skirt bindings?

Her time while putting the binding on a skirt costs you more than the cost of the best bindings made.

Poor bindings wear out and must be replaced. More loss of time and money.

Get the best. It is far more economical.

You can tell the best Bias Velveteen or Brush Edge Skirt Bindings by the S. H. & M. registered trade mark stamped on the back or on the label.

These bindings are made in the widest variety of shades to suit all fashionable fabrics.

They are the most elegant in appearance. They fit the curves of the skirt better than any other binding.

And what is more important, they not only wear longer than any other bindings made, but they outwear the skirt itself. You have to get a new skirt instead of new binding.

Do not take any substitutes or "just as good."

There can be but one best, and that is conceded to be the S. H. & M.

Sold at all good dry goods stores.



Our New Designs Now Ready

Samples Mailed to You Free

Our line this year represents the largest and handsomest assortment of wall papers ever shown in the United States. See our new satin floral stripe tapestry and modern art effects in the new shades of reds, blues, greens and yellows, ranging from 5c. to 30c. a roll. You cannot obtain the new styles in your local market or buy half so cheap.

Large discounts, and we pay the freight.

If you have only one room to decorate, see our new patterns before you select the paper.

AN AGENT WANTED

In every town to take orders from our large sample books, showing hundreds of beautiful patterns. Every design new, none of which can be found at your local dealer's. **We furnish free** handsome advertising signs, illustrated circulars, and refer customers to our agents who write us for samples. The business pays well from the start, for no one can compete with you in variety, quality or price. (Over 11,000 agents now selling our papers.)

For samples or particulars about agency, write to nearest address.

ALFRED PEATS & Co.

41 43 W. 14th ST., NEW YORK.

143-145 WABASH AVE CHICAGO.



Beautiful Designs

and the largest assortment of Spoons, Forks, etc., can be selected in this reliable brand. Equal in design and finish to sterling silver, at one-fourth to one-eighth the cost. Remember "1847" the *"Silver Plate that Wears,"* the standard of quality for 50 years. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Made only by

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.,
Successor to
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Meriden, Conn.
Send for catalog No. 53 F.



Silver bearing the famous mark

"R. WALLACE CO. 1835"

is of unusual beauty of finish and design, and has the distinction and beauty of solid silver with all its wearing qualities. It lends tone to the table. The new patterns

"Joan," "Stuart" and "Astoria"

are especially attractive. Our richly illustrated catalogue No. 75C will help you in your selection. Sent free on request.

Leading Dealers sell Wallace goods.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.,
Wallingford, Conn.



IT IS WORTH A BONUS TO BE A "STEVENS" AGENT.

Saleswoman Wanted

We want one, and one only, bright, energetic saleswoman for every community in the United States to take orders for the justly celebrated **"STEVENS' STYLES"** in

Suits, Wraps, Skirts, Waists, etc.

A new era of woman's sphere in the commercial field.

No capital required except the $5.00 for the outfit which you will more than make back the first day. Commence at once.

We manufacture ladies' suits, gowns, jackets, capes, silk waists, dress skirts, etc., etc.

We own and operate one of the largest factories in the United States, employ the most skilful designers and operators. Every garment is guaranteed perfect in every respect and sold to our agent at net wholesale prices and they sell everything at exactly the same popular price that we do in our great and active store.

$25 to $75 a Week

EASILY MADE by OUR REPRESENTATIVES

If a number of applications are received the references of all will be looked up and if several are found equally satisfactory, the application received first will have the preference and the money will be returned to the others. We desire applications only from live, energetic persons who can devote a reasonable amount of time to the work. To such we offer an unusual and honorable employment at **BIG WAGES.** You will have steady work and your business will increase rapidly. **WE WANT YOU TO BEGIN AT ONCE** and will furnish you a **$15.00 OUTFIT for $5.00.** an outfit you will be proud to show, containing beautiful fashion plates and illustrations of almost everything for woman to wear, with a profusion of beautiful samples, instruction book with valuable hints how to effect sales, tape measure, business cards, stationery, order blanks, etc., etc.

Our confidential price to you is our net wholesale price. You make a generous profit and at the same time give your customers wonderful values—values that will make your business grow rapidly. The selling prices at which you sell the goods are our own popular prices and are printed in plain figures on every article which makes your selling rapid and easy.

REMEMBER the $5.00 you send does not half cover the cost of the great variety of beautiful samples, fashion plates, sample case, cards, stationery, etc., but satisfies us that you are conscientious and mean business.

You cannot afford to let some one get ahead of you on this opportunity. Write at once and think it over after you receive the outfit which you can return and get your money back if you do not think it the finest opportunity you ever saw. But if your territory has been taken by another the opportunity will be lost.

(Send names of two persons to whom we may refer.)

CHAS. A. STEVENS & BROS., 109 to 115 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

No. 4711. White Rose Glycerine Soap.



Famed for its purity, beauty and transparency. Delicately perfumed and used by all persons of refinement. Little wonder, indeed, that no toilet soap of modern times has approached its well-merited fame and favor.

Used for years in the Court of H. I. M. the Emperor of Russia.

Manufactured by

FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne/R. Germany

Send 15c. in stamps for a sample cake.

Sole U. S. Agents:

MÜLHENS & KROPFF,

35 & 37 White Street, New York.

THE IDEAL SIGHT RESTORER



IN WHAT DISTRESS WE NOTE THIS LASS IS DISFIGURED WITH HER HIDEOUS GLASSES

WE RESTORE SIGHT!

GLASSES RENDER DEFECTIVE VISION CHRONIC.

Write for our ILLUSTRATED TREATISE mailed free.

THE IDEAL COMPANY
239 Broadway,
New York.



SEE NOW THE FACE BRIGHT AS AURORA DUE TO USE OF THE SIGHT RESTORER.

On March 20th

Send Your Name Now

Stern Brothers

Will issue and Mail Free, on application, their

Spring and Summer Fashion Catalogue

No. 96 D

It will be fully illustrated and descriptive of their various departments, including

Ladies', Misses', Boys' and Children's
Suits and Outer Garments, Shoes
Underwear, Corsets, Gloves, Hosiery
Umbrellas, Men's Furnishings
Upholstery, Rugs, Linens, Silks
Dress Goods
Trimmings and Ribbons

enabling purchases to be made by mail as satisfactorily, and at the same prices, as in person.

Orders Filled Promptly.

WEST TWENTY-THIRD ST. - NEW YORK



OPENS THE PORES



READY FOR USE.

This is the secret of the wonderful curative power of the **Buckeye Folding Bath Cabinet.** All the beneficial effects of Turkish, Vapor and Medicated Baths may be had at home at a trifling cost. Properly taken, every pore is opened and the medicated vapors are naturally absorbed, strengthening the entire body. **The Buckeye Bath Cabinet** is manufactured at our own factory under personal supervision. The Cabinet is **supplied with a door** and an **opening for the arm,** convenient for bathers in removing perspiration from the face or otherwise adding to their comfort. It is absolutely germ proof and needs no care and is light and simple in construction. We sell on approval to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Price $5.00, including **Alcohol Safety Stove and Recipes** for all kinds of medicated baths. **LADIES** should have our **Complexion Steamer,** used in conjunction with the Cabinet. The only sure method of drawing away all impurities, leaving the skin clear and soft as velvet. Price $1.00 extra. **AGENTS and SALESMEN.**—We want agents and salesmen to represent us in every section and we offer **money-making terms** to active men and women. **FREE**—Descriptive Booklet and testimonials to all who write. Address **MOLLENKOPP & McCREERY, 924 Dorr Street, Toledo, Ohio.**



IN USE.

Ask your Decorator for

RICHARD E. THIBAUT'S

20th Century

WALL PAPERS

600 artistic designs in the newest colorings to select from. It will pay you to look at our samples before you buy. Prices range from 5c., 6c., 7c. and up to 40c. per roll.

A Representative Wanted in every town where our Wall Papers are not handled to sell on commission from large sample books. Write for Particulars.

ESTABLISHED FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

RICHARD E. THIBAUT

48-50-52 E. 13th Street, near Broadway

NEW YORK

The Largest Wall Paper House in the World

...GET THE ORIGINAL...

THE ANGELUS PIANO PLAYER

It plays any Piano. Anyone can play it.

YOU place a higher value on the original than a copy when buying most things. The "Angelus" is the original Cabinet Piano Player and is the result of continuous experimenting of three generations of celebrated instrument makers. It will do more than any other piano player and costs the same. With the "Angelus" you can produce any of these five effects: 1. Piano Solo; 2. Organ Solo; 3. Piano and Violin Duet; 4. Piano and Flute Duet; 5. Piano, Voice and Flute Trio.

It can instantly be adjusted to any piano—Grand, Square or Upright—and any one can play it without any knowledge of music whatever.



ALONE.



WITH PIANO.

The best musicians are delighted with this wonderful instrument and give it their endorsement.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue "L."

WILCOX & WHITE CO.

MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY, MERIDEN, CT. NEW YORK SALESROOMS, 146 FIFTH AVE.



When sunny days and balmy breezes invite the world to out-of-door diversion, a most enjoyable and easily arranged entertainment is

A Lawn Card Party.

Lawn parties, progressive card picnics and many other interesting card parties are described in our new 64-page book, "Entertaining with Cards," a copy of which every lady of social position should possess. Sent post-paid on receipt of four cents in stamps (during February and March) or of two pack wrappers of Fashion Series Cards.

Fashion Series Playing Cards

Are used by gentlemen familiar with all kinds of cards, and experts at card games, and by ladies who are accomplished entertainers. They know that elegant and satisfactory card parties can not be given unless the cards are new, crisp, thin, flexible and handsome, which are the characteristics of our cards.

Fashion Series Playing Cards are sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not sell these cards, send us his name and yours, we will see that you are supplied.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD CO.
Dept. 14, CINCINNATI, O.

USE A MARLIN REPEATER And SAVE MORE THAN HALF on the cost of Cartridges



32-calibre cartridges for a Marlin, Model 1892, cost only $5.00 a thousand.
32-calibre cartridges for any other repeater made, cost $12.00 a thousand.

You can save the entire cost of your Marlin on the first two thousand cartridges. Why this is so is fully explained in the **Marlin Hand Book** for shooters. It also tells how to care for firearms and how to use them. How to load cartridges with the different kinds of black and smokeless powders. It gives trajectories, velocities, penetrations and 1000 other points of interest to sportsmen. 198 pages. Free, if you will send stamps for postage to

THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

A REMARKABLE PAIR OF SCISSORS



Can actually be put to the following uses:

1. Screw-Driver.
2. Tracing Pattern Wheel.
3. Scissors.
4. Cigar-Cutter.
5. Glass-Cutter.
6. Hammer.
7. Wire-Cutter.
8. Erasing-Knife.
9. Penknife.
10. Stereoscope.
11. Glass-Breaker.
12. Ruler.
13. Cartridge-Extractor.
14. Buttonhole-Scissors.
15. Gas-Pipe Tongs.
16. Nail-File.
17. Cigar-Box Opener.
18. Measure.

EVERY SCISSOR GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED, OR MONEY CHEERFULLY REFUNDED.

A USEFUL ARTICLE.

On receipt of cash or postal order for **ONE DOLLAR** will send you one post-paid. Agents wanted. Send for circulars of our other sellers. For sale by all first-class Stationery, Fancy Goods, Drug, Dry Goods and Cutlery stores.

THE UNIVERSAL SCISSOR, TOOL AND NOVELTY CO.,
648 Broadway, New York City.



Side-Locked Cards

have no punctures to break their writing surface. No rod to pull out every time to insert or remove a card. You **simply turn the handle** of the drawer to fasten or unfasten the cards.

Ask for Catalogue No. "B 5."

$19.85



This Desk is 48 in. long, 30 in. wide, 48 in. high. It has a fine quarter-sawed oak front, closed back, front base mould, 22 pigeon-holes, 9 file boxes, 2 arm rests, *ball-bearing* casters, and **3 complete letter files.** This desk has a good polish finish, and from a dealer would cost $28.00 to $35.00.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

Write for our Complete Catalogue No. "B."

THE FRED MACEY CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Makers of Office and Library Furniture.



A SWELL AFFAIR

DENT'S Toothache Gum

STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY

The only Perfect Remedy. It is antiseptic. arrests decay. is healthful to the teeth and gums. Highly recommended by leading Dentists. All druggists 15 c. or by mail upon receipt of price

C. S. DENT & CO. DETROIT, MICH.



High-Grade Flower Seeds.

22 PACKAGES, making a MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION 10c

	KINDS		KINDS		KINDS
POPPIES	18	Aster	16	Portulaca	20
Pansy	10	Candytuft	10	Four O'clock	—
Phlox	10	Sunflower	2	Marigold	13
Sweet Peas	—	Zennia	12	Petunia	10
Salvia	2	Larkspur	6	Sweet Alyssum	—
Balsam	12	Verbena	10	Nasturtium	10
Pinks	10	Forget me-not	—	Calliopsis	8

Sweet Mignonette.

DEWEY SWEET PEAS { One large package postpaid } **10c**

Manila GOLDEN GEM Nasturtium { One large package postpaid } **10c**

We have made you three distinct offers above, and sincerely believe we are giving you in each case for **10 cents** unusual quantity and larger variety than offered you elsewhere; but as a special inducement for you to grow our seeds this year, we will send to any person mentioning this publication, postpaid,

ALL OF THE ABOVE FOR 25c.,

in silver, or 13 two-cent stamps. We do this to introduce our seeds into new homes. **Order Early.** Address,

Somerville Nursery Co., Somerville, Mass.



Inside and Outside PLANTING

Whether the planting be done in pots, flower bed, kitchen garden or on the truck farm, it can be more intelligently, successfully and economically done with the help that is afforded all who plant for profit or pleasure by—

VICK'S

Garden and Floral **Guide**

accurately pictures and describes all desirable sorts of flowers, plants and vegetables and gives directions for planting them. Write for it, stating what you intend to plant.

James Vick's Sons,
37 Elm St.,
Rochester, N.Y.

GERANIUMS FROM SEED



No flowering plants are more grown and none more suitable for large beds where a mass of bloom is desirable, or for single specimens in pots in the house. We offer new crop seed, saved from over 50 of the finest double, semi-double and single named **Japanese** and **Italian** varieties of the most gorgeous and brilliant colors, with full instructions how the most inexperienced amateur flower lover can grow them successfully from seed and **flower the first season** if sown early.

FOR 14 CENTS

In stamps, and the addresses of two friends who grow flowers, we will send one full size packet—**FORTY SEEDS**, and **FREE** copy of our catalogue for 1900, the most beautiful book published, devoted exclusively to **flower seeds that grow.**

S. Y. HAINES & CO.,
105 BOSTON BLOCK,
MINNEAPOLIS, - - MINN.



Planted -IN- BOTH Hemispheres

Peter Henderson & Co.'s Tested Seeds as well as **"Old Glory"** are now planted in both hemispheres. **Our 1900 Catalogue of**

Everything for the Garden

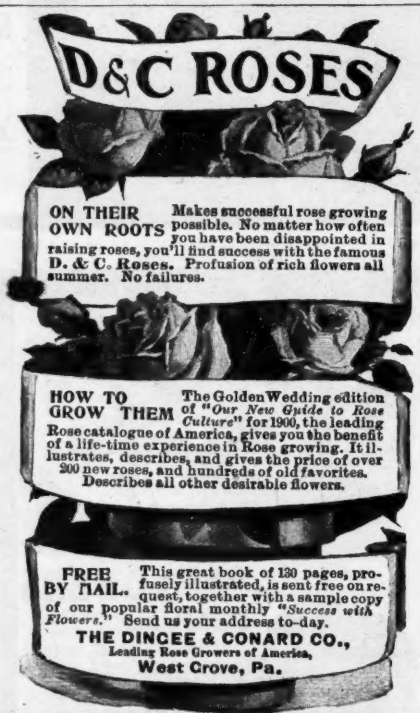
is a 190-page book, 9x11 inches, containing over 700 engravings and 6 superb colored plates of Seeds and Plants—a perfect mine of information on garden topics.

To trace advertising, and give our Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following unusually liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash.

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses us **10 cents** (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send, **free of charge,** our famous **50-cent "Harvest" Collection** of seeds, containing one packet each of New Large-flowering Sweet Peas, New Giant Pansy, New Giant Comet Asters, White Plume Celery, French Breakfast Radish and New Freedom Tomato, in a **red envelope,** which when emptied and returned will be **accepted as a 25-cent cash payment** on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.;
35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK





Buy Direct

and pay but one profit. Our assortment is one of the best and most complete in

Fruit and Ornamental Trees,

Shrubs, Roses, Plants, Bulbs, Seeds. Rarest new, choicest old. Mail size postpaid. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Try us. Elegant Catalog free. 40th year. 1000 acres. 44 greenhouses.
The Storrs & Harrison Co., Box 601, Painesville, O.

Araucaria Excelsa



the beautiful Norfolk Island Pine.

Undoubtedly one of the handsomest and hardiest decorative plants for the house. Sent prepaid to any address in the United States for 50 cts. This plant has always been very rare and has been sold at fancy prices. A fortunate purchase of a large block in Europe enables us to offer them at the above low price for a short time only and to every purchaser or applicant who states the name of magazine in which they saw this advertisement, we will send by mail **FREE** a copy of our **Garden Calendar for 1900,** the finest catalogue of **Seeds, Plants and Bulbs** ever issued. Contains 192 pages profusely illustrated and with handsome embossed lithographed covers.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Seed Certainty



Perfect and vigorous seeds are as essential to her who plants a five-foot flower bed as to him who plants a five acre field. The perfect quality and absolute freshness of Maule's Seeds insure those who plant them against disappointment and make the yield of pleasure or profit doubly certain. Send for our new catalogue and read our offers of cash prizes for 1900 planters of

Maule's Seeds

No handsomer or more valuable manual for flower and vegetable growers has ever been offered. Contains four colored plates, hundreds of illustrations and lists of all desirable seeds for flower and kitchen garden and farm, including all good summer flowering bulbs. Mailed free to all. Write for it to-day.

WM. HENRY MAULE, Philadelphia.

TREES

Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, including grapes. **Ornamental Trees, Evergreens and Shrubs** for public and private grounds. **Shade Trees** for streets. **Hardy Roses, Hardy Plants, Climbers,** etc.

Our new catalogue, carefully revised, beautifully illustrated with half-tone engravings, with cover of exquisite design, contains accurate and trustworthy descriptions of the most valuable varieties in cultivation, and is replete with practical hints indispensable to planters. Although prepared at great expense, it will be sent *free* to our regular customers; to others, on receipt of ten cents.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,

Mt. Hope Nurseries, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Established 60 Years.

375,000 TREES

60,000 Apple Trees
80,000 Standard Pear Trees
50,000 Plum Trees and
75,000 Dwarf Pear Trees

in extra large, medium and small sizes, at a great bargain. Our leading specialty is **RED CROSS CURRANT.**

Buy direct and save half your money. We sell everything for the orchard, garden and park. Send today for our New Fruit and Ornamental Catalogue *free.* **GREEN'S NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.**



FANCY-LEAVED CALADIUMS

Most gorgeous in coloring and beautiful in design of all foliage plants. Cut shows a few sample leaves only. Elegant for pots, vases, window and piazza-boxes, etc. Superb named sorts only 15c. each, or 3 **all different,** for only 35c. **Full cultural directions** in our fine 64-page **Catalogue,** which is sent to all applicants **FREE.** Address

JESSAMINE GARDENS, Jessamine, Fla.

CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?



I consider the Electrical Engineer Institute to be conducted by Messrs. Wright and Munson to be of great value to those who desire an Electrical education.

Thomas A. Edison

Yes, you can. We teach **Electrical Engineering,** at your home **by mail,** at a cost within the reach of any one. **No matter where you live,** if you can read and write, we guarantee to teach you thoroughly. Our Institute is **endorsed** by **Thomas A. Edison** and other prominent men of the country. We teach also **Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Short Popular Electrical Course, Telegraphy, Telephony, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways, X-Rays, Electro-Therapeutics, Electric Mining, Elementary Mathematics,** etc., by mail. Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for **Free Catalogue.**

THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE OF CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION, Dept. E, 122 Liberty St., New York.

Best Seeds that Grow!

CASH PRIZES for 1900 At Every American Fair

and many other New Features, of particular interest, presented in

BURPEE'S Farm Annual

Leading American Seed Catalogue Mailed FREE to all.

A handsome **new book of 140 pages,**—tells the plain truth about Seeds, including rare Novelties which cannot be had elsewhere. Beautiful colored plate and hundreds of illustrations from nature. Gives practical information of real value to all who would raise the choicest Vegetables and most beautiful Flowers. **Write a postal card TO-DAY!**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia.



Combined Baby Jumper and Rocking Chair

Ornamental, indestructible, and a nursery necessity all the year. It is indispensable in hot weather

For LAWN, PORCH or INDOORS

It's light—it's cool—easily moved—it amuses and keeps baby healthy daytimes, and puts her to sleep at night; made into a chair or bed in a minute—saves buying a crib. You sew or read while baby entertains herself. Indorsed by physicians. A picture book telling all about it—FREE.

GLASCOCK BROS. MFG. CO., Box 8, Muncie, Ind.

Baker's

Bedside & Reading Table



A Great Comfort for the Sick

Adapted for use over Bed, Lounge, or Chair, for serving meals, reading, writing, etc. Has finely polished quartered oak top, that can be extended, raised, lowered or tilted either way. Perfect device for holding books attached to each side. Frame is steel tubing, handsomely finished. Table weighs 25 lbs. Height, 38 inches. Adopted by U. S. Gov't Institutions.

W. W. Godding, M.D., Supt. Government Hospital at Washington, D. C., writes: "They are the best invalid bedside tables we have found."

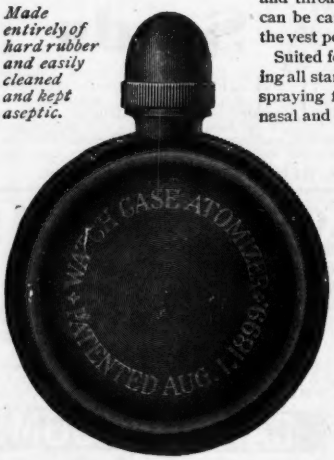
In four styles—Black Enamel, $4.25; White Enamel, $4.75; Nickel Plated, $6.75; Antique Copper Plated (very handsome), $7.25. *Freight prepaid* east of Colorado; by express prepaid fifty cents extra.

Prompt shipment and safe delivery guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied. DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET FREE. Send for it.

J. R. BAKER & SONS CO., - 51 Wayne St., Kendallville, Ind.

The Watch Case Atomizer

Made entirely of hard rubber and easily cleaned and kept aseptic.



An Atomizer for spraying the nose and throat which can be carried in the vest pocket.

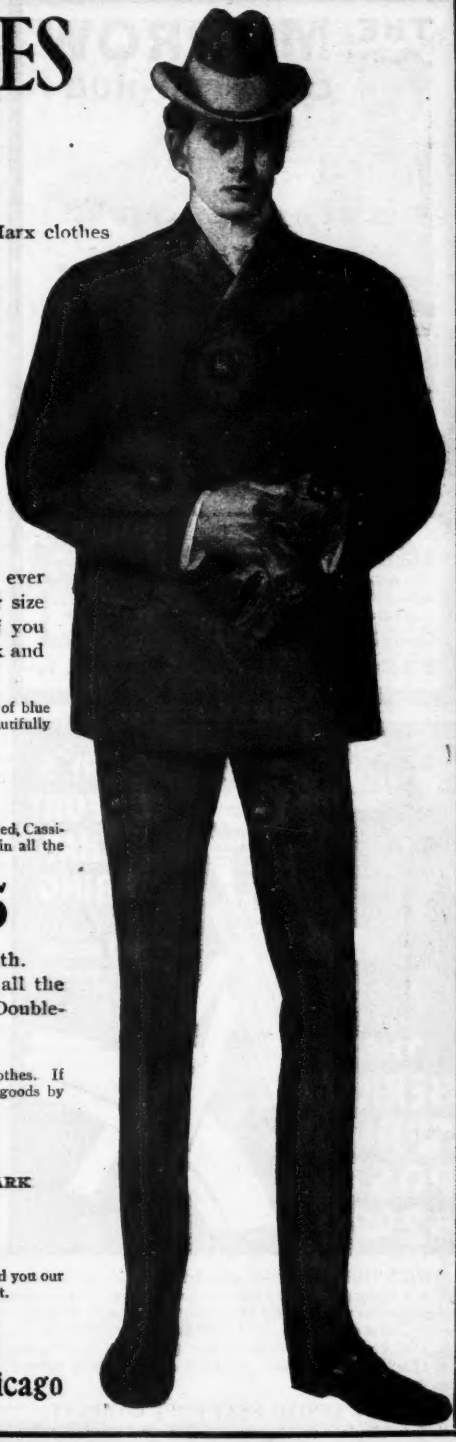
Suited for applying all standard spraying fluids for nasal and laryngeal affections, and recommended by physicians, for use with special remedies prescribed by them.

Style No. 10 (fine spray) to be used for thin fluids.
Style No. 11 (coarse spray) for thick fluids or oils.

Supplied by your druggist at **50 cents** each, or mailed direct on receipt of above amount.

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO., 9 Mercer St., New York.

SPRING STYLES FOR MEN



The new styles in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothes are ready.

The illustration on this page shows one of our new double-breasted Sack suits. This figure is not a fashion plate, but the portrait of a man with one of the suits on. It is taken from life.

There are thousands of business and professional men wearing the Hart, Schaffner & Marx garments today, who formerly had all their clothes made to order. They now save two-thirds of their clothing money, and get a smartness and style in their clothes that their tailors failed to give them.

We make more sizes and shapes than were ever known before in the clothing business. Your size should fit you as though made to measure. If you get it home and do not like the fit, take it back and get the money.

Double-breasted Sack suits, as shown in illustration, made of blue and black Serge or Worsted, black and Oxford Vicuna, beautifully tailored and finished,

$15 to $25

Round-cut Sack suits in the newest patterns of fancy Worsted, Cassimere and Cheviot, neat stripes, checks, plaids and mixtures, in all the latest effects, cut in regular Sack or the new "Military" style,

$15, $18, $20 to $25

Other styles in the other magazines this month.

Send for Spring Style Book "B," and see all the latest things for Spring: Topcoats, Raglans, Double-breasted Frocks, English Walking coats, etc.

Ask your dealer for Hart, Schaffner & Marx trade-mark clothes. If he cannot supply you, write to us at once. You may know our goods by

TRADE 

MARK

this trade-mark sewed inside the collar of the coat. Glad to send you our new Style Book "B," free of charge. Every man should have it.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx

Largest Makers in the World of Fine Clothing for Men

Chicago

Copyright, 1900, Hart, Schaffner & Marx.

THE **MORROW COASTER-HUB BRAKE**



FITS ANY BICYCLE

WITH THIS YOU RIDE 50 MILES BUT PEDAL ONLY 35

Wheel Always Under Control

Thousands in use. Coast with your feet on the pedals. A slight back pressure applies the brake. No continuous strain on the leg muscles after brake is applied. You can coast down every little decline without removing your feet from the pedals. Adds 100 per cent. to the pleasures of cycling. Send for printed matter.

ALSO THE ECLIPSE ACETYLENE GAS LAMP



Superior to any yet shown. Best generator made. Fool proof. Simply can't get out of order.

Illustrated pamphlet giving detailed information of both the Brake and the Lamp—free on request.

ECLIPSE BICYCLE CO., Box T, **Elmira, N. Y.**



G & J

DETACHABLE TIRES

SATISFACTORY TIRES

THEY REPRESENT THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY. THEY ARE A CREDIT TO ANY WHEEL. THEY GIVE NO TROUBLE.

G & J TIRE CO., INDIANAPOLIS.



NOTICE THE SPRING—It supports the rider and makes riding a pleasure. Will fit any bicycle. Ask your dealer to equip your wheel with the **"Berkey Post."** For sale by first class dealers, or send us $2.00 and we will express you one, prepaid. If it does not give 100% more comfort than the rigid Post, return it and we will refund your money.

BERKEY SPRING SEAT POST COMPANY,

Ask for complete catalogue. **Grand Rapids, Mich.**

NO SMOKE NO SMELL



THE ANGLE LAMP

"The light that never fails"

Is used where old-fashioned lamps are out of the question because it is distinctly different in every respect from them. If it resembled them in any way with their smoke, smell and trouble, or if it were not a perfect substitute for gas or electricity at about one-tenth their cost, there would be no reason for its existence. While more brilliant than gas or electricity, it has absolutely none of the objectionable features of the ordinary lamp. It never smokes, smells or gets out of order, is lighted and extinguished as easily as gas, gives almost no heat and burns but

EIGHTEEN CENTS'

worth of oil a month. In strong contrast to Acetylene, gasolene and other new methods, it is absolutely non-explosive and may be used with entire safety anywhere or in any hands. Its distinguishing feature,

"No-Under-Shadow,"

insures all the light falling directly downward and outward. Thousands are in use in stores, homes, offices, churches, halls, factories, etc., and are endorsed without reserve. If you are interested in good lighting ask for our catalogue B, showing all styles, from $1.80 up.

THE ANGLE LAMP CO.

76 Park Place,

New York City.

NO FUSS NO DANGER

To All Cyclists

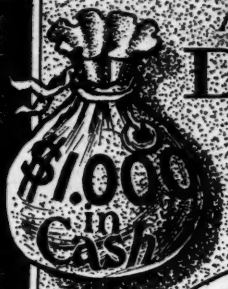
Who use

HARTFORD SINGLE TUBE TIRES

And to All

DEALERS

Who Sell them:





HARTFORD
THE HARTFORD RUBBER
SINGLE TUBE
TIRE
WORKS CO.

$1000 IN CASH.

Hartfords

are the original successful **Single Tube Tires.** No others have the same resiliency, buoyancy, speed, durability. The combination of good rubber, good fabric, good workmanship which enters into the making of **Hartford Single Tube Tires** is a secret which we have retained.

Do you know that the difference in friction of the bearings of the best and the poorest bicycles is ordinarily so slight that it can hardly be measured on a dynamometer? So slight as not to be appreciable to any rider? The comparative ease of running of any two bicycles depends almost entirely upon the quality of the tires. This is a scientific fact which we have demonstrated.

Hartfords are the most popular tires. We propose to make riders still better acquainted with their merits and we are setting aside a special appropriation of

$1000 IN CASH

to that end. If you want a share of this money, send us this advertisement attached to a slip of paper, with your name and address plainly written, and we will send you full particulars by return mail.

This competition is open to all cyclists, men or women, who now ride **Hartford Tires,** or who may ride them during 1900.

HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS COMPANY

Hartford, Conn.

BUYING FROM KRAMER'S SAMPLES

Saves $8 to $20 ON YOUR SUIT.



If you wish to be correctly dressed in every particular—Style, Cloth, Lining, Workmanship—in fact, everything that pertains to a perfect suit at

NO MORE EXPENSE

than if you wore ready-made clothes, send for

KRAMER'S SAMPLES OF $12 Suits

ALL WOOL GOODS

actually cut, trimmed and made to your order in any style. Fit guaranteed. *We do not handle ready-made clothes, custom-made clothes, tailor-made clothes,* as many houses advertise, but **ACTUALLY MAKE** each individual garment according to your measure.

All our garments are strictly Merchant Tailor Made. **Others are satisfied,** so why not make use of our 23 years' experience and have your clothes made by us.

Trousers $3.75 and up.
Suits $12 and up.
Full Dress Suits $25 and up.
Overcoats $12 and up.

All garments sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination and trying on before you pay for them.

WE are the only exclusive merchant tailors in America that **prepay express charges.**

New Spring and Summer booklet with **Five Reasons Why** we sell our Suits below others, with samples, fashion plate and tape measure **Free.**

KRAMER & CO. Adams Ex. Bldg., Dept. 5, **CHICAGO**

We **also** desire a responsible local representative in every City or Town where we are not already represented.

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

FOR PRIVATE RESIDENCES, HOTELS, CLUBS, PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, GROCERIES, COLD STORAGES, Etc.

More physicians, prominent men and public institutions are purchasing McCray Refrigerators than any other.



BUILT FOR F. MELVILLE LEWIS, EDITOR OF "HOTEL LIFE," CLEVELAND, OHIO

This Refrigerator is lined with white glazed tile, and arranged to be iced from outdoors.

The McCray System insures perfect circulation of pure cold air in all departments, **absolutely dry** and never sweats, therefore perfectly Hygienic.

Catalogues.—No. 35, for Private Residences; No. 45, for Hotels, Public Institutions and Cold Storage Houses; No. 50, for Groceries and Meat Markets. **We build refrigerators of all styles and sizes for all purposes.**

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR & COLD STORAGE CO.
107 Mill St., Kendallville, Ind.

BRANCH OFFICES
CHICAGO—182 West Van Buren St.
DETROIT—7 & 9 Clifford St.
NEW YORK—341 Broadway.
BOSTON—52 Commercial St.
BALTIMORE—11 West Fayette St.
WASHINGTON—712 13th St., N. W.
CLEVELAND—227 Sheriff St.
ST. LOUIS—610 North Fourth St.

SHAVING

made Child's Play by using The "New Gem" Safety Razor. Impossible to cut the face. At all Cutlery Dealers or

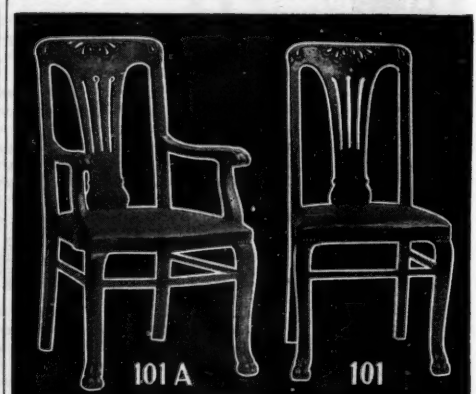
THE GEM CUTLERY CO., 36 Reade St., New York.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.



PRICE $2.00 POSTPAID.

Catalogues, on Fancy Case Sets and Stropping Machines, Free.



DINING CHAIRS

and other Fine Furniture from Factory to Fireside.

This luxurious chair (with or without arms) is made of quarter-sawed white oak, with antique, golden, or Flemish finish, and of solid mahogany. It has French legs, paw feet, swell front, spring or stuffed seat, genuine machine buffed leather covering (green, tan, maroon, or red), and handsomely carved top, arms, and legs.

Oak, without arms, - - $4.75 | Oak, with arms, - - $6.25
Mahogany, without arms, $6.25 | Mahogany, with arms, $7.75

A dealer's price would range from $7.50 to $12.00 for chairs of equal value. We save you the jobber's, retailer's, and part of the usual manufacturer's profits.

For cash with order we prepay freight north of the Carolinas and east of the Mississippi, and shipments to points beyond are made on an equally liberal basis. Money refunded in case of any dissatisfaction whatever.

Send for catalogue of the handsomest American-made furniture on the market.

JONES FURNITURE CO., Dept. F, Syracuse, N. Y.



Do You Embroider?

HOME NEEDLEWORK MAGAZINE is admitted to be the best paper devoted to Fancy Work, Art Needlework, Lace Making, Crocheting and Knitting. It is published in January, April, July and October. Fine Illustrations, Splendid Colored Plates, Instructions and Embroidery Lessons by expert teachers. Subscribers have the privilege of asking any questions desired of the editors. Designs are given for beginners as well as experienced workers. It will keep you posted on the latest ideas and the newest style of work.

THE JULY '99 NUMBER
treats Renaissance and Battenburg Laces, besides embroidery. Tells how to make all the different stitches.

THE OCTOBER '99 NUMBER
has nine splendid Colored Plates and gives designs for centerpieces, doilies, pincushions, shopping bags, photo frames, sofa pillows, child's crocheted cap, Drawn Work and Morris Embroidery. Don't miss this number.

THE JANUARY 1900 NUMBER,
just out, besides the latest designs, contains a valuable article on "Shading," illustrated by Colored Plates. Read Mrs. L. Barton Wilson's "Lesson in Embroidery." Subjects this month: "Double Rose" and "Morning Glory." Finely illustrated. Decore and Cravat Case designs. Also rules for New Crocheted Silk Purses and Chatelaine Bag. A splendid number. **Single copies cost 10 cents each.**

SPECIAL OFFER: Send us twenty-five cents, stamps or silver, before April 1, 1900, and we will send you the July, October and January numbers as above by return mail and the April number when it comes out. Your money back if you don't like them. This offer good only till April 1st, 1900. After that date the price will be 35 cents per year. Subscribe now at the low rate. Address

FLORENCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
27 Chestnut Street, Florence, Mass.

Shawknit



Shawknit Half Hose are the result of the best yarns that money can buy, made by the latest machinery and most skilled labor. **Shawknit** Stockings are the good kind; they never crock or fade; they never lose their shape. Selling as they do at the same price as inferior goods, they will outwear two pairs of any other stockings made.

Something new—**Our 5th** gentlemen's stocking, medium weight, extra fine, white inside. **Free from dye against the skin.** Black mixed, Navy Blue mixed, Tan mixed, and Slate mixed.

Buy from your dealer **when you can.** When not obtainable that way, we will send trial pair for twenty-five cents, or six pairs $1.50, delivery charges paid, upon receipt of price.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE SHOWING OVER 80 STYLES, FREE.

THE SHAW STOCKING CO.

SHAW ST., LOWELL, MASS.

Reform Corsets

FRENCH GORED SOLID WHALEBONE — SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS

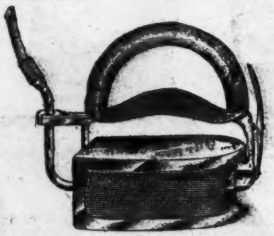
"PERFECTION"

Self-Heating Reversible

GAS SAD IRONS

Heats in Two Minutes.

Is an ideal Iron. Insures comfort and saves time, labor and expense. No more sweltering over hot stoves. No soot, dirt or smell. No waste of fuel or lost time.



Burns two feet of gas per hour. Costs two cents per day. Any child can safely learn to use it.

Can be attached to any gas bracket. Surface of Iron becomes heated in two minutes. By pressing the lever on the front of the Iron it becomes released and is then reversed, and ready for use on other side.

Can be kept in constant use, and because of its economy and convenience, excels all others in use.

Price $5.00 for No. 6 (Household or Laundry size).

Sent prepaid anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

If not found satisfactory we will refund price paid. Address

HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTY CO.,
43 Leonard Street, - New York City.

The Best Shirt On Earth



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM, TAKE NO OTHERS
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

CUTTER & CROSSETTE
MAKERS

FACTORY ELGIN, ILL. — **WAREROOMS** CHICAGO, ILL.

DO NOT SEND US ANY MONEY



LOOK FREE

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS GRAND OFFER.

A Magnificent Solid Gold-Plated Initial Bracelet or Ring

Our Rings are all set with a carefully selected Ruby or Emerald Stone, mounted in a Tiffany setting. The Bracelets are in the latest style, popular Curb Link; the lock and key being exquisitely engraved. They present a beautiful appearance and will wear a lifetime. Over 100,000 young ladies are now wearing our rings and bracelets. We guarantee everything just as we advertise. **Just send us your name and address** (letter or postal), that's all. **We will send you 10 large handsome stamped doilies,** ready for embroidering (Carnations, Roses, Chrysanthemums, Pansies, Holly). Each pattern a prize-selected design. Sell these to your friends at 10c. each, send us the one dollar collected and we will promptly send you the bracelet with **your initial engraved** on it, *or* a ring; take your choice. **Our reliability is established.** We refer to any National Bank in this city. *Write sure to-day* for the doilies; your success is certain; sell at sight and wanted in every home. (Write to Dep't 3.) **STERLING JEWELRY CO., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.**



The GRAPHOPHONE

Embodies the best and latest inventions in the talking machine field.

"Home Grand" Graphophone, - $100.00.

Marvelous giant-voiced talking machine, using large cylinders. Reproduces music or any sound with full, natural volume and splendid effect.

The "Home Grand" represents the recent wonderful advance in the art, due to discoveries made in our laboratory. Reproductions as loud as the original, and in every way as satisfying and delightful.

Graphophones using the ordinary size cylinders, from **$5.00** up.

The Toy Graphophone. A talking machine for little folks. Price, including five disk records, **$3.00.**

Write for catalogue "A."

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Dept. "A."

NEW YORK, 143 and 145 Broadway.
Retail Branch: 1155, 1157, 1159 Broadway.
PHILADELPHIA, 1032 Chestnut Street.
WASHINGTON, 919 Pennsylvania Avenue.
SAN FRANCISCO, 125 Geary Street.
CHICAGO, 88 Wabash Ave.
BALTIMORE, 110 East Baltimore Street.
BUFFALO, 313 Main Street.
ST. LOUIS, 720-722 Olive Street.
PARIS, 34 Boulevard des Italiens.
BERLIN, 55 Kronenstrasse.

The VOCALION

IS DISTINCTIVE IN THE EXQUISITE QUALITY OF ITS TONE

THE DISTINCTIVE features of the Vocalion are:

Tonal superiority,
Compactness of form in proportion to capacity,
Variety of registration,
and Price.

Organs built on the Vocalion system are preeminently fitted for church services. They have a full, rich diapason tone and a peculiar delicacy in the string registers which make them of inestimable value as an accompaniment to the human voice.

Organs will be shipped on approval to intending purchasers who are unable to call at our warerooms. Details upon request. Write for Catalogue B.



STYLE 22. PRICE, $1,200.
Other styles from $275 to $3,000.

The Vocalion Organ Company
No. 18 West Twenty-third Street, New York
Fleming & Carnrick Press, New York

ITS METHOD OF TONE-PRODUCTION IS RADICALLY DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS

GREATEST DURABILITY. SMALLEST COST. BEST PIGMENTS.

The only way you CAN know—positively—that the

PAINT FOR YOUR HOUSE

will be durable and bright is to mix the Linseed Oil with the Paint yourself. White Lead, Zinc and Colors have very little to do with Durability.



Hammar Paint

is made of the best-known combination of best-known Paint Pigments, such as all good painters use, and is ground **Thick.**

To One-Half Gallon Hammar Paint, .95
you add One-Half Gallon Linseed Oil, .30
making One Gallon of Pure Paint, $1.25 **$1.25** Per Gallon.

You mixed it yourself and know it is pure.

Hammar Paint and Pure Linseed Oil

make the **best** paint for **all** work—inside or out—that is possible to make at **any** price. They cost 30 per cent. less than Mixed Paint or White Lead, and are guaranteed satisfactory for five years.

Our book, "The Truth About Paints," gives full details. It is **free.** Send for it to-day.

Ask your dealer for Hammar Paint.

If he does not keep it don't let him sell you any other Paint for his own benefit—**he can't sell you better paint, and he will charge you more for what he sells**—but **send us your orders,** we will have them filled. Any sized order delivered, freight prepaid, to your depot.

F. HAMMAR PAINT CO.,
1210 Spruce Street, - ST. LOUIS, MO.

WE ARE SELLING



Battery Hanging Lamps,	$10.00
Telephone, complete,	5.95
Electric Door Bells,	1.00
Electric Carriage Light,	3.95
Battery Fan Motor,	5.95
Electric Hand Lanterns,	2.00
Pocket Flash Lights,	1.50
Miniature Electric Lamps,	.40
$8 Medical Batteries,	3.95
Genuine Electric Belts,	1.00
$12 Belt with Suspensory,	2.50
Genuine Electric Insoles,	.25
Telegraph Outfits,	2.25
Battery Motors from $1 to	12.00
Battery Table Lamps,	3.00
Necktie Lights, 75cts. to	3.00
$6 Bicycle Electric Lights,	2.75
Electric Cap Lights,	1.75
Electric Railway,	2.95
Battery Student Lamp,	4.00
Dry Batteries, perdozen,	2.25
All Electrical Books at low prices.	

We undersell all on Everything Electrical.

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS
CLEVELAND, O.

Headquarters for Electric Novelties and Supplies.
Agents wanted. Send for New Catalogue just out.

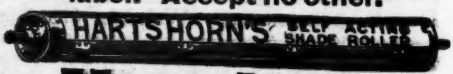


Hartshorn Shade Roller

The only Shade Roller that can be depended upon to work right at all times

Stewart Hartshorn

See that you get the GENUINE with above autograph on label. Accept no other.



Hartshorn Shade Roller





"We are just of age, twenty-one"

OLD gold is more valuable than old iron. Because gold does not depreciate in value with age.

ANTIQUE furniture brings higher prices to-day than when it was manufactured. Because it was built well in the beginning, built to last and did last, is "grand" in its old age.

Rambler
BICYCLES

"Notice the extra reinforced frames"

are not "antique" but decidedly up-to-date, have those "well-built" and stylish qualities which make second-hand Ramblers worth more on the market than other second-hand wheels—as much as some new ones.

RAMBLER PRICE $40

"for the best Ramblers we have ever built."

Rambler stores and agencies everywhere. Catalog, unique in its design, free.

American Bicycle Co.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY SALES DEPT.

CHICAGO.



People dressed like this when the Rambler people began building bicycles 21 years ago.



Now they dress so.

Do you know about the Shaw-Walker Card System?

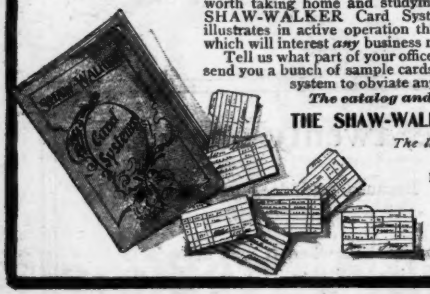
Do you know that with it you can so lay out the work in your office that all the details of buying, manufacturing, selling, shipping, and collecting will be handled in less time and with fewer mistakes?

We have gotten out

AN INSTRUCTIVE CATALOG

worth taking home and studying. It not only tells all about the SHAW-WALKER Card System, but it clearly explains and illustrates in active operation thirty eight special systems, some of which will interest *any* business man.

Tell us what part of your office work is bothering you, and we will send you a bunch of sample cards that will assist you in getting up a system to obviate any difficulties.



The catalog and the bunch of cards are free.

THE SHAW-WALKER CO., Muskegon, Mich.

The largest exclusive ***Makers*** *of* ***Card Systems*** *in the world.*

Patronized by such leading concerns as:

Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co.
American Car and Foundry Co.
White Sewing Machine Co.
Woolson Spice Co.
Pennsylvania Steel Co.
Parke, Davis & Co.



$1.95 buys a Desk Case Outfit.

Just as practical as a more extensive and expensive one. If your requirements are limited, it will answer every purpose. If extensive, it will enable you to determine exactly what you require before incurring a greater expense. Nothing is wasted—not even the labor—as the cards and indexes are interchangeable with larger outfits.

THE CASE is solid quarter-sawed white oak, three-ply bottom, is finely finished in Golden oak, rubbed and MEDIUM POLISHED. The trimmings are of SOLID metal. An adjustable follower keeps the cards in an upright position and at the proper angle for easiest consultation.

With each case is furnished:—400 linen bristol cards, finest quality, ruled or blank; 1 set alphabetical indexes; 1 set day indexes; 20 blank indexes, various colors, for special purposes.

The case is 9 inches long. Add 10c. for each additional inch in length required to fit the width of the drawer of your desk.

Shipped on approval, to be returned at our EXPENSE if not perfectly satisfactory.



Artistic Stationery



WE WILL ENGRAVE A MONOGRAM of two or three letters, choice of five beautiful and exclusive designs, and furnish two quires finest quality Writing Paper, packed in handsome box, with plain envelopes, with

Monogram Stamped in any Plain Color, $1.25
In Gold, Silver, or Copper Bronze, - - 1.40
In Illuminated Work (two colors), - - 1.50

Envelopes Stamped in Plain Color, 20c. extra.
In Gold, Silver, or Copper Bronze, 30c. extra.

Duplicate orders furnished at a reduction of 25c. per box from above prices. Eleven qualities of paper. Seven fashionable sizes, in white and all latest tints.

Sample Book, including sheet of handsome monograms, mailed for 10c., which can be deducted from first order.

Finest Quality Engraved Calling Cards.

Including Copper Plate. Latest styles and sizes.
Full set of Samples with prices on request.

75c. for 50; $1.00 for 100. ***Samples Free.***

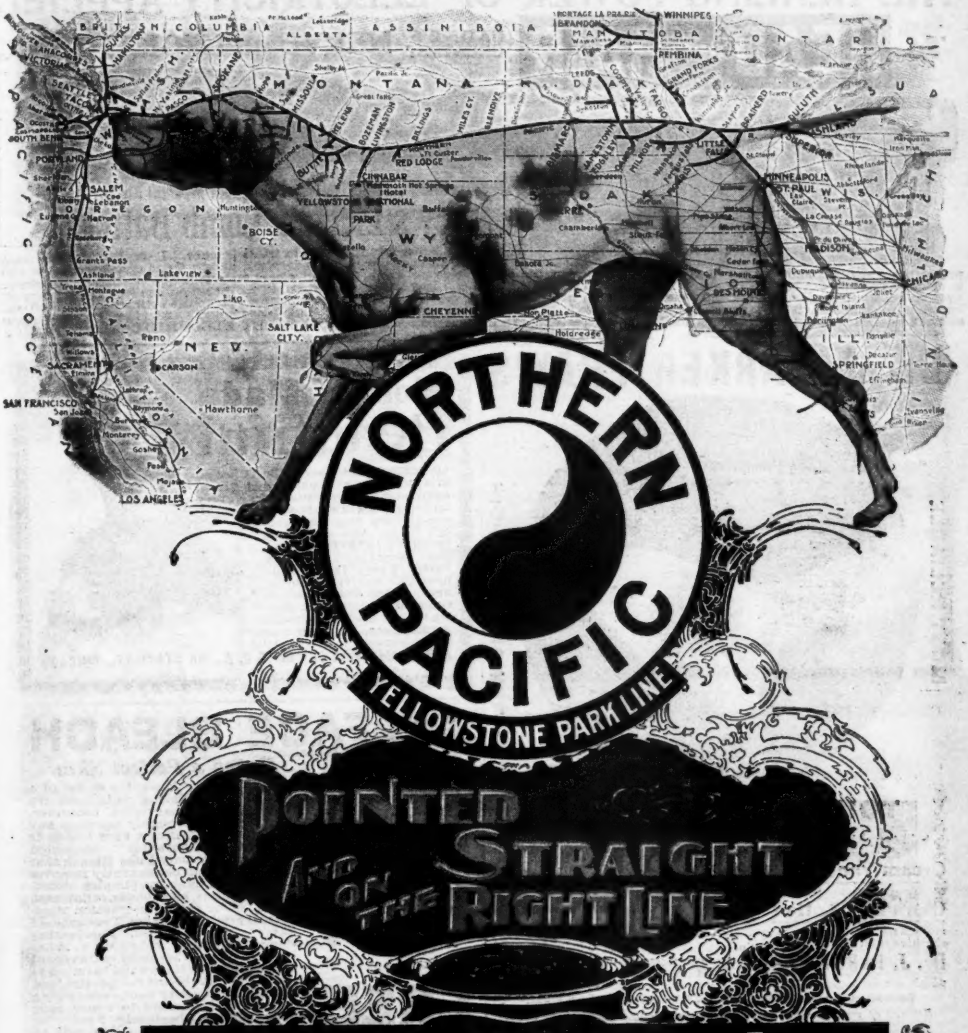
Wedding Invitations and Announcements.

Engraved on Copper Plate. Latest styles and sizes. Full set of Samples with prices on request.

WE PREPAY ALL MAIL AND EXPRESS CHARGES.

Artistic Engraving Co., 145 North 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.





POINTED STRAIGHT
AND ON THE RIGHT LINE

Means NINE TENTHS of a Pleasant RAILWAY JOURNEY.

THIS POINTER
WILL BE THE ONE HINT NEEDED TO THE WISE.
IT POINTS TO ALL THE IMPORTANT
PLACES IN THE NORTHWEST INCLUDING
YELLOWSTONE PARK,
THE PLEASURE GROUND OF THE WORLD.

SEND CHAS. S. FEE, ST. PAUL, MINN.,
SIX CENTS FOR
WONDERLAND 1900.

THE HEALING POWER OF ELECTRICITY APPLIED To HEAD AND HAIR

NATURE'S GREATEST NERVE and VOICE TONIC



Something new. Approved by highest medical Authority.

Riley's Electric Comb Battery

The latest triumph of Electrical Science. It positively cures baldness, nervous headaches, neuralgia, dandruff and restores color to hair prematurely gray, strengthens the vocal cords, and improves the voice, stops noises in the head, clears and brightens the mind. It is simple in its operation and can be used by everybody with safety and advantage; satisfaction guaranteed. This invention has won victory over old age and unbelief. Read and investigate the proofs. All doubts removed before purchase. The inventor's pamphlet with testimonials of well-known physicians and citizens furnished. Also a sample **FREE** on easy conditions. Sold at John Wanamaker's and Siegel-Cooper's stores, also at Schieffelin's and principal druggists, N. Y. For particulars send your name and address to **RILEY ELECTRIC CO., Newark, N. J.**

Dr. J. PARKER PRAY'S

MOST RELIABLE



HIGHEST MEDICINAL

TOILET PREPARATIONS

ESTABLISHED 1868.

Sold everywhere by leading druggists and at all toilet depots, both in America and Europe.

Cream Vanola, a superior skin food which whitens and softens the complexion and hands; does not produce a downy growth upon the face. Jars, 25c. and 50c.

Glora Lily Lotion is a non-greasy, milky emulsion which whitens the hands and complexion; removes redness; cures chapped, rough, dry skin, and will not irritate the most sensitive skin. 4 oz. bottles, 50c.

Dr. J. PARKER PRAY is the originator of the **Diamond Nail Enamel and Rosaline,** which are far superior to any other preparations offered to the public.

Send Stamp for Descriptive Catalogue, fully illustrated, with prices.

Beware of imitations bearing similar name and labels, and when buying insist on getting the genuine.

Dr. J. PARKER PRAY CO., Sole Prop'rs and Manufacturers. Parlors and Salesrooms, 12 East 23d St., New York.

Women Made Beautiful



by **VESTRO. Develops the Bust 6 Inches,** fills all hollow places, adds grace, curve and beauty to the neck; softens and clears the skin. Beautiful women everywhere owe their superb figure and matchless loveliness to **VESTRO.** Harmless, permanent. **NEVER FAILS.** Every lady should have this unrivalled developer. Adds charm and attraction to plainest women. Full particulars, testimonials, etc., **sealed for** 6 cent stamp.

AURUM MEDICINE CO., DEPT. K, B., 55 STATE ST., CHICAGO

MLLE. AIMEE'S FACE BLEACH

Makes a Perfect Skin.



You will never know the secret of a beautiful complexion until you try Mlle. Aimee's marvelous beautifier. A Trial will thoroughly convince any lady that Mlle. Aimee's **Face Bleach** is the most remarkable complexion maker and the only **Face Bleach** that absolutely and permanently removes freckles, tan, sunburn, pimples, blotches, flesh worms, blackheads, moles, crows feet or any skin eruption whatever. It produces a **Clear, Transparent Skin;** gives a refined, **Fascinating Complexion** and enhances a ladies loveliness beyond her most extravagant expectations. It is pure and harmless as the smile of a babe and full particulars, two handsome beauty books containing invaluable information to every lady will be mailed **Absolutely Free.** Do not fail to write today. You will be delightfully repaid for your trouble.

FREE

AXENE TOILET CO., Dept. 23 Masonic Temple, Chicago.



Hair on Face, Neck or Arms

Instantly dissolved and removed without the slightest injury to the most delicate skin, by using the new solution

MODENE

In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. **IT CANNOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. Modene supersedes electrolysis.

Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits.

Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases (securely sealed), on receipt of **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.

MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 82, CINCINNATI, O.

Every bottle guaranteed.

We offer $1,000 for failure or the slightest injury.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

World-Renowned as a superior remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections.

Fac-Simile Signature of [signature] on wrapper of box.

TOO FAT



A person generally knows when he is becoming too fleshy. As a rule, however, he shuts his eyes to the fact, and believes it to be only temporary, until he suddenly realizes that he has gained many pounds and no remedy appears to be forthcoming. To you, who have drifted into this situation, we can offer truths that are beyond the shadow of questioning. We can bring down your weight, not by elaborate and expensive reduction remedies, but by simple treatment that brings health and strength in its train. Our files are filled with hundreds, yes thousands of testimonials to this effect, and are the best guarantees of our signal success. Here are two of many. Mrs. S. Mann, of LaMotte, Ia., writes: **Six years ago I Lost 70 lbs. of Fat in 3 months by the Hall method, and I have not gained an ounce in weight since.**

LOST 40 POUNDS. Mr. Hugo Horn, 419 E. 63rd St., New York City, writes: "Three years ago I took a four months' treatment and was reduced 40 lbs. in weight. I have not gained any in weight since." We are giving away barrels and ***Barrels of Sample Boxes Free*** just to prove how effective, pleasant and safe this remedy is, to reduce weight. If you want one, send us your name & address & 4 cts. to cover postage, etc. Each box is mailed in a plain sealed wrapper with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. Price large, size box, $1.00, postpaid. Correspondence strictly confidential.



Hall Chemical Co. Dept. H. M., St. Louis, Mo.

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium



WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.

For the exclusive treatment of cancer, tumors and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths, except cancer and tumors within the abdominal cavity. The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium is conducted by a graduate of the regular school of medicine. Remedies are not withheld as secret from physicians of standing. Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. He will be given every opportunity to gain a knowledge of our method and its success. When writing for information please describe the case as clearly as is possible and state its situation. Address

Drs. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.

A BATH FOR 2 CENTS

is furnished by the

Victor Instantaneous Water Heater



which occupies but little room; is ready for use night or day; furnishes hot water **instantly** for bathing, shaving, sickness and all domestic purposes when hot water is required. Uses Gas or Gasoline. Ask your dealers for it, or ***send for free catalogue.***

W. J. ADAM, - Joliet, Ill.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

NERVE POWER

GAINED AND MAINTAINED BY THE CURE OF VARICOCELE

Every normally constituted and healthy man has a natural and abundant endowment of potential energy or reserve nerve power.

The possession of these reserve forces gives to a man the attributes of an uncrowned king—a ruler by right of might over men less liberally endowed with nervous energy.

Units of nerve energy are drawn from the blood and stored in the cellular substance of the brain and ganglia for use in the performance of involuntary function and voluntary action.

In a condition of absolute and perfect health these reservoirs of Vital Power are well stored, and potential energy is so abundant that the whole physical and mental being is filled and thrilled with the triumphant consciousness of power.



DELMER D. RICHARDSON, M. D.

The blood is the foundation of nerve power. Impure, thin, vitiated blood does not furnish a stable foundation for nerve structure.

When the nerve-cells are fed on poisons for months and years the injury to the nervous system is sometimes irreparable.



The tiny blood clots formed in VARICOCELE are one of the most frequent causes of Paralysis.

They become toxic (poisonous), and when carried into the general circulation, carry death instead of life to the nerve-cells.

This morbid matter is absorbed into the nerve substance, and the effect is not unlike that of interference with the electric current.

Decay and waste of nerve force inevitably occur.

Locomotor Ataxia is one of the forms of Paralysis most frequently caused by neglected Varicocele.

In my work as Specialist in diseases of the Pelvic Region, I have cured over 10,000 cases of Varicocele alone by my Electro Chemic Method. No other physician in the world has enjoyed such an opportunity for studying the effects of this insidious malady. I CURE VARICOCELE TO STAY CURED IN FIVE DAYS.

My home is fitted for the accommodation of patients, and all who come are assured of the most agreeable surroundings and most complete hotel facilities.

Write a careful description of your case and I will reply personally and confidentially.

My books are free, provided 10 cents is enclosed. Sent in plain sealed cover.

Even if Paralytic symptoms have not yet developed you should not delay a moment to be rid of Varicocele.

You can never be the man you ought to be while physically imperfect.

DELMER D. RICHARDSON, M. D.

THE RICHARDSON HOME, 1256-1262 MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

The Hartman Sanitarium.



A MODERN INSTITUTION for the treatment of chronic diseases, scientifically equipped and methodically conducted. Every room in the building absolutely aseptic. Decorations, furniture, fixtures, new. Each bed-room furnished with finest bed. Ideal spiral springs, and the best quality of curled hair mattresses, made in the institution, under our own supervision. No odors, the purest of air. The floors of the entire Sanitarium are polished quartered oak, strewn with rugs, rendering them perfectly noiseless. Incandescent electric lights, electric call-bells, hydraulic elevators. Baths of every description, with trained attendants. The finest bath-rooms, fitted up according to latest methods. Electricity, faradic, galvanic, and static. Our static machine is one of the largest and most modern manufactured. Massage, manual, Swedish, and mechanical. Calisthenics, therapeutic gymnastics, and trained nurses. Our institution is also provided with solar arcade, for rest cure. Diet, scientifically regulated. Mineral drinking water, absolutely pure, from a flowing well 187 feet deep. Ventilation and heating the most modern, throughout the whole building. A corps of experienced physicians and nurses in attendance.

Just one word to the reader. You may have some chronic ailment for which you have failed to find a cure. No matter what your ailment is, write to us. We will treat your letter as strictly confidential, and if your ailment is one we are fully equipped to treat, we will send you full particulars. If not, we will frankly tell you so and return your letter. All communications should be addressed to

D. R. SUMMY, M. D., SUPT., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

$4.00 WORTH OF MAGAZINES FREE!

"Secular Science and Common Sense"

points the way to the goal of your ambition. A Magazine of Advanced Thought, and Modern Ideas of Reform and Natural Law. Devoted to practical demonstrated truths. This magazine is a stepping stone to success, insuring a clear head in a sound body. Nothing like it or half so good and practical. This rare treat sent a whole year, together with samples of over 50 other valuable papers and magazines of $5.00 value for only $1.00.

Send at once as this offer is limited. Sample copy with an interesting book of over 100 pages free for 12 cents in stamps. Address

SECULAR SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE, - Atlas Block, Chicago.

MAGIC LANTERNS

STEREOPTICONS and VIEWS

for Public Exhibitions, Church Entertainments, for **illustrating sermons.** Many sizes. All prices. **Chance for men with little capital to make money.** 256-page Catalogue **FREE.**

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 93, DETROIT, MICH.



Geisha Diamonds

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

THE R. GREGG MFG. & IMPT. CO.,

271-273 Franklin Street, - - CHICAGO, ILL.



NO ADVANCE IN PRICES

$15.50 IN SPITE OF RECENT ADVANCES IN RAW MATERIAL. Will buy our beautiful latest model **Arlington Gem** Drop Head Sewing Machine possessing all the known improvements, such as Self Threading Vibrating Shuttle, Self Setting Needle, Automatic Bobbin Winder, etc.; adapted to light and heavy work. Full set of attachments free. A better machine than some sold at from $25 to $35. Shipped direct from factory at wholesale prices C. O. D. or on 30 days free trial in your own home. No agent's or dealer's large profits to pay. A positive saving of $10 to $20.

WARRANTED 20 YEARS. Money promptly refunded if not found as represented. We have over 50 different styles including some as low as..... **$8.50**

A GOOD HIGH ARM MACHINE AT $9.75.

Our New Ball Bearing Kenwood Sewing Machines are the easiest running machines on earth. A child can operate them. A $65.00 Kenwood, with decorated wood work, piano finish, **$22.00.** A $55.00 Ball Bearing Arlington, **$19.00. 50 CENTS DISCOUNT ALLOWED ON ALL MACHINES FOR CASH WITH ORDER.** As to our reliability we refer to the First National Bank of Chicago or any other Chicago Bank and Dun's or Bradstreet's Commercial Reports. Write at once for our Large Illustrated Catalogue and Special Freight Offer. Address

CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 W. Van Buren St., Dept. B-113, Chicago, Ill.

write with

Stafford's Inks

They do not thicken or fade.

S. S. Stafford. New York, London Berlin.



In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.



It is very Easy

to impart a **genuine enamel finish** to furniture, woodwork, bathtubs, radiators, etc. Enameling costs no more than ordinary finishes, always remains bright and clean, and never requires scrubbing or washing.

Neal's Enamels
the genuine

can be purchased in white and many beautiful tints. No dust, no dirt, no disease breeding germs can adhere to an enameled surface. Try it yourself on a piece of shabby furniture.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

Dept. C, ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Mich.

Booklet, "Enamels and Enameling," with sample of colors, SENT FREE.



THE HIGHEST TYPE OF MUSIC BOX EVER MANUFACTURED.

The only disk Music Box made that changes its tune sheets automatically. Perfect acting yet simple mechanism. Boxes from $7 up. Illustrated catalogue free.

REGINA MUSIC BOX CO., Factory, Rahway, N. J. Salesrooms, Broadway & 22d St., N.Y.



Fireplace Mantels $12 and up.

Made of Ornamental Brick—the most suitable and durable material for the purpose. We have Colonial, Elizabethan, Empire, Renaissance, Old Vienna and other styles. Our mantels are charming—our customers say so. When you build or remodel send for our Sketch Book of 59 designs of artistic mantels costing from $12 up.

PHILA. & BOSTON FACE BRICK CO.,

307 Liberty Square, - - - Boston, Mass.





THERE'S NO COMFORT IN LIFE LIKE A MAHER & GROSH KNIFE.

Our adv. is for the purpose of getting into direct trade with consumers; once secured, they are ours forever. The Maher & Grosh **Knives, Razors, Scissors,** etc., are hand-forged from razor steel. They are made **on honor,** tested severely, and warranted. This pattern we call **"Our Masterpiece."** Blades are highest grade of razor steel, file tested, strong enough for anything, fine enough for a quill pen, weighs 2 ounces, 3 blades. Price, with ebony handle, $1.25; ivory, $1.50; choicest pearl, $2.00; postpaid.

The lower cut shows our **75c. 2 blade jack-knife.** For awhile will mail sample for **45c., 5** for $2.00. Our **60c. steel shears** and **75c. knife free by mail** for **$1.00.** Gent's fine 3-blade penknife, $1.00; Colorado stock knife, 3 blades, $1.00.

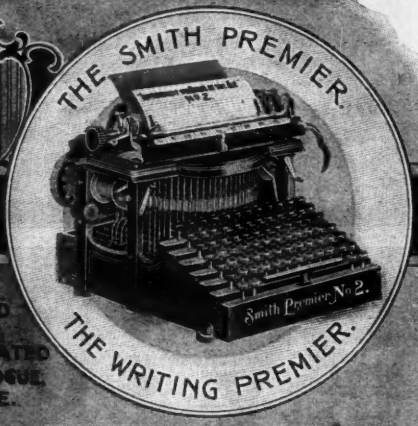
Send for 80-page free list and "How to Use a Razor."

MAHER & GROSH CO., 75 A St., TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE TWO GREAT PREMIERS



SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, FREE.



THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.

Syracuse, N.Y. U.S.A.

Branch Offices and Dealers in Principal Cities throughout the World.



Put Handles on Your Plates

Develop, Fix, Wash and Dry Without Touching Plates or Soiling Fingers.

THE CLAW PLATE HANDLE

is Simple, Durable, Convenient. Will not corrode.

Descriptive Circular Free.

Sample, any size, by mail 15c. State size of Plate.

At Your Dealers or Direct.

CLAW PLATE HANDLE CO., Bay City, Mich.

Linked together

YOST TYPEWRITER

BEAUTIFUL WORK



YOST WRITING MACHINE CO. 320 BROADWAY NEW YORK

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

The subtle charm of art, the invigorating influence of active recreation, the joys of delving in the mysteries of chemistry and unveiling its photographic secrets—all, or any one of these delights are in store for the Kodaker. In them is

the Witchery of Kodakery

And Kodak photography is simple, easy. All Kodaks load in daylight with our light-proof film cartridges, which weigh but ounces where plates weigh pounds—they do away with troublesome plate holders and dark slides.

"A book that will help."

Picture Taking

and

Picture Making

Is written in so simple a manner that the beginner can readily understand it, yet is full of meat for all amateurs. 120 pages, profusely illustrated.

The contributed articles are by

ALFRED STIEGLITZ,
ROBERT DEMACHY,
BERNARD ALFIERI,
JAMES A. SINCLAIR.

Cardboard covers, 50c. Cloth bound, $1.00.

For sale by all Kodak dealers.

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

Kodak cartridges in the 3½ x 3½, 4 x 5 and 5 x 7 sizes are now made for 2, 6 and 12 exposures—in the smaller sizes (except 1½ x 2) they are made for 12 and for 6 exposures. For work at home, then, as well as for one's outings the Kodak becomes more convenient than the plate camera.

Kodaks are best in lenses, in shutters, in construction and in finish. Kodaks are standard in hand camera values.

$5.00 to $35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Adlake Cameras
Not in the Trust

Because We Are Opposed to Trust Methods!
Because We Are Opposed to Boycott!

Dealers handling Trust cameras, are not permitted to sell other makes. Think of a Trust dictated dealer trying to sell you a Trust camera when you want an ADLAKE! If your camera dealer is dominated by the Trust, he can neither sell you Adlakes nor can he express his honest convictions as to their merits.

ADLAKE CAMERAS make the best pictures of all fixed focus cameras. It is due to the lens and the careful adjustment of the lens.

TO DEALERS—We invite responsible merchants, in any line, to apply for agency for Adlake Cameras.

TO AMATEURS—Buy of your dealer wherever you are. If you can; if you cannot, we send the Camera, express prepaid, anywhere in the United States.

ADLAKE REPEATER (Rapid Action).....3¼x4¼ in., **$8.00; 4x5, $10.00**
ADLAKE REGULAR, with 12 Metal Light-tight Plate Holders, 3¼x4¼ in., **$9.00; 4x5, $12.00**
ADLAKE SPECIAL, with 12 Aluminum Light-tight Plate Holders.....4x5 in., **$13.50**

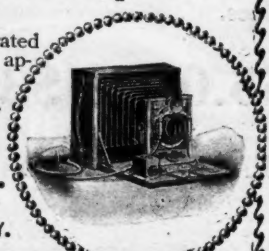
THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE CO., 114 Ontario Street, CHICAGO.

"THE POCO TAKES"

TAKES—
Beginners
Amateurs
Professionals
TAKES FROM
$5 to $50

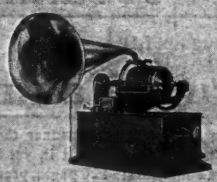
The Poco Cameras combine all the features of complete view Cameras with great compactness, and have every improvement of practical utility.

Fine Illustrated Catalogue on application.



Rochester Camera & Supply Co.
57 South St., Rochester, N.Y.

THE
PHONOGRAPH
"Sustained by its reputation"



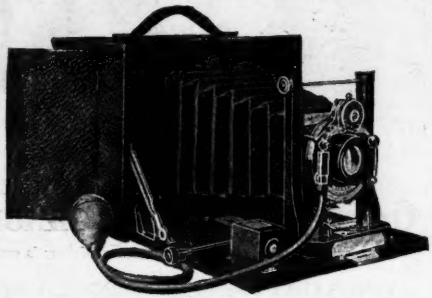
The only perfect reproductions of sound are obtained by using Edison Records on the Phonograph
Prices from $7.50 to $100
Catalogues from all Phonograph Dealers

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.
NEW YORK

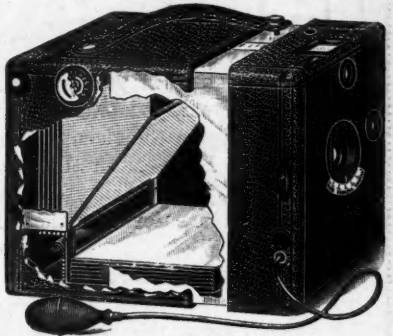
M P C Magazine VIVES

Like the many other styles of Vives, EXCEL in LENSES, Latitude, Simplicity and Finish

VIVE MAHOGANY FOLDINGS



M P C MAGAZINE FOCUSING STYLE



Our beautiful 1900 Art Catalogue mailed free, which fully illustrates our TOURIST DAYLIGHT LOADING, and TWIN LENS MECHANICAL AND TOURIST VIVES.

Vive Camera Company, Home Office, CHICAGO, U. S. A. N. W. Cor. State and Washington Sts.

Mechanical Plate Changing VIVE

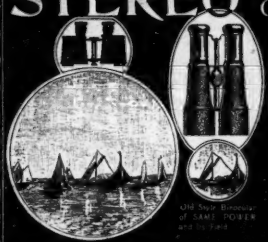
LONDON, ENG., REGENT HOUSE, REGENT ST., W.

THE SEARCH-LIGHT OF SCIENCE



Has Revealed Nothing More Wonderful in Optical Perfection, Accuracy of Construction, and General Usefulness than the

BAUSCH & LOMB-Zeiss STEREO BINOCULAR GLASSES



Smaller
More Powerful
Larger Field
Stereoscopic Image.

OR

You can not afford to be out of door without them.

Illustrated Booklet Free.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.

Manufacturers of

Photographic Lenses, Shutters, and Accessories, Microscopes and Laboratory Appliances, Microtomes, Photo-micrographic Cameras, Chemical Apparatus, Chemicals and Lenses for all Purposes. Catalogues Free.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BRANCHES

NEW YORK, Broadway & 25th St. CHICAGO, State & Washington. BOSTON, 325 Washington

THE

Ray Camera



Discovers a Good Workman

Many pictures sent us taken by beginners equal professional work. No better Camera for the price can be procured. It is especially adapted to beginners on account of its simplicity, reliability and low cost.

Price, $2.50 and upwards.

Send for Catalogue, fully describing our many different styles.

RAY CAMERA CO., 57 South St., Rochester, N. Y.



144 PIECE DINNER SET FREE

Full size for family use, beautifully decorated and most artistic design. A rare chance. You can get this handsome dinner set and one dozen fine plated tea spoons for selling our Pills. We mean what we say and will give this beautiful dinner set absolutely free if you comply with the extraordinary offer we send to every person taking advantage of this advertisement. To quickly introduce our Vegetable Pills, a sure cure for constipation, indigestion and torpid liver, if you agree to sell only six boxes of Pills at 25 cts. a box write to-day and we send Pills by mail. When sold send us the money and we send you one dozen plated tea spoons together with our offer of a 144 piece dinner set same day money is received. This is a liberal inducement to every lady in the land, and all who received the spoons and dinner set for selling our Pills are delighted.

AMERICAN MEDICINE CO., Dept. T. 32 WEST 13th St., NEW YORK CITY.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Summer Underwear.

Before investing in your spring and summer underwear, you owe it to yourself to investigate the claims made for Dr. Deimel's Linen-Mesh Underwear. Thousands of people find it the most healthful and comfortable they have ever worn.

CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.

If garments bearing this Trade Mark are not for sale in your City, we will inform you where they can be bought.



THE DEIMEL LINEN-MESH SYSTEM CO.,
493 Broadway, New York.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 111 Montgomery St.
WASHINGTON, D. C., 728 15th St.

We also manufacture the finest Dress Shield in existence, and guarantee every pair.


FRONT VIEW.


BACK VIEW.

Pat. July 26, '98.

Grace, Elegance, Comfort.

With present modes, some support and modeling is essential to most figures.

THE SAHLIN PERFECT MODEL FORM AND CORSET COMBINED

leaves the body at ease, requires no canvas or other unpliable interlinings. Straps and bands at back and waist are a sufficient support, while the solid front gives **Graceful and Natural Curves,** indispensable to the wearer of shirt waists.

Physicians approve this new device, which retains all the good and avoids the evil of the ordinary corset. There can be no compression or displacement of heart, lungs, or stomach. Nothing is lost in style or shape, as in most substitutes for corsets. Light and easy.

Price: Best grade, full length, **$1.50**; medium, **$1.00.**

SAHLIN PERFECT MODEL FORM

consists of front, coming to waist only. A necessity for style and good form, with either shirt waists or tight fitting bodices. Price, **50c.** Both garments made in fancy netting—sateen, black, white, or drab; stays of bone. Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply you, order direct, and add 14 cents for postage. Give length of waist under arm, bust and waist measure. Write for **free** catalogue.

SAHLIN NOVELTY CO., 157 Market, Chicago.

USE THE

Miller Buttonhole Moistener

PRESERVE YOUR LINENS


OH! THOSE BUTTONHOLES!


OH! IT'S EASY when you use Miller's Buttonhole Moistener and Perfumer.



Price, 25 Cents.

SAVES YOUR TEMPER AND PATIENCE.

Of great usefulness and convenience to all wearers of collars and cuffs. It **OPENS THE BUTTONHOLES,** *perfumes the collars and cuffs,* **REMOVES THE STARCH** as if by magic, permits **BUTTONING WITH EASE,** *saves wear and tear of collars and cuffs and breaking of finger nails;* adapted to the use of either *lady* or *gentleman,* and is a most useful article for the dressing case. Can be used the same as any other perfume bottle, and refilled at any time. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

HOME NOVELTY CO.,
239-241 Fourth Ave., New York.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM



TOILET POWDER

AFTER BATHING AND SHAVING.

Delightful After Bathing
A Luxury After Shaving

A positive relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing and all afflictions of the skin



GET MENNEN'S (the original) a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.

Refuse all other powders, which are liable to do harm. Sold everywhere, or mailed for **25c.** (Sample free.)

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark N. J.



Hawes

CELEBRATED

$3.00 HATS

Are manufactured in our **Own Factory** *by skilled labor. Special attention being paid to all details and the* **Wearing Quality** *of every hat is* **Guaranteed.**

If they are not on sale where you live, our Mail Order Department enables you to get one. Remit $3.00 give us your height, waist measure and size of hat worn. State color & whether Stiff or Soft hat is wanted.

IF YOU'RE PARTICULAR ABOUT THE STYLE OF YOUR HAT, WEAR A *Hawes*

YOU CAN'T GET MORE STYLE AT ANY PRICE

TAILOR MADE ROUND & DRESS HATS FOR WOMEN.

Hawes Hat Company Cor. 13th Two Stores BROADWAY Cor. 30th NEW YORK.

THE INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCH

THE CHEAPEST GUARANTEED WATCH IN THE WORLD



A HANDFUL OF VALUE FOR A PINCH OF COST

YANKEE $1.00
CHAMPION $1.25
ECLIPSE $1.50
TRIUMPH $1.75

EVERY day 3,000 people want a Watch. They require an accurate timekeeper and at a low price.

The **Ingersoll Dollar Watch** is the one they choose, exactly meeting their requirements and being positively guaranteed to keep perfect time for one year. It is repaired or replaced free of charge where it fails to do this.

A MILLION SOLD A YEAR

is its highest recommendation.

Sold throughout the country by over 10,000 dealers or sent postpaid in United States and Canada by the makers,

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. (Dept. 94), 67 Cortlandt St., New York.

OUTPUT—ONE MILLION A YEAR

The New and Improved

Irwin Bath Cabinets

Turkish, Thermal or Vapor



Pat. April '98, others pending

contain all the best features of all the other cabinets with several entirely new ones fully protected by patents, making them the "only perfect Bath Cabinets." They are absolutely the only Cabinets automatically constructed so that you can supply yourself with drinking water and mop or sponge your face without assistance. They are self-purifying, the noxious gases from pores being promptly removed and replaced by fresh heat, carrying its full quota of oxygen, which equalizes and stimulates its effect. Better results at lower temperature and without oppression. Latest improved heating apparatus.

These Cabinets place the benefits of Turkish Baths and all kinds of Medicated and Perfumed Vapor Baths, within the reach of every one in their own home at a cost of only 3 cents per bath. Will cure or relieve most any disease.

The Most Complete Line of Bath Cabinets in the World.

Newest Designs, Latest Improvements and Patents. We make Cabinets from $3.50 to $12.50.

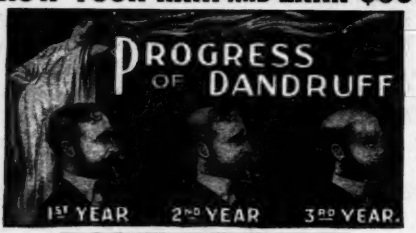
Be sure to send for our catalogue before buying a Bath Cabinet if you want to have the best.

Special prices where we have no representative. We give better value for same money than any one. Beware of catch-penny methods. Book "Health and Beauty" free.

AGENTS WANTED; one sold 1,000 in four months.

M. IRWIN MANUFACTURING CO., 123 Chambers St., New York.

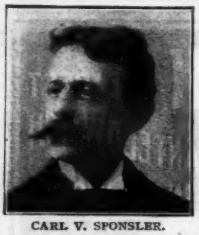
GROW YOUR HAIR AND EARN $500



DON'T BE BALD.

DR. RHODES' DANDRUFF CURE Cures Itching Scalps, Eczema, Dandruff, Barbers' Itch, Ringworm, and all Diseases of the Hair and Scalp. **Your money back if it fails. MAKES HAIR GROW.**

Don't allow disgusting scales of dandruff on your hair and clothing. One application will stop that awful itching.



CARL V. SPONSLER.

Mr. Carl V. Sponsler, a noted musician of York, Pa., writes as follows: "My hair has stopped falling, dandruff and itching are all gone—but my photo tells the story, and it is but justice to let you use it."

GENTLEMEN: CISNEY, KY., Jan. 9th, 1900.

Please accept my thanks for check just received by me as one of the winners in your prize hair-growing contest, but I assure you I value the excellent results I have derived from the use of your Dandruff Cure (as but for its use I certainly would have been bald) much more than I value the prize. You may use my photos and testimonial for publication and I will gladly answer all inquiries.

H. WESLEY WILLIAMS, Druggist.

LAKELAND, FLA., Dec. 30, 1899.

My hair is growing nicely and the dandruff is gone, and I think cured, and that alone is worth many times the price of the remedies to me. I have been recommending your treatment to nearly every one I meet. MRS. H. N. HEBB.

Dr. RHODES' DANDRUFF CURE—PRICE 50c.

Sent by mail on receipt of price. **Free Sample. Cash Prizes.** Write for **Free** Sample, interesting book on Scalp Diseases, Symptom Blank for **Free Advice,** and particulars of $500 Cash Prize Hair Growing Contest. Address **DR. A. RHODES CO., Hair and Scalp Specialists, 3 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass.**

REFERENCE: Merchants National Bank, Lowell.

FREE Trial Bottle of Dr. Rhodes' Astringent Hair Lotion, the Great Hair Grower, if you ask for it.



A TURKISH BATH AT HOME.

Write at once for full particulars of a

$12.00 BATH CABINET FOR $5.00

REMEMBER: The ROBINSON CABINET is the only Lawful Screen-folding patented cabinet made.

DANGEROUS: Persons buying infringements are liable. Suit has been filed in the U. S. Court against four companies for infringing on Robinson Cabinet.

$2.00 BOOK FREE to patrons.—Prof. Robinson has recently returned from Europe where he has visited all the leading water cures. Much information is contained in his New Book pertaining to the treatment of all chronic ailments at home, such as Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh, Indigestion, Impure Blood, Skin Trouble, General Debility, Etc. Also how to secure a BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Don't be deceived by misleading advertisements. We send you literature and samples of goods free.

WE WANT GOOD AGENTS EVERYWHERE.
Write at once for Special Agent's "1900 Proposition."

ROBINSON THERMAL BATH CO.,
701-717 Jefferson Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

I WAS DEAF

For years and almost frantic WITH HEAD-NOISES.

I tried every known treatment and device without help—Finally I cured myself by Galvanic Electricity—If you are deaf or growing deaf or have head-noises don't waste time and money as I did—Write me and I will gladly send you full information FREE—Address with stamp W. J. TINDALL, PAINTER, GOHOES, N. Y.

BARTLETT DRINK CURE

Is not a cheap patent medicine, though the cost is much less than the "Institute" hypodermic injection treatment. It is taken at home, but under constant instructions by mail from Dr. Bartlett himself. It cannot be given "Secretly." You can't cure a drunkard without his knowledge and consent. There are no "free samples" with a "C. O. D." following. No "something for nothing" offered, but the services—at a reasonable price—of a successful physician who has for years made a specialty of treating alcoholism and has cured thousands of cases in all parts of the country, and can cure you. You ought to be able to separate the false from the true by their methods. Write for further particulars and Dr. Bartlett's 96-page cloth bound book on alcoholism mailed free in plain wrapper.

D. C. BARTLETT, M.D.

Suite 114, 155 Washington St., Chicago 1123 M, Broadway, New York



Hundreds of thousands, all over the world, use Vapo-Cresolene. **Do you? Cresolene cures Whooping Cough** every time; stops **Croup** almost immediately. **Colds, Asthma** and **Catarrh** cannot resist its healing virtues. I. N. Love, M. D., of St. Louis, says: "I have instructed every family under my direction to secure it." Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "I recommend that no family where there are young children should be without it." Anthony Comstock says: "**Malignant Diphtheria** in my house; Cresolene used; case recovered in two weeks; no others were affected." Descriptive booklet with testimonials free. Sold by all druggists.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., NEW YORK.

A New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.—Free.



Mr. R. C. Wood, Lowell, Ind.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, difficult or too frequent passing of water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a **Positive Specific Cure** is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful KAVA-KAVA Shrub, called by botanists the *piper methysticum*, from the Ganges River, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts **directly** on the Kidneys, and cures by draining out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Urates, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease.

Professor Edward S. Fogg, the Evangelist, testifies in the *Christian Advocate* that the Kava-Kava Shrub cured him in one month of severe Kidney and Bladder disease of many years' standing. Hon. R. C. Wood, of Lowell, Ind., writes that in four weeks he was cured of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder disease, after ten years' suffering. His bladder trouble was so great he had to get up five to twelve times during the night. Rev. Thos. M. Owen, of West Pawlet, Vt., and others give similar testimony. Many ladies, including Mrs. Lydia Valentine, East Worcester, N. Y.; Mrs. Maria Wall, Ferry, Mich., also testify to its wonderful curative powers in Kidney and other disorders peculiar to womanhood.

That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail FREE only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a Sure Specific and can not fail. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 409 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

A Coin like this is worth



$1500

"NUMISMATIC"

a PROFITABLE but NEGLECTED Science.

WHILE there are some people that have a vague idea that coins issued 100 or 1000 years ago are worth fabulous sums, yet very few know that coins issued only a few years ago are at a large premium. For instance, the first Columbian half-dollar issued 1892, sold for $1,000. All the half-dollars from 1879 to 1890 are at a premium, also Isabella quarters of 1893, twenty-cent pieces 1876 to 1878; five and three-cent pieces of 1877; last issue of the two-cent copper and three-cent silver pieces; first issue of the nickel cents, all gold dollars and three-dollar gold pieces; all Territorial and California coins from 1849 to 1880, and thousands of earlier American and Foreign coins. There is also a premium on some coins with **MINT MARKS O, S, C, D or CC**; also on fractional currency, colonial, continental and Confederate bills and old **POSTAGE STAMPS.** THE GLOBE reports that a coin was found in Galveston worth $5,000. THE NEW YORK JOURNAL says that a cent was plowed up at Aurora, N. Y., worth $1,200, and that Mr. Castle paid **$4,400 FOR A STAMP** found at Louisville, Ky. THE WORLD says: "Many people have become wealthy by looking after old coins and stamps." THE HOME JOURNAL says: "Coin and stamp collecting is a profitable business, as there are but few in it. The Numismatic Bank buys from Agents all over the country, and pays them big sums." Coins that are very hard to find in one section are often easily found in others. A Boston baker sold 116 coppers for $6,915, 29 silver coins for $4,713, and 4 gold coins for $1,700, and others have done nearly as well. MR. F. W. AYER sold recently a lot of stamps, collected since 1852, to Stanley Gibbons for **$250,000.** The COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL NEWS says: "The Numismatic Bank is not only the largest institution of its kind, but as reliable, safe and trustworthy to deal with as any National Bank. The enormous business done by them is the result of **SQUARE DEALING** and liberality." Send two two-cent stamps for our illustrated circular on rare coins and stamps. It will give you information on a subject of most importance to you.

Numismatic Bank, (Dept. M. S.) BOSTON, MASS.

TANGLEFOOT



Does You a Great Service Besides Relieving You of Flies.

By this time you know that flies carry contagious diseases from one person to another.

The question is: How can you prevent them from infecting you?

If you let the fly buzz about in your room, the germ which it has just picked off from someone in the neighborhood suffering from typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc., may become detached, and you may inhale it.

If you let the fly walk over your food, the germ may stick to that, and you will soon have it where it wants to be.

But if something will catch and hold both the germ and the fly before they alight on your person or food, you will be protected.

There is only one thing made that will do this. It is **TANGLEFOOT STICKY FLY PAPER. It catches the germ as well as the fly** and coats them both over with a varnish from which they can never escape.

DON'T ARGUE WITH Kidney or Liver Disease

USE WARNER'S

SAFE CURE



20th CENTURY ELECTRO VAPOR LAUNCH.

This ideal Gentleman's launch elegantly finished, simple, seaworthy, safe, reliable. Seats 8. Speed 6 miles. Guaranteed for one year. Price $200.00. Order now, avoid Spring rush. Send 10c for handsome 76 page catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Launches, Row Boats, Canoes.

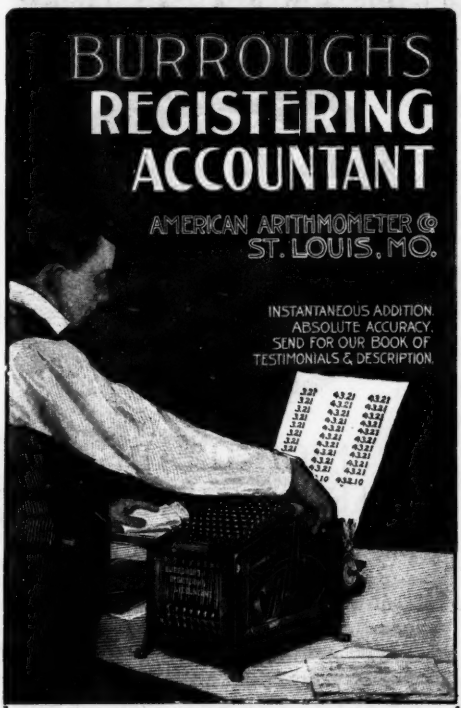
RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., - - Box M, Racine, Wis.

SEED DUE BILL FREE

To get new customers to test my **Seeds**, I will mail my **1900 Catalogue**, filled with more bargains than ever and a **10c Due Bill** good for **10c worth of Seeds** for trial **absolutely free.** All the **Best Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Roses, Farm Seeds, Potatoes, etc.,** at lowest prices. **Nine Great Novelties** offered without names. I will pay **$50. FOR A NAME** for each. Many other novelties offered, including **Ginseng,** the great money making plant. Over 20 varieties shown in colors. **$1100 in cash premiums offered.** Don't give your order until you see this new catalogue. **You'll be surprised** at my bargain offers. Send your name on a postal for catalogue today. **It is FREE to all.** Tell your friends to send too.

F. B. MILLS, Box 119, Rosehill, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.



45|79
657|89
325|49
85
2268|15
5000000|00
524|71
3211|79
7585|89
2025|0
5400|69
777|44
335|73
3437111|8
464|11
126|25
919|47
0789|56
83|38
580|28
32640|0
202|73
83|33
57|84
11|49
15625|10
40|30
110|65
1|25
75

Reduced Fac-simile of work.

Sub-totals at any point in list. Operation learned in fifteen minutes.

Speed from three to five times ordinary hand work.

Automatic corrections of keys wrongly hit.

Used by over **3000** banks, small as well as large.

Invaluable for use in all financial and commercial institutions.

Machines sent on trial to any responsible bank or business house.

Incessant use of these machines for five years in largest banks in New York City finds the machines without signs of wear. They will last upwards of fifteen years ordinary banking use.

Branch Offices:

NEW YORK.
202 Broadway.

ROCHESTER.
773 Powers Block.

PHILADELPHIA.
905 Provident Build'g.

BOSTON.
513 John Hancock Building.

CHICAGO.
902 Fort Dearborn Building.

SAN FRANCISCO.
303 California St.

A FREE PATTERN

(her own selection) to every subscriber. Beautiful colored lithographed plates and illustrations. Original, latest, artistic, exquisite and strictly up-to-date designs.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50¢ A YEAR

Dressmaking economies, fancy work, household hints, short stories, current topics, etc. Subscribe to-day. Only 50c. yearly. Lady agents wanted. Send for terms.



For ladies, misses, girls and little children. That certain stylish "chic" effect not attained by the use of any other patterns. Have no equal for style and perfect fit.

McCALL BAZAR PATTERNS 10¢ AND 15¢

Easily put together. Only 10 and 15 cents each—none higher. Sold in nearly every city and town, or by mail. Ask for them. Absolutely very latest up-to-date styles.

THE McCALL COMPANY,
138-146 West 14th Street, ... New York City, N. Y.

It's better than yours

BULLARD FOLDING MAGAZINE CAMERA



Better because it combines the most elaborate and an 18-plate magazine ca-pacity, operated with the ease, speed, simplicity, and certainty of a re-peating rifle, something **never before accomplished.** It is fitted with a **special lens** of great depth of focus and the **Bullard Automatic Shutter** —always set. Push the bulb and the picture is taken.

Complete catalogue No. 10 free.

THE BULLARD CAMERA CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SOMETHING NEW
RINEHART'S INDIAN POSTERS



10 x 13 On heavy art paper, with different effective border designs. Pictures 6 x 8 reproduced in natural colors, suitable for portfolios, mounting or framing.

Set No. 1. Chief Wolf Robe, Chief Little Wound and 4 others.
Set No. 2. Chief Louison, Hattie Tom and 4 others.
Set No. 3. Old Chief Red Cloud and 5 others.

Sold only in sets of six—price per set 50c. Sample poster 10c.

Rinehart's Indians, a book with forty-six fine half-tone reproductions, printed on both sides, and two color plates, bound in illuminated paper cover, **50 Cents.**

Rinehart's Indians, containing forty-six illustrations as above, heavy paper, printed on one side only, and four color plates, bound in stiff cloth cover, **$1.00.**

Rinehart's prints from original 8 x 10 negatives on heavy platinum paper, **$1.00 each; $10.00 per doz.**

Rinehart's color reproductions from 30 different subjects, 6 x 8 size, mounted in 10 x 12 mat, **25c. each; $2.50 doz.**

Rinehart's Illustrated and descriptive catalogue, 252 subjects from 40 tribes, with 70 illustrations, **10 cents each.**

Any of the above sent prepaid on receipt of price.
For sale by Art Dealers and Book Stores generally.

F. A. RINEHART, Photographer, 1526 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.

"Has Kinks All Its Own"

NATIONAL TYPE-WRITER

TRADE MARK

HIGH GRADE
REASONABLE PRICE

Established 1886

NATIONAL TYPEWRITER CO.

2245 Arch Street, - Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

N. B. Even if you are not quite ready to buy, send for Catalogue of Kinks. . . .

"SLOT" PENCIL SHARPENER

A Child Can Use It.

Hardened, Tempered Razor Steel. Simplest, strongest, most effective sharpener ever made. Can be carried loose in pocket. Weighs ½ oz. **Buy of Stationer;** Sample Sharpener, or 8 2c. stamps; 2 mailed for 14 2c. stamps; 8 for $1. Every Sharpener Guaranteed. **15c.**



Able & Willing Mfg. Co., 2300 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

STAR FOOT & POWER LATHES

9 & 11 IN. SWING For Fine Accurate Work SENECA FALLS M'F'G. CO., 678 Water St. SENECA FALLS N.Y.

SEND FOR CATALOG B

BLINDNESS PREVENTED



ALL DISEASES OF THE EYE CAN BE CURED OR RELIEVED BY

Dr. Williams' Absorption Method

of treating the eye and lids. NO KNIFE and NO RISK.

Consultation at office or by mail free. Hundreds successfully treated at their homes and at Dr. Williams' Eye Sanitarium. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free to any address.

DR. F. A. WILLIAMS' EYE SANITARIUM, 198 Columbus Avenue, BOSTON, MASS.



WHEREVER you may go—North, South, East or West—you will find that every wind that blows is laden with the fragrant aroma of

General Arthur Cigars.

More GENERAL ARTHURS are smoked in the country to-day than any other one cigar.

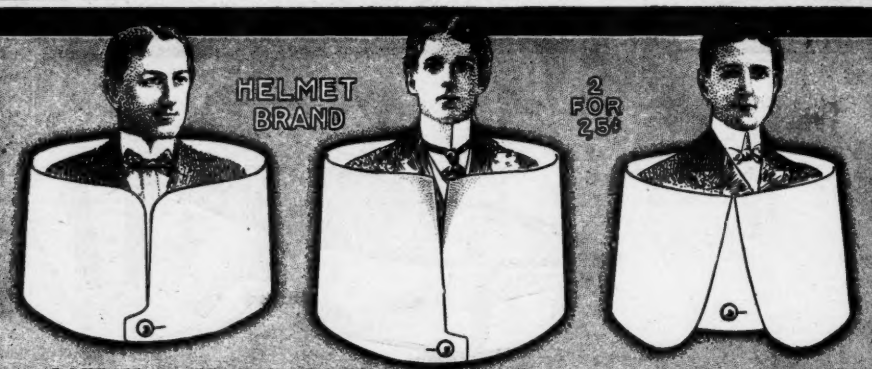
The reason is that it gives the educated smoker the pure, delicate Havana flavor he demands, and that it may be smoked freely without causing disorders of the nervous system and digestive organs.

It satisfactorily takes the place of strong, heavy, imported cigars, which, as any physician will tell you, cannot be smoked without injurious results.

Probably your dealer sells GENERAL ARTHURS. If he does not, send us $1.00 and we will forward, prepaid, a dozen packed in a tin box.

For a 2-cent stamp we will send you a novel and striking little folder . . .

KERBS, WERTHEIM & SCHIFFER,
1012 Second Avenue, New York.



FREE, Handsome new catalogue showing what to wear on all occasions. Send for it. We make Collars and Cuffs exclusively—the best goods it is possible to make to sell at any price. They are 15c. each, 2 for 25c. If you have not been suited in style, fit, quality or wear, give them a trial. Secure them of your dealer; if he does not keep the CORLISS-COON collars, send to us, stating size desired.

DEPT. A. TROY, N. Y.

CORLISS, COON & CO.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO

PORTER'S HUMANE BRIDLE.

NO BIT IN THE HORSE'S MOUTH.



Horsemen endorse this Bridle because it is the best for all horses. It prevents frothing, lolling of tongue, etc. No more trouble with sore mouths.

The hardest pullers driven with ease.

Every lover of the horse should use it, because it is humane.

EQUIPPED WITH STRAPS TO FIT ANY BRIDLE.

ENAMEL sent prepaid on receipt of - $3.00
NICKEL " " " " - $3.50

State if you use side check or overdraw.

AGENTS WANTED.

PORTER HUMANE BRIDLE CO.,
402 Sudbury Building (Dept. M), **BOSTON, MASS.**

The name

Krementz

stamped on a collar button guarantees its quality. Made from

ONE PIECE



there is no possibility of breakage, but in case of accident of any kind, you get a new

COLLAR BUTTON

without charge. Special shapes for ladies' shirt waists and children's dresses.

Sold by all jewelers.

The Story of a Collar Button free on request.

KREMENTZ & CO.,
47 Chestnut Street,
NEWARK, N. J.



Pabst Malt Extract

"Baby's First Adventure" is the prettiest, most artistic picture of the day. Painted by the celebrated Herman Kaulbach. The original has been purchased by the owners of *Pabst Malt Extract* expressly for this reproduction.

For Cool, Steady Nerve

WE live in an intensely ambitious world. What wonder we break down! All of us overtax ourselves at times, so that we often need a bracer like Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic. It allays nervousness, brings sound sleep, and as you sleep it feeds the nerves, feeds them with grain strength, not with drugs. This makes it a real nerve tonic, a remedy that will restore exhausted nerves to their full health and vigor. Taken four times a day, once before bed-time, a bottle daily, it works wonders with a shattered nervous system. That's what the doctors say when ordering it for patients.

How to Get this Picture Free

WHEN you buy your first six bottles your druggist will make you a present of a lovely Artotype entitled, "*Baby's First Adventure.*" This fine picture cannot be bought at art stores nor obtained by any other method than that plainly outlined here.

Picture Certificate The undersigned agrees to give the bearer of this certificate one copy, 13x17, of the Artotype in fifteen colors, reproducing Kaulbach's famous picture, "*Baby's First Adventure,*" when each of the numbers on the end hereof has been canceled upon the purchase of a bottle of *The "Best" Tonic.*

Druggist's Signature .....

To the Public:

Most druggists sell The "Best" Tonic. If yours does not, send us $1.50 for a half dozen bottles and one picture, or $2.50 for one dozen bottles and two pictures. Express charges fully prepaid. Address..... Pabst Brewing Co. Milwaukee, Wis.

The Druggist can cancel each one of these spaces

1	2

by private Initial, date, or mark. Each space

3	4

represents one bottle of THE "BEST" TONIC sold

5	6

the bearer of the certificate for 25 cents.



"SAVE HALF"

Modes and Fabrics

SPECIAL OFFER, 25c.

Send your subscriptions now and "Save Half"—during the months of March and April. Year subscriptions accepted at 25c. (regular price, 50c.).

Departments in MODES AND FABRICS for 1900 conducted by **Margaret Sangster, Harriet Spofford, Eben Rexford, Helen Watterson Moody, Virginia Van de Water.**

Fiction from the pens of **Julia Magruder, A. Conan Doyle, Justin MacCarthy, I. Zangwill, Grant Allen, A. Paul Gardiner.**

MODES AND FABRICS PUB'G CO., Dept. M, 548 Pearl St., New York.

L. SHAW



LATEST CREATIONS IN ARTISTIC AND STYLISH

HAIR GOODS.

Original designs not to be found elsewhere.

OUR WAVY SWITCHES (STEMLESS) can be moulded into any fashionable Coiffure. Specially selected hair of the finest texture. Can match any shade.

WIGS AND TOUPEES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

We have reduced the Art of Wig Making to a Science, and guarantee absolute satisfaction in Style, Fit and Finish. The most critical observer cannot tell one of our wigs from natural hair when it is properly adjusted. **Our Latest Pompadour Wig is a triumph of the Wig Maker's Art.**

Hair Dyes, Hair Tonics, Rouges, Etc. have stood the test of years and have proven efficacious.

Illustrated Catalogue mailed free.

54 W. 14th Street (next to Macy's) New York.

FOR BINDING DRESSES THERE IS NOTHING EQUAL TO A GOOD BRAID.

GOFF'S BRAIDS ARE THE BEST MADE

ASK FOR AND INSIST ON HAVING

GOFF'S TRADE MARK *Angora* BRAID

D. GOFF & SONS, PAWTUCKET, R. I.



PERFECT MEDICATED VAPOR FACE STEAMER

A Complete Treatment for $3.00.

Commended by all Physicians.

This Steamer is furnished with a breathing tube, so that nothing but fresh air enters the lungs. It will positively remove all facial blemishes, such as Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, Freckles and Wrinkles in a very few treatments, imparting to the skin the smoothness and freshness of youth. Can be packed in a trunk or valise, and takes up very little room.

The only SAFE Face Bleacher made.

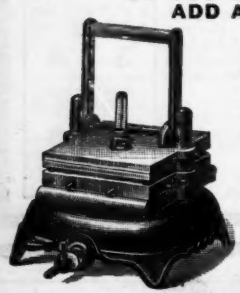
GOOD LADY AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

PAT. NOV. 14, '99.

Address W. W. BATEMAN & COMPANY, WEST TOLEDO, OHIO.

WHY NOT MAKE RUBBER STAMPS??

DO YOU WANT TO GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF, OR ADD A GOOD LINE TO YOUR PRESENT BUSINESS?



With a "New York" Rubber Stamp Vulcanizer and Manufacturing Outfit, requiring but little money to start, you can have pleasant and profitable work that can be made to pay well in a permanent location, or traveling. It will pay any Stationer or Printer well to put in one of our Outfits. These machines, by their PATENTED LEVER ACTION, produce the finest class of Rubber Stamps. They received HIGHEST AWARD—MEDAL AND DIPLOMA—at WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

With each machine is sent a copy of our book, "How to Make Rubber Stamps for Profit," which makes every detail so plain that any person can at once turn out First-Class Stamps. This book is also sold separately at $1.00 per copy, which amount is refunded to purchasers of Outfits.

Write at once, to-day, for complete circulars.

We manufacture all kinds of Rubber Stamps.

BARTON MFG. CO., 336 Broadway, New York.

W. B.

America's Leading

CORSET.



The Best Dollar Corset Made.



No. 654. No. 937.

A Perfect Style for Every Figure.

W. B. Style 654. The New French Model Medium Length Corset—will fit more figures than any other corset made. Modeled on the lines of the **New Ideal Figure,** defining the waist lines with a smart, stylish effect; a most serviceable and perfect-fitting corset.

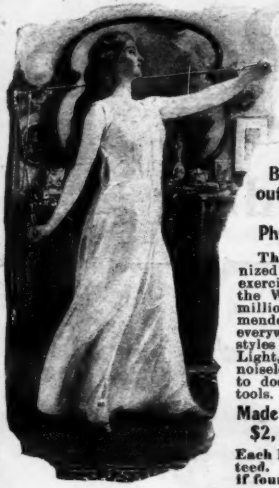
ALL W. B. CORSETS have protective pockets covering bones and steels, preventing their pushing through the material.

W. B. Style 937. For Medium Waist Figures. This is the only complete full-gored, bias-cut corset sold in this country for $1.00; unequalled at the price for its elegant and perfect fitting qualities.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and one dollar, stating the size and color desired, and the corsets will be sent to you prepaid.

WEINGARTEN BROS., Department A, 377 Broadway, New York City.

The Whitely Exerciser



For Every Member of the Family.

Expands Chest, Develops Bust, takes stoop out of shoulders, brings Physical Perfection.

The Whitely is recognized the standard exercising apparatus of the World—over half a million users. Recommended by physicians everywhere. Our new styles greatly improved. Light, compact, durable, noiseless. Can be attached to door or wall without tools.

Made in four grades—$2, $3, $4 and $5.

Each Exerciser Guaranteed. Money refunded if found unsatisfactory.

10c buys that great 50c book, by Prof. Anderson, of Yale. **"Physical Education,"** 125th thousand.

OUR NEW ART CATALOG FREE.

WHITELY EXERCISER CO., 150 Lake Street, Chicago.

Artistic Monuments

COST NO MORE THAN PLAIN ONES IN

White Bronze.



Marble is entirely out of date. Granite soon gets moss-grown, discolored, requires constant expense and care, and eventually crumbles back to Mother Earth. Besides, it is very expensive.

White Bronze is strictly everlasting. It cannot crumble with the action of frost. Moss-growth is an impossibility. It is more artistic than any stone. Then why not investigate it? It has been adopted for nearly one hundred public monuments. We have designs from $4.00 to $4,000.00. Write at once for free designs and information. It puts you under no obligations. We deal direct and deliver everywhere.

The Monumental Bronze Co.,
P. O. Box 838, - - Bridgeport, Conn.



All Wool Serge Suit

$4.95 MAN'S SUIT MADE FROM PARKERS BEST BLUE SERGE CHEVIOT

famous for its perfect weave and rich dark blue color. Its fine all wool, medium weight, and will positively not fade. Guaranteed equal to others $10.00 suits.

EXPERT TAILORS will make the suit in latest sack style, to fit perfect, line it with fine super gloss farmer satin, pad and stiffen it so it will always retain its perfect shape and sew with pure silk and linen thread.

SEND THIS AD, to us and we'll **send free a large cloth sample of the blue serge cheviot suit and our big book containing 50 fine cloth samples** of other made to order suits from **$5.95** to **$20.00.** We make all grades and styles of suits to order in our own mammoth tailor shops and sell to consumers at lowest wholesale factory prices. Write today.

MEN'S SUITS FREE we give suits away free and furnish a suit to wear while you are earning one, in addition **you can make $2.50 to $5.00 a day** while earning suit. Hundreds are doing it. You can too. **SEND ONE 2-CENT STAMP** to help pay mailing charges for complete outfit with which you can easily earn a suit and make big wages. Write today.

THE D. LOUIS VEHON CO.,
155 W. Jackson Street, - Chicago, Ill.

The Study of Shorthand

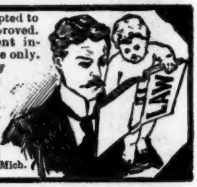
SENT FREE.

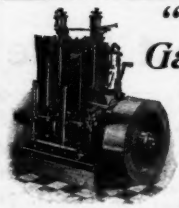
Instructive booklet for everyone interested in Shorthand. Valuable alike to beginners and experienced stenographers.

The BURROWS BROS. CO. (Dept. J) Cleveland

STUDY LAW AT HOME

Instruction by mail, adapted to everyone. Original. Approved. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses; Preparatory and College Law Course; also Business Law Course. Improve your condition and prospects. Graduates everywhere. Nine years of success. Full particulars free. Sprague Correspondence School of Law, 35 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.





"WOLVERINE" Gasoline Engines.

One, Two and Three Cylinders. Our Engines are Reversible, and our Three Cylinder is the only **"Self-Starting"** marine engine made. *Send for Catalogue.*

WOLVERINE MOTOR WORKS,
5 Huron St., Grand Rapids, Mich., U.S.A.

Don't Buy an Incubator



and pay for it before giving it a trial. We will send the celebrated

New Premier Incubator

on trial. This evidences our faith in it. So simple a child can run it. First prize World's Fair. Also sole manufacturers of **Simplicity Incubator.** Catalogue and Poultry Helps, **5c.**; Plans for Poultry Houses, etc., **25c. COLUMBIA INCUBATOR CO., 38 Adams St., Delaware City, Del.**

Quality, Quality, Quality

is the burden of our message. It is hard to say it in a new, attractive, belief-compelling way, for all the adjectives of excellence have been used up to plaster over the deficiencies of the most wretched things made in the guise of pianos, so that none are left to distinguish the good, the better and the best. Suffice it that the IVERS & POND is the best that can be made, never mind what the making cost, never mind what the selling cost. Our **OFFER** is:



To ship on approval anywhere in the United States where we have no dealer, the piano to be returned if unsatisfactory, we paying railroad freights both ways. Easy payments if you like. A personal letter answering all the special questions of your particular case, describing easy payment plan and quoting prices, sent free, with catalogue, on receipt of letter or postal card from you. Write NOW.

IVERS & POND PIANO COMPANY,

129 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.



FAY STOCKINGS

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

No supporters. **Up To Stay.** Button to waist. Have no equal for *health, durability* or *comfort.* **IDEAL** stocking for *summer* or *winter.* Two separate parts. Children's, 30c. to 45c. Ladies', 55c. to 65c. If not kept by your dealer, sent on approval, postpaid, on receipt of price. Circulars free. **Try them.**

THE FAY STOCKING CO., 48 B Street, Elyria, O.

Gilbert's Heel Cushions.



Worn inside the shoe. For Easy Walking. Arched Instep. Increased Height. Better Fitting Shoes. Ease and Comfort. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Do not require larger shoes. ½ in., **25c.**; ¾ in., **35c.**; 1 in., **50c.** per pair. Ladies' or Men's.

READ. Send name, size of shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on 10 days' trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 68 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

SEND FOR THIS



Print your own Cards

85 Printing Press. Larger size for circulars or a small newspaper $18. Type setting easy, printed rules. Money maker and saver. For man or boy, business or pleasure. Send stamp for catalogue, presses, type, paper, cards, etc., to the makers, **THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut.**



A NEW IDEA IN TRUNKS.

The **Stallman Dresser Trunk** is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

F. A. STALLMAN,
19 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

F. W. KALDENBERG'S SONS, 103 FIFTH AVE., New York.

Manufacturers of

...FINE MEERSCHAUM AND BRIAR PIPES...



THIS cut represents one of our most desirable **French Briar Pipes**; it is "**Perfection**" in every respect. Very easily cleaned and cannot get out of order. The amber is simply pushed into the aperture and slightly turned, so as to wedge it in position. We will forward this prepaid, delivery guaranteed, to any part of the world on receipt of **One Dollar**, which is one half the regular value, or the same pipe in finest quality of Meerschaum, including a fine leather case, for **$4.00.**

BEST FRENCH BRIAR. STERLING SILVER BAND. AMBER MOUTHPIECE.



MILLAR'S PARAGON CHEESE SAMPLES 10 CENTS

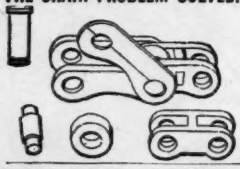
The Original Canadian Cheese Imported into this Country in Jars.

A most delicious article for dinner parties, afternoon teas, etc. This famous product is sold all over the world, and is acknowledged by connoisseurs to be the finest club cheese. It will suit the most fastidious. Pure, Palatable, Digestible, Sweet. Excels for WELSH RAREBIT, CHEESE SALADS, HOT CLUB SANDWICHES. SEND FOR CLUB RECIPES. Your grocer will keep it if you ask for it.

10 cents in stamps or coin sent to us we will prepay express to any part of United States on original package.

THE T. D. MILLAR PARAGON CHEESE COMPANY,
814 Greenwich Street, New York City.

THE CHAIN PROBLEM SOLVED.



If your bicycle dealer does not keep Linnell's Patent Roller Chain it will be sent to any address u; on receipt of price for one week's trial. If not satisfactory, you may return the chain and money will be refunded. LINNELL'S PATENT ROLLER CHAIN has distanced competitors because: 1st. It runs 25 per cent. easier than any block chain. 2d. It is particularly adapted for ladies' wheels, as it co s not require one half as much attention. 3d. It runs quiet and never snaps going up hill. 4th It is lighter and requires no graphite to s ick up the ch ns and roll the clothing. 5th. There is nothing neater. Prices, in blue, $2.00; in ni kel, $2.50. M. A. LINNELL, Moo up Conn.

EYE RESTORE EYESIGHT and avoid the knife!

Everyone should know the cause of **weakened vision and diseased eyes** and how to treat them by the Absorption method at home or Sanitarium (Est. 1890), which is endorsed by hundreds of representative people from all parts of the country who have been successfully treated and their eyesight restored. **"Don't wait to be blind."** Valuable, descriptive pamphlet **and advice free.**

BEMIS EYE SANITARIUM CO., - GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

Be Beautiful

Dr. Bidaman's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers in connection with Dr. Bidaman's Pilules will positively remove wrinkles, pimples, freckles, blackheads, sallowness, and all blemishes of the skin and produce a transparent, soft, smooth, and rosy complexion, besides brightening the eyes and improving the form and general health. You and your friends will be delighted with the good results. The Wafers are **$1.00,** and Pilules **25cts.** per box. Both mailed in plain wrapper to any address for **$1.00.** Address

Dr. Israel Bidaman Co., - Box 3022, New York.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ON THE FACE

We will send **FREE** securely sealed full information how to remove permanently superfluous hair from the face, neck, arms or any part of the person, without the slightest injury to the skin. Write today. Enclose stamp. It is FREE. Address

Toilet Importing Co., C. 77, Kalamazoo, Mich.

FOR HOME USE



GOLD SEAL

"Special Dry" "Brut"

America's Best Champagne

A delicious Wine for the table.

Without equal as a tonic for convalescents.

Sold by all leading grocers and wine merchants.

URBANA WINE CO., - URBANA, N. Y.



$2.95 Buys Six Full Quarts of Rich, TEN Year Old WINE

For the Table, the Invalid, the Connoisseur.

On receipt of above price we will send you by express, **CHARGES PREPAID, six quart bottles** of our famous Santa Clara **"OLD PRIVATE STOCK"** pure California Wines, made from the choicest selected grapes grown in our own vineyards and matured for ten years in our own cellars before bottling. Assorted as follows, or all of one kind:

TOKAY, PORT, SHERRY, MUSCAT, CLARET and ANGELICA.

The highest grade wines direct from the vineyard to the consumer.

Our Proposition—Open any bottle on receipt of goods, and if not perfectly satisfactory, return all to us at our expense and we will cheerfully refund your money. Goods shipped in plain cases.

References—The Capital National Bank, this city and any Commercial agency.
Orders west of the Mississippi river and south of Tennessee by freight prepaid.

THE SANTA CLARA WINE CO.,
Eastern Shipping Department.
145 No. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.


Round
the
World
the
Kelly-Springfield Tire
wins its way. The only successful Rubber Tire in the world for vehicles. The genuine has "Rubber Tire Wheel Co." moulded in the rubber. Put on any vehicle by best carriage makers and dealers everywhere.





IT COST US **$4,000** Costs You **15c**

We have spent $4,000 on our new book, "How to Make Money with Poultry and Incubators." It tells it all. Leading poultry men have written special articles for it. 192 pages, 8x11 in. Illustrated. It's as good as

Cyphers Incubator

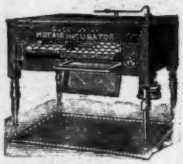
—and it's the best. Out hatch any other machine. 16 page circular free. Send 15 cts. in stamps for $4.000 book No. 129.

Address nearest office. **CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO.**
Boston, Mass. Wayland, N. Y. Chicago, Ill.

The Puritan in Bound Form.

There are three volumes of THE PURITAN in the original large page size, dating from the beginning of the publication, January, 1897, and closing September, 1898. Vol. I contains nine numbers and sells for $1.50, and Vols. II and III, six numbers each, sell for $1 apiece. Neatly bound in cloth, these books, with their wealth of art, make exceptionally handsome gifts. The plates have been destroyed, and when the limited stock of these volumes we now have on hand is exhausted, it will be impossible to duplicate the set. Postage on each volume is 35 cents.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, - 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.



It Can't Lay Eggs....

but it can hatch them better than the hen herself, so she can keep on laying. Our incubator and a flock of hens form a combination that is hard to beat, and one that will pay a better profit than twice the money put into anything else. **Our machines are absolutely self regulators, and need no attention at night.** Chicks come strong and thrifty, free from lice, and have a good start in life. **They are improved to date, with safety lamp, egg tray adjuster, nursery, etc.** New 150 page catalogue, **printed in 5 languages,** gives full descriptions, illustrations and prices, as well as much valuable information for poultry raisers. Send 6 cents for it.

DES MOINES INCUBATOR CO., Box 529, DES MOINES, IOWA.



LET US START YOU. $125 A MONTH SURE.

GOLD, SILVER, NICKEL AND METAL PLATING. NEW QUICK PROCESS.

MR. REED MADE $88 FIRST 3 DAYS. Mr. Cox writes: "Get all I can do. Plate 30 sets a day. Elegant business." Mr. Woodward earns $170 a month. Agents all making money. So can you.

Gents or Ladies, you can positively make $5 to $15 a day, at home or traveling taking orders, using and selling **Prof. Gray's Platers.** Unequalled for plating watches, jewelry, tableware, bicycles, all metal goods. Heavy plate. **Warranted. No experience necessary.**

LET US START YOU IN BUSINESS. We do plating ourselves. Have experience. Manufacture the only practical outfits, including all tools, lathes and materials. All sizes complete. Ready for work when received. **Guaranteed. New modern methods.**

WE TEACH YOU the art, furnish recipes, formulas and trade secrets FREE. Failure impossible.

THE ROYAL, OUR NEW DIPPING PROCESS. Quick. Easy. Latest method. Goods dipped in melted metal, taken out instantly with finest, most brilliant plate, ready to deliver. Thick plate every time. **Guaranteed 5 to 10 years. A boy plates from 200 to 300 pieces tableware daily. No polishing, grinding or work necessary.**

DEMAND FOR PLATING IS ENORMOUS. Every family, hotel and restaurant, have goods plated instead of buying new. It's cheaper and better. **You will not need to canvass.** Our agents have all the work they can do. People bring it. You can hire boys cheap to do your plating, the same as we, and solicitors to gather work for a small per cent. Replating is honest and legitimate. Customers always delighted. **WE ARE AN OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM.** Been in business for years. Know what is required. **Our customers have the benefit of our experience.**



WE ARE RESPONSIBLE and Guarantee Everything. Reader, here is a chance of a lifetime to go in business for yourself. **WE START YOU. Now is the time to make money.**

WRITE TO-DAY. Our New Plan, Samples, Testimonials and Circulars FREE. Don't wait. Send us your address any way. Address

GRAY & CO. PLATING WORKS, 53 MIAMI BUILDING, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

NERVE-FORCE

is a Home Remedy; an UNGUENT for external application. It is founded upon the principle that Suffering, Premature Decline and Premature Death are the direct, and indirect, results of DORMANT CIRCULATION; that rescue can be assured only by its re-establishment by directly charging the controlling Battery-cells with an element imitating the Nerve-force prepared for that purpose by Nature. This imitative element is our faithful NERVE-FORCE and it will positively re-establish the most sluggish Circulation. It has won for us many Medals for Lifesaving in the past Eighteen years. We do not advertise it, however, but our NERVE-FORCE Journal. This Publication explains its every detail. We send it free, in plain envelope, to any address. We appeal especially to the chronically ill who are wearied and discouraged with stomach-dosing; to those threatened with cruel operations; to men and women who feel that, in spite of heroic efforts for cure, they are steadily declining and to those who have been cast aside as "incurable."

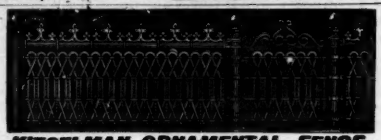
Mr. and Mrs. GEO. A. CORWIN, 1440 Fifth Ave., New York City.

COINS! I pay $20.00 for 1804 Cent.

I desire to enter in correspondence with those interested in stamps and coins. I will cheerfully send on approval selections of stamps and coins against references. To sell I must buy. I want coins, stamps, autographs, book-plates, and other commodities of similar nature. Send two 2-cent stamps for purchasing list No. 1. *Foreign correspondence solicited.*

HARRY G. CLAY, Jr., 1016 M. Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

$5.00 for 90c. U. S. Stamp, 1869, and for others equally scarce. **STAMPS!**



KITSELMAN ORNAMENTAL FENCE.
More ornamental than iron and as cheap as a wood picket fence. Over 50 different Designs. Catalogue free.
KITSELMAN BROS. Box 102 Ridgeville, Ind.

BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS.



PATTERNS for 30 different articles—long clothes with full directions for making, showing necessary material, &c., or 10 patterns for short clothes, either set sent postpaid for only 25 cents. A large illustrated pamphlet, Knowledge for Expectant Mothers, sent free with every order. Send silver or stamps. Address
MRS. C. S. ATSMA, BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY.

GOOD LITTLE INCUBATORS



Many people want a small incubator but don't want a mere toy, a plaything that will only spoil good eggs. To meet the demand for a really good little incubator we have perfected the now famous Reliable 50 EGG BANTLING SPECIAL. It is the equal of any hatcher ever made, only smaller, and sells for only **$5**
Send 10c for our 20th Century Catalogue and Poultry Book. Best ever published.
RELIABLE INCB. & BROODER CO., Box B 73 Quincy, Ill.

Sozodont

in a new size

25c.

of the Liquid

The event of the year in dentifrices.



Beware of counterfeits and substitutes of this, the world's best known dentifrice. Insist upon getting the genuine at the stores. If necessary send 25c. direct to the Proprietors, *P. O. Box 247, New York City.*

HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK LONDON

PERSONAL ATTRACTIVENESS



BEFORE.

Introduce me to a woman who likes homeliness, who admires a wrinkled, parched, seamed skin, who is satisfied with the change in her appearance at 40 and smiles that the once youthful, firm, rosy cheeks have given way to relaxed muscles, crepe, brown, moth patched sallowness. **No such condition need exist,** and no carefully groomed woman can be happy and realize that to-morrow her beauty days are over, that **she** though spiritually young cannot consult her mirror without that awful realization, "My face is becoming old, wrinkles encircle my brow, the telltale crow's feet form a fan around my eyes, I cannot smile as I behold myself, my heart sinks down deep and I admit with my looks I am passe, yet in my heart I am but a girl."

THE RESCUE.—I have discovered a process for the renewal of youth in seamed, aged, or prematurely wrinkled faces. Removes all wrinkles, lines, or traces of age; 20 to 40 years drop from the face like a mantle from your shoulders. Thousands here and abroad have tasted the sweets of restored youth in appearance, and physicians consider the art one of the greatest achievements of the century. Small pox pits, marks, scars, wrinkles, blemishes of every nature disappear and a beautiful complexion, youthful contour, plump, round, full cheeks are guaranteed. Illustrated Beauty Book with photographs before and after treatment, testimonials, physicians' certificates of endorsement, sent for 10c. Have recently discovered a Bleach Powder for face, neck, hands, arms, magical in its effect. If you send 25c. will mail sufficient quantity for 8 oz. bottle with directions to dissolve in water.



AFTER.

MADAME JULIA MAYS, - - - 240 5th Avenue, New York, U. S. A.

Re-Cover your old Umbrella or Sunshade

THE JONES PARASOL "ROOF"



Send **$1.00** and we will send, postpaid, a 25 or 26 inch umbrella roof; **$1.25** for 27 or 28 inch. Measure ribs as in cut. Count ribs; state whether wood stick or steel rod. Also full line of fine quality changeable Taffetas, all grades and colors. Special, **$1.25**, sizes 15 to 24 inches; **$1.50** for 25 or 26 inches—better grades at call. Ladies' own material made up in Roofs and Parasols to order. Baby Carriage Parasols and Roofs in all grades and colors, including Lace Covers. Send for Booklet and samples. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Over 300,000 Roofs sold. Agents wanted everywhere.

THE JONES UMBRELLA CO., Dept. Z, 396 & 398 Broadway, New York.

Ladies' Rainy-Day Skirts—Gentlemen's Fashionable Trousers.

How to get a $6.25 latest style Rainy-Day Skirt made to your measure **for 25 Cents.**

Send to us $1.50 for which we will issue you a book of 5 coupons. Sell the 5 coupons for 25 cents each, thereby getting back $1.25. Each of those to whom you sell a coupon sends it to us with $1.25, purchasing a book of 5 coupons for themselves, and they sell them in like manner, and so on. When your 5 coupons have been sent in to us in this way, you can readily see we will have received $6.25, and you will be entitled to a skirt made to your measure. Books contain self-measuring chart, also space to specify color of garments. We make gentlemen's fashionable trousers by same method. Remittances must be sent by P. O. or Ex. money orders only. Don't be backward about taking advantage of this opportunity, for we fulfil our agreement to the letter, and refer you to

Jefferson Co. Nat'l Bank, Watertown, N. Y.; Roth and Santee, Dry Goods, Watertown, N. Y.; Bradstreet's Mercantile Agency.

J. H. BENSINGER, Tailor, 4½ Washington St., Watertown, New York.

SILK LINED JACKET



Tailor Made Suit $5.98

Latest Style for Spring and Summer of 1900.

FINE ALL WOOL The suit will be made to measure by skilled tailors from **Evans best all wool ALBERT CLOTH**, famous for its rich bloom and beautiful weave. The jacket is made in new single breasted style, beautifully lined with fine imported silk, elegantly silk faced and superbly trimmed with pure satin ribbon. The skirt is cut full width, is lined and interlined, has latest style back, nobby welted seams, hangs graceful and stylish. Guaranteed strictly tailor made and worth fully $10.00. **Choice of black and blue colors.**

SEND THIS ADV. to us and we'll **send free a large sample of the cloth and our big catalog containing many other rare bargains in suits** from $6 to $20, and of jackets, capes and skirts all at wholesale prices. We make all grades and styles of ladies' garments and sell at lowest wholesale factory prices. Write today.

LADIES' SUITS FREE **We give suits away free and furnish a suit to wear while you are earning one.** Its a great chance to get a suit free. **Send one 2-cent stamp** to help pay mailing charges for complete outfit with which you can easily earn a suit. Write today.

THE D. LOUIS VEHON CO., 155 W. Jackson Street, Chicago, Ill.



YOU CAN MAKE BIG MONEY

ENTERTAINING THE PUBLIC.

$30.00 to $300.00 and more per week **without previous experience.** No other business pays such large returns for the little effort required. We furnish complete outfits. The work is easy, strictly high class and any man can operate the outfit by following our instructions. Write for particulars and copies of letters from those who are making **BIG MONEY** on our plan. **ENTERTAINMENT SUPPLY CO. Randolph and Fifth Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL. Mention this paper when you write.**





BEAUTY CLOTH

gives a velvety, transparent, and matchless complexion. **MEDICATED** with cleansing, invigorating tonics for the skin, it makes it fresh as an infant's, free from wrinkles, pimples, blackheads, etc. Endorsed by physicians. **Try FREE Sample.** Address CAUFIELD CO., Dept. 9, Madison Square SS, Box 43, New York, enclosing ten cents for postage and mailing.

Whiskey bearing the name "Schweyer" is guarantee of the best—none so delicious—money can hardly buy its equal

Goods shipped in plain package without marks to indicate contents, and if not perfectly satisfactory send them back at our expense and we will refund your money at once.



4 FULL QUARTS WHISKEY

We are the **only Distillers** in America shipping Pennsylvania Pure Rye to **consumers direct.** Bear this in mind.

SCHWEYER'S PURE 8 YEAR OLD PENNSYLVANIA RYE $3.60 EXPRESS PREPAID

The prime old whiskey prescribed for medicinal and general use.

The famous Pennsylvania Rye, for 27 years double copper distilled and **aged in wood** under personal direction of Mr. John Schweyer himself. Never less than **8 years old,** most of it **10 and 12 years old** when first bottled. Sold **direct to the consumer from our distillery** at the low price of $3.60 for four full quarts that cannot be bought elsewhere for less than $6.00.

We also offer our **SEVEN YEAR OLD**

CABINET PENNSYLVANIA RYE at $3.00 EXPRESS PREPAID

$3.00 for **four full quarts.** This is the finest 7 year old rye ever drank and cannot be duplicated for less than $5.00.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee absolutely pure whiskey without adulteration.

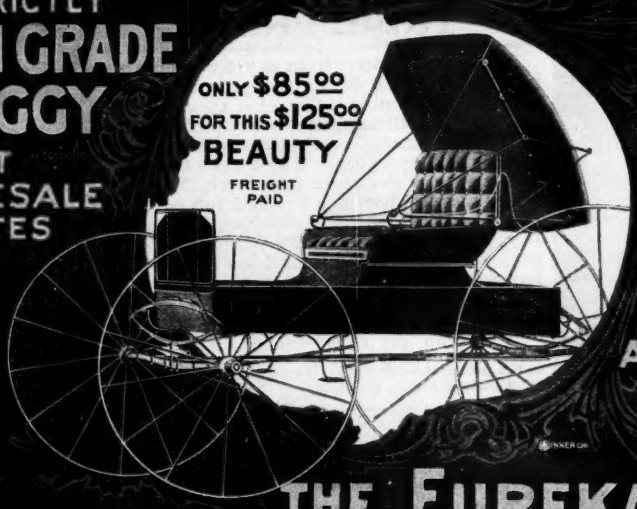
JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., DISTILLERS,

Address all orders to Warehouse BK. 609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.

Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts freight prepaid, or write for particulars before remitting.

A DEPARTURE-MAKER TO USER DIRECT

A STRICTLY
HIGH GRADE BUGGY
AT WHOLESALE RATES



ONLY $85.00
FOR THIS $125.00
BEAUTY
FREIGHT PAID

YOU PAY NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

FULL DESCRIPTION ON APPLICATION.

THE EUREKA CO.
ROCK FALLS, ILLS., U.S.A.



The above picture taken from life shows the BERRY BROTHERS' TOY WAGON in use.

ASK YOUR DEALER IN PAINTS AND VARNISHES ABOUT IT, OR DROP US A LINE AND WE WILL MAIL YOU COPY OF ABOVE PICTURE AND PARTICULARS.

NEW YORK, 252 Pearl St.
BOSTON, 520 Atlantic Ave.
PHILADELPHIA, 26 & 28 N. Fourth St.
BALTIMORE, 22 E. Lombard St.
CHICAGO, 15 and 17 Lake St.
CINCINNATI, 304 Main St.
ST. LOUIS, 704 N. Fourth St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 117 & 119 Market St.

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited,
Varnish Manufacturers,
DETROIT, MICH.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

CURES AILMENTS PECULIAR TO WOMEN

TRIAL FREE ~



We received letters from 10,714 women who bought our Brace during the year 1899. Of these 10,428 found in it the relief they sought. Only 286 were disappointed; they were probably chronic incurables or parties who failed to use the Brace properly. These facts tell their own story with sledge hammer force. No other remedial agent has such a record for success. A majority of those relieved by the Brace in 1899 were women who had long considered perpetual suffering as their legacy; but they found in this simple, easy device a cure.

It brings rest, strength, comfort, ability to enjoy life, grace and freedom for all exercise. A priceless boon to the feeble woman; a benefit to all women.

Worn with any dress, with or without corset, wholly external, adjustable to any figure, **invaluable to the prospective mother.** We receive annually many thousands of letters like this:

HAZEN, PA., Sept. 16, 1899.

I had suffered three years from falling womb, backache, headache, bearing down pains, pain around the heart, constipation, irregular menstruation, constant leucorrhœa, sleeplessness and extreme nervousness. I am now completely cured, and the Brace did it. The womb has resumed its proper position and stays there. I gained 13 pounds in six weeks. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began to wear the Brace. MRS. J. M. RAUGHT.

Write for our **free trial offer,** prices and illustrated book, **all mailed free,** in plain, sealed envelope. Address **THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO., • Box 194, Salina, Kansas.**



SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION—COMFORTABLE—ADJUSTABLE TO ANY FIGURE.

Impure Blood, Pimples, Tetter, Eczema and Acne

Are permanently cured by

Sulphume

Price $1, express paid.



SULPHUME is pure sulphur in **liquid** form,—a new chemical discovery. Sulphur heretofore was considered insoluble. Sulphume when taken internally, and applied as a lotion, will cure any skin disease.

SULPHUME BATHS can be taken at home, having all the advantages (and more) of the most famous Sulphur Springs. One bottle of **Sulphume makes 12 strong** sulphur baths, or 1200 doses.

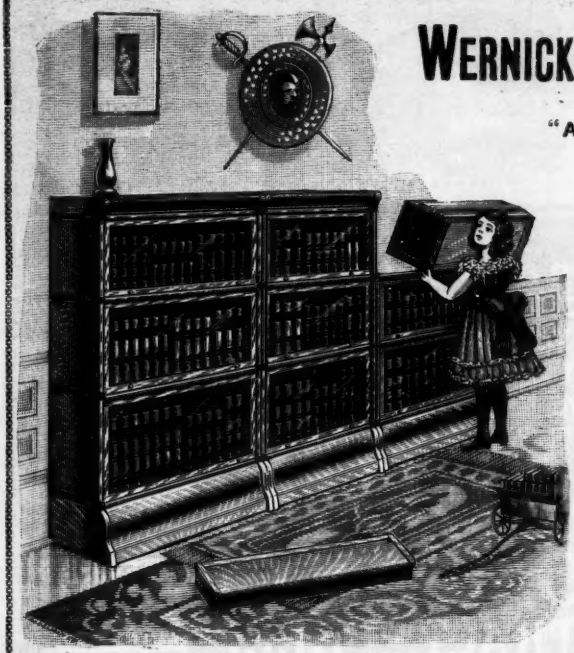
SULPHUME SOAP is the only soap in the world made with **Liquefied** sulphur. That is why it is a **Genuine Sulphur Soap.** It stops itching and all skin irritations, softens and whitens the skin, and has no equal for the toilet and bath. One cake for trial mailed on receipt of 25 cents.

SULPHUME PILLS act directly on the liver, kidneys and bowels, but do not gripe or nauseate. Price 25 cents.

ALL intelligent people know what valuable remedial properties sulphur possesses, but **FEW** realize what wonderful cures are affected by **liquid** sulphur, **Sulphume.** Gargling **once** will cure an ordinary sore throat.

Drop a postal card and we'll mail you our SULPHUME BOOK and SKIN BOOK both FREE. When you write for our books, if you will mention the particular complaint you are interested in, we will send you a special letter of advice. Correspondence invited. Consultation FREE, and strictly confidential.

SULPHUME COMPANY, 117 Marine Building, CHICAGO. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, Canadian Depot.



WERNICKE ELASTIC BOOKCASE

"A SYSTEM OF UNITS."

Always complete but never finished. Small enough for 10, large enough for 10,000 books. Varieties to suit every taste and requirement. Dust proof glass doors, and every feature of a perfect and beautiful bookcase. Sent anywhere on trial and approval.

Wernicke pays the freight.

THE WERNICKE CO.,
181 Bartlett St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A.

FREE BOOKLET AND LIST OF DEALERS FOR THE ASKING.

We wish to mail you FREE

a very handsomely illustrated book, "The Test of Time." It will persuade you from ever buying another hair mattress, and prove that the use of hair is out-of-date, unsanitary, comparatively uncomfortable, and outrageously expensive. Our offer of *thirty nights' free trial* will convince you that we have perfect faith in it.

Compressing the felt Binding and closing the tick by hand.



TRADE MARK.

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15.

Express Charges Prepaid to Your Door.

Thousands have been purchased under the following offer, and not ten yet returned:

Send to-day for our book "The Test of Time."



TRADE MARK.

SLEEP ON IT 30 NIGHTS, and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail — "no questions asked." There will be no unpleasantness about it at all.

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs. .	$ 8.35	ALL 6 FEET 3 INCHES LONG.
3 feet wide, 30 lbs. . .	10.00	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs. .	11.70	
4 feet wide, 40 lbs. . .	13.35	
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs. .	15.00	

Made in two parts, 50 cents extra.

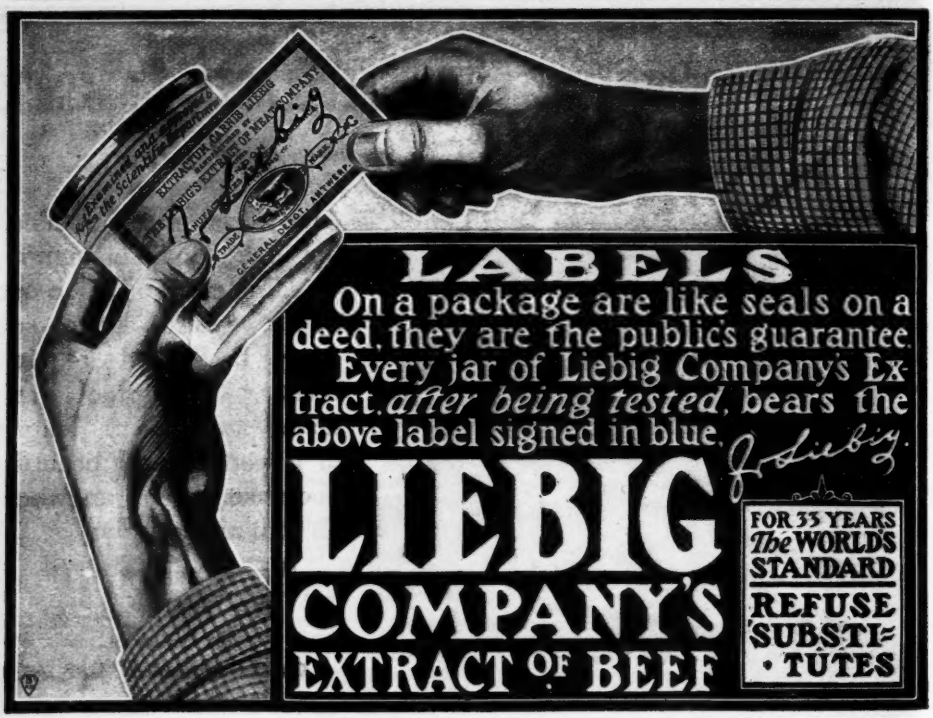
Take care! Don't be deceived! There is not a single store in the country that carries our mattress; almost every store now has an imitation so-called "Felt," which is kept in stock to sell on our advertising.

Our name and guarantee on every mattress.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 114 Elizabeth Street, New York.

Canadian Agency: 220 Guy St., Montreal.

We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions."



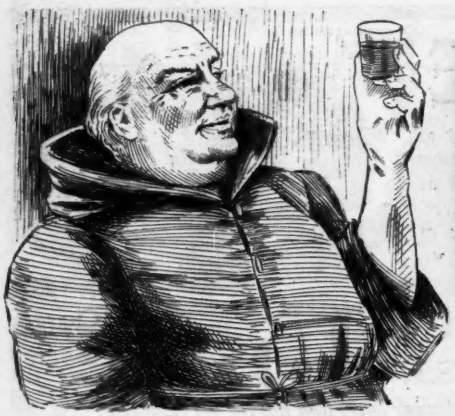


FIG-RYE

Do You Drink Whiskey?

Because you like it, or as a medicine? You may like whiskey and not drink it because of its after effects, and with good reason. Whiskey distilled from grains only (Rye, Corn, Wheat, Barley, etc.) destroys the lining of the stomach, makes the liver as hard as a rock, and causes disease of the kidneys. Any doctor will tell you this. In **FIG RYE** science has produced a whiskey which aids digestion instead of retarding, helps the liver to proper action and keeps the kidneys in a state of perfect health. The introduction of the fig neutralizes all of the unpleasant and dangerous effects of those properties which any whiskey made from grains alone possesses.

FIG RYE is the result of a process of distillation and curing which was used in a crude way years ago by the Monks, the liquor which they made being called **"Water of Life."** They used this product as a medicinal agent and credited their excellent health to its use.

FIG RYE is an ideal health whiskey; it is used in 1,500 hospitals, and is prescribed daily by thousands of physicians. It is the only safe stimulant, the only harmless whiskey.

For the dyspeptic, the consumptive, the debilitated, the weak, it is a necessity. It is a great appetizer, makes digestion perfect, calms the nerves, gives restful sleep.

We will send you, express prepaid, full-size bottle on receipt of $1.00, for trial, if you can be reached by one express company. Subsequent orders must call for a case of 6 bottles, which we will send you, express prepaid, on receipt of $5.00.

You can thus test **FIG RYE** and prove its superiority in flavor and quality.

F. MADLENER, Distiller and Bottler, 147 LAKE ST., CHICAGO, ILLS.

Established in 1853. Correspondence cheerfully answered.

Burlington Route

BEST LINE CHICAGO OR ST. LOUIS TO

St. Paul Minneapolis

THE train leaving Chicago at 6.30 p.m. daily was spoken of by the late Geo. M. Pullman as the "Finest Train in the World." It is electric lighted, steam heated, with Standard and Compartment Sleepers, a Pullman Buffet Smoking Car, a Reclining Chair Car and a Dining Car *à la carte.*

From St. Louis, trains run along the beautiful Mississippi river.

The European plan Dining Car service is a special feature of excellence on this line. Delicate china, roses, spotless linen, perfect ventilation and strictly first-class cooking.

"Colorado Outings"
"California"

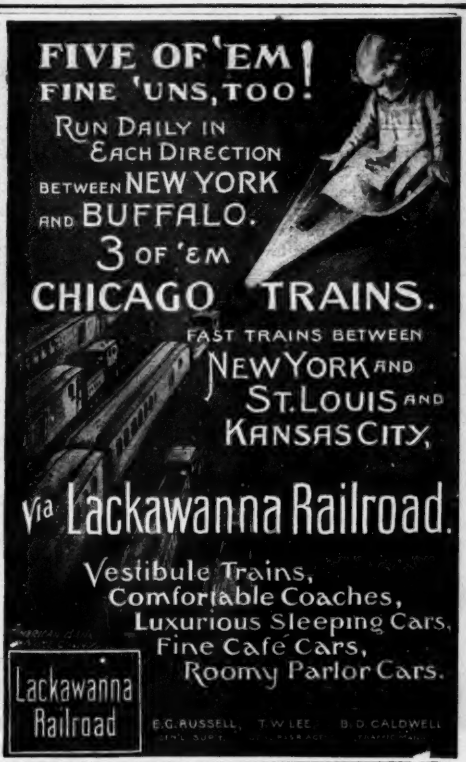
Are the titles of really valuable descriptive booklets which can be had for six cents in postage each by sending to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., **CHICAGO.**

CALIFORNIA IS THE REAL WINTER RESORT

and the New York Central is the best way to reach it,—only ninety-six hours from Grand Central Station, New York, to the orange groves of California.

The best is the cheapest and the New York Central has no equal.

A booklet on the "Lake Shore Limited," containing also a novel and unique descriptive time table of this wonderful train will be sent free by addressing George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.





THE HOUSEWIFE'S PRIDE

is in the beauty and refinement of her home. Beautifully finished floors and woodwork are a prime essential in any up-to-date home.

With JAP-A-LAC any inexperienced person can finish either floors or woodwork and obtain good results.

JAP-A-LAC is the best wood finish on the market. It is better than others because it stains and varnishes at one application, it entirely fills all mars and scratches, it is not affected by hot or cold water or by soap and water, and it will not show scratches or wear white.

Varnish Stains are Cheap, but not durable.

JAP-A-LAC
"Wears Like Iron."

JAP-A-LAC is also used in a hundred ways in and around the home, on wire screens, furniture, iron-work, etc.

It is made in many popular colors.

We will send you, express paid, a quart can of JAP-A-LAC, in any color, for 75 cents in stamps, if you know of no dealer who sells it.

This quantity will cover 50 square feet with two coats.

Send 2c. stamp for samples of finished woods and booklet entitled "The Home Beautifier."

The Glidden Varnish Co., Cleveland, Ohio

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES N.Y.

DECORATORS WALL-PAPER CO

NEW YORK, 23RD ST & 6TH AVE.
CHICAGO, 149-150 MICHIGAN AVE.

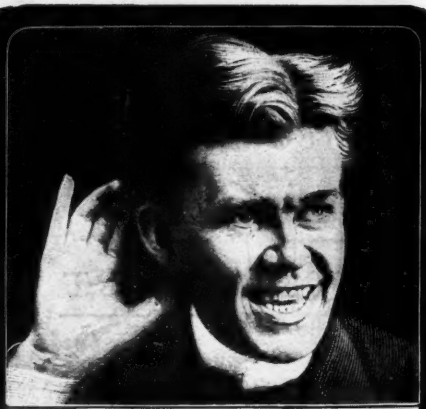
WHAT will pay you better than selling Wall Paper to your neighbors from our large sample books?

We Want An Agent to represent us in every town.

NO CAPITAL REQUIRED. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

We Carry the Stock and Pay the Freight.

No dealer can equal our line or sell as low. Half the houses in your town will be repapered this year. Write to our nearest store for particulars.



Hearing Restored

by the use of

Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their efficiency.

Information and Booklet Free.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., 152 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

THIS CHAIR IS COVERED WITH

PANTASOTE

Exactly Resembles Fine Morocco

—but will outwear it, and costs half as much.

WATERPROOF—GREASE PROOF
STAIN PROOF—GERM PROOF



This handsome material does not crack or peel, does not rot, never gets sticky, never moulds, has no odor, is difficult to deface, contains no rubber or cellulose, will not burn, is always flexible.

Tested for six years by leading railways, steamship lines, carriage builders, and furniture makers with unqualified success.

The Prince of Wales' and the German Emperor's yachts are upholstered throughout with **Pantasote.**

Neither water, sun nor frost affects it.

The U. S. Government has adopted it for all ambulance upholstering.

Received the Highest Medal and Diploma at the recent Philadelphia Export Exposition.

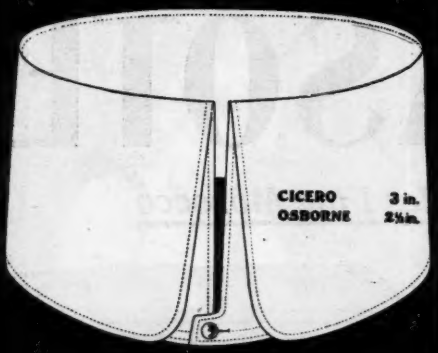
Made in all standard colors, in plain leather grains or handsome embossed patterns.

Enough to cover a dining chair sent for 25 cents in stamps.

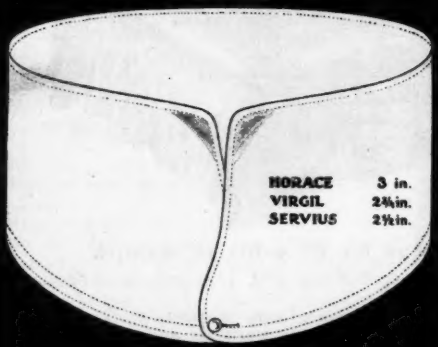
SAMPLE FREE! 6 x 15 inches sent for 2-cent stamp and your upholsterer's name and address.

CAUTION.—The success of Pantasote has produced many imitations. Don't allow dealers to substitute inferior and often worthless and dangerous goods on which they make more money. The word "PANTASOTE" is stamped on the genuine article.

THE PANTASOTE CO., 29 Broadway, Dept. C, - NEW YORK CITY.



H&I COLLARS



The... Right Collars

for both morning and evening wear are shown by these two pictures.

They are two of the latest and most stylish of our famous H. & I. Brand.

They are the collars every well dressed and fastidious man ought to wear.

They are precisely correct in style. They are made to fit comfortably and wear a long time.

We use only the most carefully selected and reliable grade of boiled yarn, heavy, power-loom linen—strong, heavy and enduring. For interlinings we use heavy shrunk muslin of the highest quality. The inside edges of the H. & I. Brand collars are overseamed so as to prevent raveling.

In every detail these collars are the best ever offered to the public for anything like the price.

Of course, the two shown are but examples of the many and varied styles we make.

If you do not find H. & I. collars at your dealer's, send us 25 cents, together with the style of collar you want and the size and height, and we will send you two collars which will suit you perfectly—or your money refunded.

Send for our free "Style Book for Men," which shows all the latest styles of collars of every description.

HOLMES & IDE,

Department A. TROY, N. Y.

Pingree Shoe Talk.



The most satisfying and most economical ones are "Pingree" shoes —for women, men and children.

They wear longest.

We have our 34 years' record to PROVE that.

They look best.

They are handsome at the start and "Pingree"-shoe making KEEPS them so.

They feel easiest.

Pingree lasts provide for a little extra room, —in spots, where MOST feet NEED it.

"Gloria" **$3.50** FOR WOMEN

"Governor" **$4** FOR MEN

"Composite" **$3** FOR WOMEN

Genuine ones bear these trade-names on each sole.

The Pingree Specials are the best shoes in the world for these prices.

AT FIRST CLASS STORES. ASK YOUR DEALER.

"Pingree Shoe Talk" is just off the press. It is a most interesting booklet. It is sent on application—free!!

Pingree & Smith

DETROIT.

Established 1866.



GIANT FLOWERING CALADIUM, NEW CENTURY

A NEW SPECIES, AND THE GRANDEST FOLIAGE AND FLOWERING PLANT YET INTRODUCED. . . .

Leaves three times as large as any other Caladium, having a heavy, leathery texture and a bright, lustrous, glossy-green color, which is remarkably handsome. It does not produce a bulb, but is increased by suckers, and is perennial. The leaf-stalks are strong and tall, holding the mammoth leaves well above ground. Leaves **3 to 5 feet long by 2 or 2½ feet broad;** perfectly immense, and make a plant which for tropical luxuriance has no equal. Added to this wonderful foliage effect are the mammoth lily-like blossoms **12 to 15 inches long by 7 inches wide;** snow-white, changing to cream, with a rich and exquisite fragrance so powerful as to perfume a whole garden, filling the air with fragrance for a long distance. Plants bloom perpetually all summer in the garden, or all the year round in pots. Not only is it the grandest garden or lawn plant, but as a pot plant for large windows, verandas, halls or conservatories, it rivals the choicest Palms in foliage, to say nothing of its magnificent flowers. Thrives in any soil or situation, and grows and blooms all the year. As many as 6 to 12 flowers rise successively from the base of each leaf-stalk, and are borne on stems 18 to 24 inches high. Regardless of all we can say in its praise, the plant will astonish everyone with its magnificence—so novel and so wonderfully effective, free-growing and fragrant. Certainly worthy of the new Century.

Well-rooted plants, which will bloom and reach full perfection this summer, **$1.00 each; 3 for $2.00,** delivered by mail or express prepaid, guaranteed to arrive in good condition.

☞ Of all the great acquisitions in new plants which we have introduced during 25 years we consider this new flowering Caladium to be the most important and valuable.

Place your order at once. This offer will not appear again.

OUR CATALOGUE FOR 1900

—25th Anniversary Edition—greatest book of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and New Fruits, 156 pages, 500 illustrations, 10 colored plates, will be **MAILED FREE** to any who anticipate purchasing Seeds, Bulbs or Plants. Great Novelties in Sweet Scented and Tuberous Rex Begonias, Geraniums, Fragrant Calla, Treasure Vine, Gooseflower, Caladiums, Everblooming Tritoma, Cannas, Gladiolus, Roses, Phloxes, Giant Pæony, Lilies, Palms, Carnations, Primroses, Asters, Pansies, Sweet Peas, Verbenas, Tomatoes, Strawberries, etc.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, - FLORAL PARK, N. Y.


R&G
CORSETS
In the making R & G Corsets are "broken in" over perfectly modeled iron forms. After the corset has been stitched it is dampened and stretched smoothly over the iron form of its style and size and is clamped down with a pressure of six hundred pounds. Then steam is turned into the form and the corset dries. That gives the permanence of shape that is the distinctive characteristic of R & G Corsets.
Our new number 397 is our most popular dollar corset. It is a sensible corset—short under the arms, to give perfect ease and freedom of movement—not over-long at the clasp, but with comfortable and shapely length in the bust and over the hips.
Number 402 is made over the same forms as 397, but of different material, with wider lace and with the bones placed on the inside, giving it a smoother finish—price $1.50.
If your dealer will not supply you, send his name, say what style and size you require, and enclose a money order for the price.
Our new booklet, sent on request, contains valuable corset information.
R & G CORSET CO., 361 Broadway, New York.
CHARLES AUSTIN BATES N.Y.

HAYNER'S
PURE WHISKEY

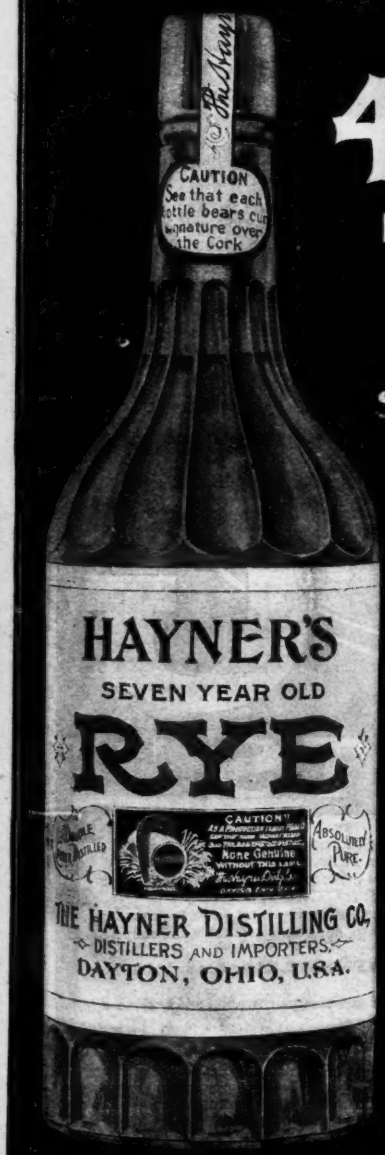
DIRECT FROM DISTILLER
TO CONSUMER.

4 FULL QUARTS

EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID,

For $3.20

SAVES MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS,
PREVENTS ADULTERATION.



SINCE 1866

Hayner's pure double copper distilled Rye Whiskey has been sold to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District." No other distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who offer to sell you whiskey in this way are speculators who buy to sell again, by which plan they are compelled to add a profit which you can save by buying from us direct.

We will send four full quarts of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval in plain, sealed boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides you are guaranteed the certainty of **pure** whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

REFERENCES:—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton or Commercial Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,

289-295 WEST FIFTH ST., DAYTON, OHIO.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz. Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts by freight, prepaid.



Pettijohn's Breakfast Food

ALL THE WHEAT BUT THE OVERCOAT.

NERVES AND MUSCLES.

Healthy nerves and strong, flexible muscles depend upon diet and exercise. The selection of food should be an intelligent process.

A perfect food is one that contains protein, fat and starch in such a proportion as to give a properly balanced ration. Pettijohn's Breakfast Food meets these requirements perfectly.

FREE **MOTHER GOOSE IN PROSE.** FREE

By L. FRANK BAUM.

Beautifully printed and illustrated.

"Better entertainment than the jingles on which it is founded."—*Boston Transcript.*

"A world of entertainment for the little ones."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Will surely keep the children happy."—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

Send Three Bears cut from Pettijohn's Breakfast Food package and 8 cents in stamps to pay for mailing, and we will send you FREE a copy of the first part of **Mother Goose in Prose.**

THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO., Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Schlitz



The Beer of Civilization

Schlitz beer is the beer of civilization. Go to any part of the earth where mankind values purity, and you will find Schlitz beer is the recognized pure beer.

For fifty years the Schlitz agencies have followed white men's conquests.

They are twenty years old in South Africa.

Schlitz beer was famous in Siberia before a railroad was thought of.

When Japan and China first began to awake, it was advertised in their newspapers.

Almost as soon as Dewey captured Manila, 216 carloads of Schlitz were sent there.

To-day Schlitz agencies so dot the globe that when it is midnight at one it is noonday at another.

The quality by which Schlitz beer has won has been its absolute purity. Every physician—every man who knows the value of purity—the world over, will recommend it.

J. L. STACK



Wheat Food,

Made from the choicest grain in the world, hard Spring wheat grown in Minnesota and the Dakotas, is

Pillsbury's Vitos,

the ideal wheat food. All grocers sell Pillsbury's Vitos. Ask yours for book of Pillsbury's Recipes—Free.

Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co., Ltd., Minneapolis, Minn.
Makers of Pillsbury's Best Flour and Pillsbury's Oats.



Our supply of calendars is limited; when exhausted they can be obtained only through TRUTH, in which publication they are being published monthly in their calendar order.

Nicelle Olive Oil

SEVILLE PACKING COMPANY ~ NEW YORK



MADE AND BOTTLED IN
NICE, FRANCE,
SOLELY FROM
SELECTED "SOUND"
MATURE OLIVES

PURITY-ABSOLUTE
FLAVOR ~ UNIQUE
BRILLIANCY-SUPREME
NOTHING FINER PRODUCIBLE

Pim-Olas
Baby Pim-Olas

"White Label"
Queen Olives



SAPOLIO

never grows
tired nor ugly
over hard work.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES
Enoch Morgan's Sons Co



Hall's

Vegetable Sicilian



Hair Renewer

always restores color to gray hair, the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair grows rapidly, stops coming out, and dandruff disappears.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

"A Perfect Food"

"Preserves Health"

"Prolongs Life"

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



Trade-Mark on Every Package

"Known the world over. . . . Received the highest indorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer." —*Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.*

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Established 1780.



Swift's

Silver Leaf Lard and Premium Hams and Bacon are perfect in quality. Rigidly inspected and approved by the United States Government. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Swift and Company

Chicago Kansas City Omaha St. Louis St. Joseph St. Paul

165A

Royal



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Reject Alum Baking Powders—They Destroy Health